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A RIVER GOES WITH HEAVEN

BY HOWELL VINES

I

For more than three years I have thought endlessly of a golden North Alabama summer. I cannot get over that season that is now gone, the cabin I lived in on the Warrior River twenty-five miles from Birmingham, the woods, the roads pictured over a variegated landscape, two rivers, my grandfather, and a girl named Halma.

If anything will bring tears to my eyes it is the thought of the past. The past is close kin to pain, and it is near to happiness. For four months I gadded about with my enthusiastic soul, doing what was best for it. These things I write down, harnessing up the unbacked horses of my brain. And in doing this I can best relive those surpassing hours, that summer half spent with Halma, that season like a wild-flower hunt.

Not farther from my cabin than a man can throw a stone lived my youngest uncle, though I lived in the woods and in the dark alone when I was in the hut. A young man still, he runs a fishing camp on inherited land, has a wife good to look at, and a growing boy. When his carpenter, a plug of a man, had finished my cabin, this fine young riverman said to me, 'That cabin would be mighty fine for two.'

There's not a person among those who knew me well in my home communities but thought I would marry Halma then, thought she was to share the cabin with me. They had no way of knowing that I had for years housed a passion that consumed, that urged, that burned. My creative passion was driving me far and fast. I was secretly living a hard, full life.

I did not live in this cabin all the time, only about every other night; though I was there part of nearly every day for more than three months. The rest of the time I lived in Hueytown with my parents and my sisters and within short walking distance of Halma.

Old river settlers used to camp in the woods where Hueytown now blossoms prettily as they made laborsome and long scheduled trips to Old Elyton, Old Jonesboro, — forerunners of Birmingham and Bessemer respectively, — and Tuscaloosa. And later it was Hueytown logs which served as heading and fuel to old-timers from the river on their trips to early Birmingham and young Bessemer. And a full history of the community would tell of the days when almost every old man living there to-day, or else his father, learned to swim in the Warrior River. Hueytown's good acres were

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coveted by the rivermen, who cared more about farming than about nature at its best. It must now be passed through in order to reach the city part of Jefferson County from the two Warriors. In truth it is a gateway to the city, the gateway to the rivers.

There are two Warriors: the Big Warrior, the Little Warrior; the Big River, the Little River, the latter emptying into the other about two miles below where I lived in the cabin. It was a cabin built for a secret passion. No fisherman lived there.

The family name of Halma gives Hueytown its name. The place is full of disturbance from the mocking birds in their season. My parents have found in it a place that satisfies. There lives the girl who made life a thing different to me, made it a peeping into a treasure box. For such reasons I think well of the community. 'Fine as a house in Hueytown,' said an old-timer and Big River man to me once during the summer when speaking of a certain man's house in another settlement.

My heart is always such a dominant part of my life that I am kept full of myself all the time. In the presence of the Warrior River, restfulness flows down my marrow, autumnal calm comes upon me. It is a calm, a long admiration, ever good to think about. Week after week I tied myself anew to these two rivers; to their hills, their bluffs, their hollows, and their running levels; to their woods, their birds, their creatures, and their people.

Halma helped me glory in all these things with all her strength.

Not a day of the aggregation of one hundred did I travel roads riverward without hearing birds singing to one another, or seeing others showing off to one another, — the redbird is best at this, — or seeing a rabbit cross in front of me, making, with dawn or dusk and road, a picture ahead of my Ford. I never failed on such an occasion to exclaim inwardly, to give silent thanks to the Lord God of beautiful sights and sounds, and startling colors. Oftentimes I exclaimed aloud to another, for Halma companioned me many times.

It was a great joy to see my grandfather's figure, more than that to hear his voice, usually loud. I never failed to be astonished at the thought of the experience that had drained through his distinctly tall and naturally swayed form. During his prime his features were particularly dark, and even yet, when approaching his mid-seventies, gray was partly held at bay. With the dark bead of his sharp eyes he could still aim truer and quicker than any one of his five sons, all experts at looking out a gun barrel. His hair was thin and short, and only exactly on top of his head was it practically gone. Without a smooth shave he was fidgety and restless.

He was as spry as I was and without my pallor, with a scant ruddiness of face and some haleness of chest, and masterly in bearing. The spectacle of his large, slim form, with its natural sway, walking his immediate premises with his hands to the small of his back, cramming in his shirt tail whenever my grandmother told him to, and tightening his belt about his long body, is one of the best things of my life. To see a somewhat broad black felt hat is to think of him, with his dark clothes and soft collar-attached shirt. I often advanced to him as he hunkered down, looking or studying, and playfully considered the unusual top of his head and his moderately broad forehead which sloped back like an athlete's pompadour. His head was neither long nor round. Even when watching him smoke a cigar or take a chew of old-time twist tobacco, drink a dram of whiskey or a bottle of home-brew, I

realized that I was seeing and knowing an enormous genius. Not once do I recall having seen tobacco stain about his person.

His youngest son, Raymond, is one of his two boys most like him in figure and features. My own figure has something of his, but more of my father's, whose form is distinctly average, though once rather slender. But my features and favor come from my mother, his daughter, and from her mother. More than anything else in form, mine is a line without fleshiness; more than anything else in features, it is a dark-haired race. And my eyes are gray.

II

It was one Thursday near the middle of June when I made the cabin look good to live in, made it enticing to men who love to sleep alone with the dark, made it attractive to men who love to listen to all the attentive ear can hear in Alabama summer woods at night.

The furniture had been borrowed from my people, a reading lamp had been given me by Halma. No other cabin that I knew had a reading lamp. However, I did not read, not as much as any one of my uncles did in reading the newspaper. I had books, writing material, a small black trunk, and a homemade table for my business. I only handled the books and nothing more. But those who passed by and noticed doubtless thought that it was the shack of some student. Halma knew better, though I had bashfully kept it from her up to this time.

It was yet a few hours before my first night alone in the woods. Supper was to be had with my uncle and his wife. There was nothing to do but loiter about and feel important, important as a wealthy Warrior River landowner. The river was the very place for me, me with all my reflection. I was kept away from it about half of the nights by a girl who had the river's influence and something besides in her great blue eyes. It was good to be alive, better than I had ever known. This girl on my brain and in my marrow, a willowy strip of rapture to me, had brought the bridegroom's mood into my life.

I had a front porch: this porch was built on the ground through a mistake of the codgering carpenter, and my uncle did not like it. This, he said, would cause it to rot. I found that I liked the porch: I could walk right into my house without having to climb steps. My brother-in-law had helped me cut three cedar trees for porch posts from a bluff nearer the mouth of the river. We had a hard time cutting down these young trees, — trees with a touch of life everlasting about them, — but it was a hard time we enjoyed. We hauled them up the river with an outboard motor; and it was a good ride I had sitting astride one of the unbranched saplings. Then the carpenter blundered again, sawed the posts too short. He pieced them out with lumber; and I forced myself to be pleased with the house as a whole, despite the instantaneous anger over the matter of the posts.

The cabin was mine for the summer. I resolved in my heart to consider myself an important human being on the Warrior River — living there, belonging there. That feeling of belonging to such a river, to two such rivers, that I was close to the ultimate with these two rivers, was a peace giver and a pleasure.

Time to waste in a delightfully useful way before supper. My cabin faced an old field. When a man in this part of the world turns a field out to the birds and rabbits, and dry cows, persimmon bushes and young pines

usually soon take it. There was a patch of small wild persimmon trees not far from my admirable little front porch. I sat on this porch in my good chair. The chair had been borrowed from my grandfather and was made for him years ago by an old chair maker across the Big River.

The merest passing thought of each little earthy thing made the very fibres of my body thrill and sing. The katydids, I thought, should start their summer singing. They were late. Making such observations inaudibly, I walked out of the porch and into the persimmon thicket, plucked some leaves and bit off their stems. An old habit of mine, an obsession, this biting tender leaf stems. I am always doing some such thing when I idle about. On such occasions everything is wonderfully earthy, as fresh wild-poplar honey is earthy, as the old wine Keats once had in mind was earthy, and I know that the mysteries and the inexplicables are not out of my territory.

I went into my room, went in there to try out the cot, to admire the thick red and white coverlet borrowed from my mother. Her father gave it to her when she married, and it had been kept almost unused. And I handled my books, handled them as setting eggs are handled in the spring. Then I took to writing down men's names, the names of my favorite great writers. I thought to myself how I'd been doing such things for years. The period under the oaks of my high-school grounds was recalled; the four years under Tuscaloosa's water oaks were reviewed; the year under Cambridge elms summoned. I shuddered when I thought how hard it had been to live in the same hull with this tremendous passion as long as I had without doing anything about it. To comfort myself I reflected that not the harmony of verse but a great different harmony of prose was mine, and for this I needed some maturity. Then stepping out upon earth again, sandy soil where my grandfather's men farmed for fifty years, I faced the cabin and its trees, stood by my Ford, and I knew that the time to do something had come.

Afterwards I walked to the boat landing, borrowed a skiff and paddle, and was soon on the other side of the river. Dusk was with me, and dry cows and yearlings were sauntering with the dusk under scores of young sycamore trees, trees scaly, slender, smooth. I made my way in a shade as old as the leaves of the sycamores, the sweet gums, and the willows that formed it. In that shade and with that dusk I could not contain all of myself. I was sensitive as a worm is sensitive, and Mabel, my aunt, roused me from it all by calling me to supper.

They were waiting for me. At the table sat my uncle, his wife, his growing boy, and his whiskey-drinking carpenter, a man with a very important air. I sat with them, talked with them, and enjoyed a well-cooked, savory meal. The cold supper was made up of new boiled potatoes, large butter beans, homemade mustard dressing, ice-cold clabber milk, cornbread made of water-ground meal, macaroni and cheese, plum pie, pineapple pudding.

Raymond said, 'I know you hope that lavender-colored girl of yours will be as good a cook as my wife. My wife's a pretty good woman. I know that. Only, she won't brag on me like she ought to. I'm a good-looking man, and she was lucky to get me. I could have married up at Short Creek or at most any old home place in Toadvine. She should brag on such a nice man as your old uncle. Little things like that help a man. But if anybody brags on me I've got to do it myself.'

In my cabin that night I listened for

katydids and did not hear them. They were to sing the next night, one of my nights in Hueytown and with Halma; I was to hear them the next night for the first time. I heard a goat bell and the bleating of a strayed kid across the river. The dark and the woods haunted me to the kernel of my being, took hold of my body and influenced my blood; but I was inspired, not afraid. Two rivers, the two Warriors, refreshed my brain; the one to match my passion for the girl, the other to pair with the creative impulse.

An outboard motor sped the river. It was whirring towards Birmingport, near where I was born, at the mouth of Short Creek. I was almost asleep when a mocking bird broke loose in a hickory sapling as if everything sweet must be said in a few minutes. I wondered if its song did not contain more good than the early morning song of the bird I had heard in Hueytown that morning.

I was saying myself to sleep on Halma's words of the night before: 'That part of me that 's higher never has found anything it cares for but you.'

I mused to myself in thoughts to this effect: 'Her figure and voice conserve the attar of the best bird worlds I have known. All of this has been put into a beautiful female being. I have never before seen a girl who in her movements reminds me of the purple martins I have always loved to watch about their gourds. And I am satisfied that she is the one being yet issued who so adequately compacts the world of the redbirds. She holds at her subtle fingertips all such things. Nowhere else could I find kisses so like the motions and ardor of a redbird.'

III

All's deep about me these happy days, deep as the Warrior River, and as placid. In going to the river I had to pass my grandfather's house, and I stopped there many times.

One day I remember I stopped there. It was getting on in June. I was longing for the night song of the katydids, the little green throbs so completely at home in the green world informed by the Warrior. There was my grandmother alone on the well porch. She would talk about them willingly to me. Yes. They were, she said, at it good and proper last night. It 's glad I 'd be, I told her, if they would sing to me when night came. And of course they would. Summer would not be summer, I added, without the little noisemakers. I did beat all. She just knew I loved such things more than anybody she ever saw in her life. But, too, she liked to hear them herself. There came then from an old walnut tree near by, — as I drank cold water from a cedar bucket, water which I had just drawn from a well over one hundred feet deep, — a tree my mother played under as a child, the day song of the katydid. Not an approach to the night song, but good to hear.

Leaving the small seventy-three-year-old woman with her six walnut trees, her favorite trees because of a long life lived with them, I walked to the front porch where that extraordinary old man sat and watched the public road.

'Have a chair. I want to talk with you,' he said.

'I always like to talk with smart men,' I replied.

'Thank you for the compliment. Thank you. Thank you for the compliment. You know I always did say I 'd give anything to see that princess you 're going to marry. I believe you 've found her at last, and I want you to bring her down to see her old granddaddy. And pay attention to what I say: you 'd better not marry with-

out telling me. You just try it. Your grannie wants to see her. She was talking to me about it to-day. Bring her down and you'll be surprised how well everything will turn out. I had thought that I did n't want you to marry for about five years. I wanted you to wait till you was thirty. But what you do is all right with us. We don't mind a bit. I don't know whether there's any use in waiting or not. You may do better with her than without her. If the pressure's so great you can't stand it, you go on and take her now. I mean that. If it will do to bring her to see us, do it; if it won't, let it alone. Now that's what I've got to say about it. Only, do bring the girl down; we both want to see her more than you can imagine.'

'I've told her about you. She wants to see such a curiosity.'

'Bring her down and let me give her a history of my life. Reckon she'd run?'

'She's twenty, and a girl. You'd better tell it to me.'

'It would take a long time, my young gobbler. . . .'

That sunset, that sunset! I was riding into one of the finest sunsets of my days on the earth, riding toward the river, headed for a great bend with its long, beautiful bluff. That bend and its bluff would be an indelible scene for any world traveler at any of the four seasons. I was then considering that bluff as a possible summerhouse place; it being my grandfather's land. A heavenly field of myrtle, skirted with purple, was being lowered into the clear water of the river right before me. From my grandfather's house I could coast most of the mile to my cabin. What could I do about such beauty? I coasted along and looked at earth and above earth as at a redbird.

As I neared the great bend something happened. A redbird darted across the road ahead of me and flew over the small hills of one of my grandfather's famous old fields. When Nature wants to show off, when any particular spot needs to be displayed, she sends the rooster redbird darting.

It is late dusk at my cabin. I muse to myself that I will reason out a wonderful thing. 'Yes. I have an actual passion for the dusk. What if it should assume the form of a young woman, the likeness of a girl with large eyes? I once knew a girl who was made up entirely of the dusk, and another made in large part from the dusk. Dusk and beautiful young woman, for all I know, are kin. It is a time when a thousand sensuous things become one sensuous thing, beautiful and wonderful.'

A little later my ears began to take in something from every tree. The woods were full of strange-throated things, things with noisy mouths. That's all I knew about some of the singers. I recognized the katydids (in the lead), the crickets, a whippoorwill in the distance, tree frogs, river frogs, a whoo owl, a screech owl, and a mocking bird. My grandfather would say, I laugh to myself, that the pressure is too great with that bird.

Night, and not dark. The moon makes the old field in front of my cabin light. This land was first settled by one of Halma's ancestors. Bareheaded, throat open, in love with a girl, hands slinging, hands in pockets, exchanging looks with the heavens, humming an exchange tune with all the katydids, breasting the indelible bend, I walk on a white road that leads through the old field and alongside the river. I surrender myself to the night song, the earth song, the greenwoods song, the river song of the katydids, and I live only on the earth with them. And the Warrior is the great wonder of that earth.

I looked at my watch. By the light

of the full moon I saw that it was growing late. I was satisfied as with cud. On the return walk to my hut I sidled up to the strip of woodland that bordered the river. This woodland held private cabins, then public shacks. Mine was the fartherest cabin up the river.

Then I touched tree after tree to make the katydids stop singing. I had seen it work many times. The resiny piece of throb, wing, and leg never failed to stop short when so much as a forefinger touched its tree. The katydid must have an inviolately natural universe or it will not sing. During that silence I was very familiar with the earth and its beautiful river. And it all came about through my intimacy with the trees, through tankering with the katydids.

It is near midnight. A clock is ticking, a clock I bought in Cambridge. I think thick, fast, and full of misses. I muse to myself something after this fashion: 'A splendid rooster redbird crosses the road ahead of me almost every day. That one to-day was large, and overly beautiful . . . yes, it was beautiful as a turtle's hard.'

IV

The feeling of the little road, the intimacy with the trees, the peace of the shade, the inspiration of each other, all these things are ours. She takes my hat. She loved me better, she told me, with my hat off.

'I could go to these trees and touch them in the dark, and know just exactly which tree I was touching,' I said.

'And hush the katydids,' she replied. . . .

'There's no piece of sculpture in the world as beautiful as a poplar's body.' We had been stopped by a hollow of poplars. . . .

'And the bodies of these beech trees are just as beautiful,' she said, as we passed several fully grown beeches.

On down the spring-branch hollow road. Over this road our parents, our grandparents, and our great-grandparents had traveled to mill, to town, to the old meetinghouses, to gatherings — about their business and their pleasures. They had, we knew, traveled before us on foot, on horseback, in hacks, in surreys, in wagons, and in buggies. This summer we were traveling it all alone. During the whole course of the summer we met only one person on this road, and that person was, I knew, a whiskey maker and a rum runner. Yet the road was in excellent shape and was always shady and altogether rustic.

On my grandfather's road, and we made it last a long time. At the Old School House Place we paused under the great red oak where I had talked with my whiskey-making friend. Halma wondered if he saw us that other day we were under the red oak together. If he did, I answered her, he only saw two people very much in love. As we drove on I told her that I had often wondered what Hardy would have thought of this road.

At the old man's house I left Halma in the Ford and walked to the back yard to let them know that I would be back by with her. My grandfather was on the back porch, and he had on only his underwear, his socks, and his trousers. He was immensely pleased with what I told him.

We neared the river and the sun had set, but the after colors remained. When we lived on the Warrior, I told her, I wanted her to match her dresses with its sunsets. Her face was lavender, just like her dress in color, and they both matched perfectly the colors above the river. She kept her eyes on a large green knoll in the middle of an old field. I had always liked that knoll.

Now I would never be able to pass it again without thinking of her words about it.

After passing by my cabin, where I lived an impassioned life with the katydids, and visiting Raymond and Mabel, where I ate very good suppers and drank very cold water and coca-colas, we drove from the river.

The old man was all feeling, and he did practically all of the talking. 'Glad to see you, mighty glad to see you,' he said as I introduced Halma. 'Have a chair. He's one of the two or three grandchildren I've got. I'm proud of him. When did you-all get married?' Halma was embarrassed. He talked away, and, in his talk, he considered us man and wife. Why were we off together at dark if we were not married? He'd like to know that. Halma laughed and smiled, and was confused. I knew that she had met a new kind of human being. My grandmother was on the front porch, too, but the old man filled the darkening scene, held the attention, said it all. I walked to the well shelter. The old man, I knew, wanted to say a private word or two. While I was gone he talked to Halma about me. As I walked back through the hall towards the front porch, I heard him say, 'He's funny. But you'll catch on to him, you'll soon learn him.'

He talked about his young days and his young wife. 'I loved her so good that I could have swallowed her whole, and I've wished I had a thousand times since.' He was in a big way and out for fun.

He shifted and continued. 'I was a great friend of your old granddaddy. He was a man of his word. His word was his bond. When that old man told you a thing, you could depend on it. He was a man, not one of these things. I've always told this boy of mine you're with to let his word be his bond. Yes, he was one amongst the best men that ever lived. But, in his way, he was one more sight. I've told this kid lots about him.'

We'd have to be going, we told them. It was already past dark, and we had to drive to Hueytown.

The old man said, 'Come down and stay with us when you do marry, if you're not already married. We've got plenty of room, and we'll try to make you enjoy your stay. You'll get such a welcome you won't forget it soon. . . .'

That night we sat in the large room on the davenport she had bought with her own money, money made teaching school. Already it was ours. Late in the night I said, 'Do you think I'll ever amount to anything?'

'You do amount to something,' she said. She consoled me.

'Yes,' I said jokingly, 'I'm quite famous in these parts. Why, I'm a professor in a big college somewhere in Texas.'

'And he makes hundreds of dollars a month, and he don't do much work. Best-educated person anywhere in this neck of the woods. Why, he's been to Harvard.' We laughed heartily.

'They have no notion that I do not like to be considered and called a professor. They think it's a fine thing. You know what I think about it. If you don't, I can tell you.'

'Your grandfather believes in you. And I believe that you can do anything in the world that you want to. I know your ambition, and I believe in you. I do. If you don't want to teach, I don't want you to. I want you to be satisfied. My happiness is almost too much for me now. . . .'

It was after midnight when I drew water from my father's well in Hueytown. I made a practice of drawing a fresh bucket every night when I reached home after the date with Halma. Oh, it was so cold and it tasted so good!

I heard a hard-pressed mocking bird in a holly tree, another in a magnolia tree. I could not rid myself of Halma's words: 'You do amount to something. You do.' I ran on to other words she had said: 'You're the only one who has ever courted at this place except those who courted my sisters. And you're the only one who shall. There's none else beside you — and there's none like you. . . . None like you on earth. . . . None besides you. . . .' She's beautiful . . . yes . . . beautiful as the two Warriors . . . and as good as the two Warriors. Yes, that's just it. I've thought it all out, and that's the way it is.

V

My good days have come. Halma and the two Warriors are with me all the time. I roll on the grass under the magnolia tree at home and give thanks to my God for every breath Halma breathes. Comfort such as I have never known comes upon me every time I go off alone and see the Big River. To see the Little River is to be full of peace, the peace that comes to me when I drink from freestone bubbling springs. . . .

Always something was happening to touch my life with beauty. Quite often, and at different hours of the day, I would have blithe-hearted encounters with two mocking birds. They were raising what seemed to me a late brood of young singers in a thorn tree on the fence row of our back yard. I would harmlessly bother these birds by walking to the bush and, on tiptoe, looking into the nest. Usually bare-headed, I was careful to guard my eyes against the oncoming floggers. I was always totally passive, and I found out that the mocking bird is an accurate and persistent fighter during the raising season. Upon hearing the fussy sound, I knew immediately to cover my eyes with one arm. Then the bird, sometimes both birds, would hit at my head and catch snips of my hair. Before I could reach the back porch the birds would sometimes get three or four dives at the top of my head. Sometimes I stood still under their onslaughts. The mood of the woods went through my body on such occasions, and I gave thanks for every bird dart in the Warrior world that day.

It was a sight my mother loved to see and it always made her laugh. My sisters, too, would walk to the back porch or to the swing under the chinaberry tree and a water oak and watch the encounter. I started this affair with the birds by merely wanting to see the young ones. Now a walk in that direction is a challenge to the mockers. My sisters would not brave the attacks; but my mother would travel the path near the thorn tree, laughing and protecting her face as she hurried along.

This morning I amused myself for a long time with a to-do with the birds. The young birds were growing off fast. While this was in progress, our next-door neighbor came to see about something. She talked to my mother and my sisters about my affair with Halma. There were people in many communities, she said, wondering whether I intended to take her with me to Texas. She just knew before we ever met that we should just suit each other. We were, so her daughter had said, just alike in about every way.

At my grandfather's house I talked with my grandmother and left a dozen 'rosenears' for the old man. He was, she said, at the Fork of the River. She was stringing beans, and I helped her string a few. I'd better come back for supper that night, she said, for Bert Prescott was going to spend the night with them. 'Yes,' she said, 'he's a case. He's one more sight in this world.'

After a short time the old man came

in. He had, he said, just had his nigger driving him around. He'd just been looking at the world.

'Here, you must come up here tonight for supper. Bert Prescott's coming here to see me on business and he's going to spend the night. He'd tickle a dog, the way he talks, some of the things he says. Bert's a sight. But I like him. He's got about a hundred bee gums in his house. Every morning before Bert gets up his room is full of bees. They never sting him. He's stingy as he can be away from home. He won't spend a nickel in town if he can get out of it. But go to his house, and he'll treat you like a governor. He's got plenty of honey, molasses, meat, lard, canned goods, and everything else. He always does have. He's a Bert. You come on up here for supper. It does look like you could stay for dinner.' . . .

At my cabin I had a long time alone. I pulled persimmon leaves and bit the stems, pulled black gum leaves and bit their stems, and tried to choose between the two. Then I bit grass stalks, pulled the stalks and enjoyed doing it, and dropped the seed part on an old wagon road as I meddled along to the river. At the river I pulled sweet gum leaves and bit the stems. For beauty of leaf and stem they have few equals, and they are better for biting than most other leaf stems. But there is a taste about them that I do not like.

I walked back to the cabin, and as I walked I gathered poplar leaves, and I gathered pink and red leaves from the black gum tree where my little alarm birds roosted. On my porch I sat and studied the colors in my hand, felt the coldness of the poplar leaves against my face. A grasshopper sang his song of nonsense and nothing in the wild clover in front of my cabin. There was nothing to that noise, but I liked to hear it well enough. . . .

Mabel was canning string beans, and would have a pot of beans and meat for dinner, and I clerked for myself in the fishing-camp store. Then I played light-hearted pieces on the victrola. As I heard the records, I looked at the river through the screen wire, pranced to the tunes, snapped my fingers from a hummer's mood, and talked with Mabel. . . .

I walked under great red oaks and poplars at my grandfather's cow lot and old gin lot. And in the deepening dusk I strolled a path to a spring, and the katydids drowned the whole woods world and smothered my being with their dusk song. Suddenly the whole above woods was black, and lightning bolted towards the great poplars above the spring. I hurried to the house and found my grandfather and Bert Prescott at the two long water shelves washing for the supper table. We walked to the back screened porch and sat down for the night meal. My grandmother poured milk and coffee, said she was not hungry but might eat a bite later on, and the old man started eating, and Bert and I did likewise. A great rain was falling.

The old poplar tree outside the porch had ceased to drip and the whole rain was falling through. The katydid song had stopped short for the night. The carbide lights were burning, and Bert said that he could tell who I was by the favor. I studied the small, dried-up, dark bachelor from across the Little River.

'Well, Bert,' the old man said, 'it's a wonder in this part of the world for you to stay away from home a night, ain't it?'

'Yes, Lat, this is the first time I've stayed away at night for several years. I've lost count. I thought I'd better saneter over here while my brother was there to look after the place and tend to the things.'

Bert, old-timer that he was, ate grease and sugar with his biscuits, though the table was full of good things to eat. And, though he was the keeper of a hundred beehives, I noticed that he was eating honeycomb. A large platter was full of home-cured ham, and it was sweet and very good, but hard. I had trouble cutting my ham with a dull case knife.

Bert said, 'I've got an old butcher knife at home that'll cut like hell. I keep it on the table and use it.' The drawl to his words was as singular as the content.

'Bert,' the old man said, 'there's a fine red bull that stays over here. I seed him to-day. Raymond says he's yours.'

'Yes. I'm going to sell him.'

'A brute like that's valuable to a settlement, Bert.'

'Yes, you're just right about that. I guess I could keep him. I don't want to kill him if he's going to help anybody.'

'Cindy's got a Jersey cow with twin heifers, and they're the prettiest things you ever seed. She likes them so well she hobbles to the cow barn every morning to look at them.'

'She has? I'd like to see them.'

'Yes, you must see them in the morning.'

'I allus let my calves suck lots of milk. They grow off as quick again. Damned if they don't.'

'I don't need much milk even if I do nearly live on sweet milk. I turn my calves to it and let joy go with them. By God, that's the way to raise a calf. Oh, hell yes.'

My grandfather said to me, 'Bert cans more things and fixes up for winter more than most women. You just ought to see what he's got at his house.'

'Well, Lat, I sure have got a good place, and if I can't make a good living on it by myself, I'm just not worth a 'sarned damn. I've got a whole passel of cowcumbers put up, and they'll be mighty fine when I kill hogs and cook collards. My smokehouse is full of canned stuff and my kitchen floor's so full I can't get about in it well. And my hall's full. Yes, my porch is full of bee gums.'

'What kind of a man is it that don't want a smokehouse? Every old-timer does. But the smokehouse here belongs to Cindy, and the cellar's mine. I've got the best cellar in this country. Everybody knows that.'

'I'm just of the opinion you are.'

'Bert, have you got many hogs in the woods?'

'Yes, the woods is just full of them. I'm going to get shut of them-a. It's too hard work, and it takes so bygodded much of my time. What in the name of hell fuzzy do I need with a river bend full of hogs?'

'Bert, you just work all the time, don't you?'

'Yes, Lat, I keep busy all the time. I saw and split stove wood and split rails of a winter when I ain't got another form thing to do. I've got all the shacks on the place full of stove wood and fodder. I've got some fodder fifteen years old. Well, I believe I like the old holler black gum better than anything else for my bees. I've got all kinds of gums. Doust if I ain't cut about every holler black gum tree on my section of land. I had to hunt a long time before I could find the last tree I cut.'

'Bert, you've got a great outlet for stock there where you live. Have you got any goats and sheep?'

'I've got a hundred or more damned old goats up the Big River on the bluffs. I would n't stand them anywhere around my fields. Hell fuzzy, I don't need the damned old goats. And they stink like hell. They can turn to pine

knots on the bluff for all I care. I used to keep a lot of sheep, but the low-down dogs killed them out and scattered them. My old daddy allus kept a gang.'

The downpour has ceased and it is raining gently. Thick clouds make the night dark. Carbide lights are burning on every porch and in the kitchen.

'Come on around to the front porch, Bert. I believe we'll set there instead of here on the back porch or the well shelter. Hal, bring you one of the chairs you like to set in. We're going to talk.'

Settled comfortably on the front porch, the road a few steps away, I do as the old man, prop my feet on the banisters. I look out on the obscured earth and listen. Bert's feet are not propped up. My grandmother has remained in the back part of the house.

'Bert,' the old man began, 'you're not old and doty. You're still in your prime. Do you ever think of marrying?'

'There ain't no use to buy a cow when you can get all the sweet milk you want free. No sir. Women just ain't worth keeping up, the majority of them ain't. They are pretty near all so by-godded triflin'. I just won't fool with one long at a time.'

The drip of the house denotes peace. The breath we breathe is refreshing. The chairs we lean back in are comfortable.

'Lat, Milly Macmillan is one of the few old-time girls left. Let me tell you she's a good cook and as good a housekeeper as ever lived. Her house stays as clean as new ashes.'

The old man had told me that he expected Bert and Milly to marry when her old father died. She lived alone with him in a great hollow of beeches a mile or two from Bert's house.

That Bert. He is mightily drawn toward woman. She is a loadstone to him. Yes, that's what she is to Bert. A man made by the woods, a man made in the woods, a man grown peculiar by much solitude. Solitude has made him think strange thoughts, and it has made him want woman. He is a properly subdued man of the woods, but nevertheless a ball of fire when woman is around his bed or on his paths.

An automobile passed in a drizzle of rain going toward the river. A voice we did not recognize called, 'Hello, Uncle Lat!'

The old man said, 'Bert, we ought to think a lot of our woods. What would we be without them? We would n't have a bit of sense. And our rivers, the Big River and the Little River, what would we be without them? We would n't have much peace without them. And what would our country be? Just take the second thought.'

'I'm just of the opinion you are on that.'

'When I get ready to die,' the old man said, 'I wish I could change a little and go off in these woods around here and get lost, and drink branch and creek and spring water, and sleep on the roots of beech trees in the summer and in pine straw in the winter, and eat leaves and live on what the animals and birds do for a thousand years. It'd take that long and that kind of a life and my mind to learn all about these woods. But I would n't be satisfied without a woman. I'd want a young woman with me part of the time. A woman with that kind of a career would get wise, would n't she? No wonder young women don't know no more than they do, the kind of lives they have to lead. A woman with me that long and young all the time would be wise when I got through with her under any conditions. And I'd like to go to the Big River and the Little

River of nights. Just think what it would mean to go to the river bank with the foxes, and the groundhogs, and the minks, and the muskrats, and the coons, and the weasels, and the whoo owls, and the scrootch owls, and everything else of a night for a thousand years. And of a day we could take out after the redbirds and keep right with them and learn to live like they do. A man could amount to something if he had the time. We've certainly got the place here.

'Why, if it was that way there'd be other couples around in the woods and on the paths we could meet when we wanted to. Looks like the Lord would try things out that way: have, say, me to test out the way of life I'm talking about and give me time, and give some other man the chance and time to try out some other good way of life. Of course you both know I'm mostly just talking. But I think this would be as good or better than the scheme we now live and die by. Why, I'd be content to just go around and look at my part of the world and do nothing else for a thousand years. If I could think it's beautiful once a day and feel it, that would be enough happiness to live on and enough to live for.'

'I'm just of the opinion you are. And I'd a whole hell of a lot rather do that, for I know things here, than to go to the good place the preachers talk about. And I'm just of the opinion you are about hell. I don't believe in such bosh.'

Another automobile passed on the wet road headed for the river. A second voice the old man did not recognize called out, 'Hello, Mr. Lisper!' Tree frogs were hollering for more rain, for the rain had ceased, and the old man carried on the talk.

'Bert, do you know what woman you'd like to spend a thousand years, or eternity, with in these woods? If I ask you for the truth, will you tell me? Well, who's the sweetest, best woman — I mean woman — you ever fooled with?'

'Hildy's the sweetest woman I ever touched. She was enough to run as puny a thing as me plumb crazy.'

'Give me a slim woman or no woman at all. Now, without any foolishness. I'm serious now. This boy of mine here says his woman's as slender as a young poplar and always will be. She was down here with him the other day nearly at night, but it was so dark I could n't see her. And I forgot to strike a match. But if she's slim like that, she'll be worth her weight in gold to him. I mean that. I'd say that on a stack of Bibles. I know women. I would n't have a fat, chumpy girl. When I see a young man marrying one, I shake my head to myself, for I know he's not getting much. They're just like logs.'

'Yes, that reminds me,' said Bert. 'That Josie was the sorriest woman I ever had dealings with. If she's the one I had to spend a long time in the woods with, I'd rather go on to some other place and walk city streets. And I certainly had rather live in these woods than go to any city to stay, no matter how golden it might be. Why, I don't like to stay in Birmingham twenty-four hours. It might be different in some ways. But there'd be too many people to suit me. I would n't want to be scrouged up. Right now I just would n't live in the city twenty-four hours. Oh, hell no. If there's anything I like it's elbowroom. I would n't sell any of my land on that account. No, I don't want to be scrouged up. Doust if I do.'

'Well, Bert, when you're dead, you're dead for a long time. I know how it is. I think I do. They'll put me down in the red sandstone of my land, though it's white on top and blue

deep down. When I've been in my red sandstone for a long time, I hope somebody'll set out the finest red oak or water oak that can be found right about on my grave, and let it feed on me. I'll be there in the sandstone, and I'd like to get back in the open air through a tree like that oak in the old gin lot. And if the generations would be kind and knowing enough some oak tree could feed on my grave as long as there are oak trees here.'

'And the end of it all with me will be that I'll be dead and in the ground under the pines and dogwoods there on my place, by the side of my old daddy and ma, for a long time. I'm like you. I believe that when you're dead, you're dead for a long time.'

I drove to my cabin in the night and left the two men in a business conversation.

(*To be continued*)

THE LAW OF THE LAND

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

LAW, *n.* Body of enacted or customary rules recognized by a community as binding. — Oxford Dictionary

I

IN an article published the other day by the *Spectator* in London some interesting figures about lawmaking in America are given. It appears that five thousand bills have already been introduced in Congress during the present session, and that four or five times that number are to be expected before the session ends. Not all of these bills, to be sure, will be passed, but many of them will be, and meanwhile the various state legislatures have enacted 16,900 odd laws, increasing the whole number, federal, state, and municipal, on the statute books of the United States to some 2,400,000. All of which moved a critic to say that America has more law and more lawlessness than any other nation in the world.

This last neat phrase set me thinking. Are we really more lawless than any other people? One would think that we were about the most tractable and organizable people in the world. We will do almost anything that anybody tells us to; we will shout in chorus whatever a 'cheer leader' bawls through a megaphone; try to look pleasant at the mere sight of a sign in a shop telling us to 'keep smiling'; and a rumbling voice over the radio ordering us to get our teeth cleaned, or to watch our colds, or to join in this 'drive' or observe that 'week,' comes to us as a command from on high. We move in multitudes like sheep, and march and countermarch in vast and solemn masses, in a way unknown in other countries. If we almost automatically obey all of these unofficial and anonymous voices, how does it

happen that we have such an unfortunate reputation as lawbreakers?

As a matter of fact we do not deserve that reputation. We have more statutes, to be sure, than any other nation in the world, and we have more crimes defined in them, but it does not follow that, because we have more statutes, we have more law; nor, because we have more crimes defined in our statutes, that we have more crime. We seem to have more law because we have more statutes, and we have more statutes because we have more parliaments; other countries have only one, while we have forty-nine, running full blast. And then we have more cranks and reformers incessantly trying to improve and perfect our morals, not by the spiritual means of persuasion and reason and example, but by the profane means of violence. Numerous acts that are considered innocent, and even refined, in all other civilized countries in the world are made criminal in America. The result is that not all of these two million statutes are obeyed and respected, and they are not respected or obeyed because they are not laws; they are simply statutes, and all or most of the trouble about the enforcement of law in America comes from the persistent refusal to recognize the distinction between a statute and a law.

There are certain acts which the conscience of mankind, the collective opinion of all civilized nations, condemn as wrong. These acts fall into certain easily defined categories. Everyone knows what they are, and does n't have to look into the statute books to find out; all he has to do is to look into his own heart, for he knows the difference between right and wrong. They are acts that no one, anywhere, can commit without a feeling of guilt. They are wrong in and of themselves — *mala in se*, as the lawyers call them. There is no great difficulty in enforcing laws that enact penalties for deeds of this kind. All men are agreed about them and are united in a common effort to punish those who commit them. Even those charged with having committed these offenses do not deny the justice of the law; they merely deny their culpability, or advance some excuse to make their case an exception to the general rule. That is, humanity in general is unanimous, or practically unanimous, in upholding the codes that define these offenses and exact penalties for their commission. These enactments are the record of the customary rules recognized by the community as binding. In the good old phrase they are *the law of the land*, and so far as respect for the law of the land is concerned, the American people are as law-abiding as any in the world.

But, since we have forty-nine parliaments constantly functioning, and since, as the old parliamentarian said, whenever the Commons have nothing else to do they can always make a new crime, we have a mass of statutory enactment that is not a part of the law of the land, enactments that vast sections of the population do not respect, and will not obey, and that cannot be enforced. The people do not respect these enactments because they know that the deeds the enactments declare to be wrong are not wrong, and it is impossible by the use of force, however strong or violent, to impose upon the moral sense of the people a feeling that a given act is wrong just because those whose prejudices it offends have been able to induce a legislature to enact it into what is called a 'law.' It is not a law, in a democracy at least, or in any other form of government, for that matter, unless it has the sanction of the people, is implicit in their lives, and has its roots deep down in their habits and customs. Custom is the supreme

law in all communities, civilized or savage, and unless the statute conforms to the custom it is no law — that is, it is not the law of the land.

II

We still think of law in the outworn sequences of the *Ancien Régime*. We still think of government in the old terms of absolutism, and of a law as an edict decreed by a monarch and imposed on the people by force and fear. If the edict is not obeyed, we conclude that it is only because sufficient force has not yet been applied to inspire the requisite fear. We think that all that is needed is bigger and better policemen. Even in modern democracy this habit of thought survives; we use the cant phrase 'the will of the people,' but do not hesitate to force upon them statutes that do not represent the will of a numerous and respectable minority and that are contemned and flouted by them. A criminal statute that seeks to regulate personal habits will not work unless it has the sanction of practically all of the people, and is therefore in harmony with the public opinion. A mere majority, though sufficient to enact a statute, cannot make it a law, because a law must derive its force and sanction from the public conscience.

Men do not fear the penalties of the law half so much as they fear public opinion, which for them is the opinion of their neighbors; the statute indeed may disapprove their conduct, but unless their neighbors disapprove it, then, so far as that community is concerned, it is a dead letter. Juries will not convict, and neighbors will not play the spy and informer, for among men of decency and honor that is one of the things that are simply not done. That this truth is beginning to find recognition was shown the other day when it was announced that a fund of $50,000,000 was to be raised for the purpose of conducting an 'educational campaign,' extending over a period of ten years, in favor of Prohibition. If the people believed in the prohibitory statutes there would have been no insuperable difficulty in enforcing them, and no necessity for an educational campaign. But the trouble with the reformers is that they are always getting the cart before the horse. They imagine that they can change the custom by changing the statute; but they can't — they must change the custom first. That, of course, is a terribly hard thing to do, and probably the reason why they prefer to change the statute; they find it so much easier.

Emerson, whom one perhaps, at the risk of appearing naïve in an advanced and sophisticated age, may still quote — Emerson said: 'Republics abound in young civilians who believe that the laws make the city, that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living and employments of the population, that commerce, education and religion, may be voted in or out; and that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law. But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand which perishes in the twisting; that the state must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen; the strongest usurper is quickly got rid of; and they only who build on Ideas build for eternity; and that the form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it. The law is only a memorandum. We are superstitious, and esteem the statute somewhat; so much life as it has in the character of living men is its force.'

But if Emerson should be considered

too transcendental, an able discussion of the whole question, in all its practical and realistic bearings, will be found in a book entitled *Law, Its Origin, Growth and Function*, written by the late James Coolidge Carter of the New York Bar. If this admirable work could be prescribed as the book of the month for a year or two, we might learn something to our advantage, though it probably would have little effect upon the reformers. There is a certain mysticism about them, and especially about the Prohibitionists, with which reason, facts, and experience are all powerless to deal.

A notable example of the authority and supremacy of custom was afforded in England nearly a century ago. There the law provided that a convicted murderer should be hanged and then drawn and quartered. But with the growth of culture and refinement, and the more humane sentiment they produce, the senseless barbarity of this penalty, or at least of the latter part of it, became apparent, and the practice fell into disuse. The provision remained unchanged on the statute books, but murderers, though they were still hanged, were no longer drawn and quartered. Public opinion had completely abolished the practice years before the statute was changed to conform to the new custom.

We have recently seen this same principle at work in Michigan. The legislature of that state had enacted a statute punishing with imprisonment for life anyone convicted of an offense four times. The statute was intended to apply to habitual criminals, and under it a woman who had already been convicted three times of violating the Prohibition statutes was convicted of a fourth offense and sent to prison for life. She had sold a pint of whiskey to buy food for her children. But the people of Michigan were too enlightened and humane to imprison a woman for life merely because she had sold a pint of whiskey. That sort of thing was not one of the customs of Michigan. No jury could have been found to convict offenders if such a dreadful penalty were to be attached to their verdict. And so the legislature found that they had been mistaken and amended the act so that it should no longer apply to violations of the Prohibition statutes. They found out that their statute was not a law, and it was not a law because the people would not back it up.

For that is what a law is in a democracy — a statute that the people will back up; indeed, in the long run, that is all a law is anywhere. The laws of a nation or of a community are the recorded customs of the people of that nation or that community, and all the historic codes — the Mosaic code, the laws of Solon and Lycurgus, the codes of Justinian and Napoleon, the Civil Law, the English Common Law, and the legendary taboos of savage tribes — are but customs that have existed so long that they have crystallized into law. Men may write them on parchment, publish them under solemn sanctions, and provide penalties for the small minority who fail to observe them. But these men do not invent them any more than grammarians invent a language. The grammarians merely analyze a language after it has been spoken and used for centuries. In the same way the great lawgivers of the world did not sit down and think awhile and then write out the laws they thought ought to be in force; they found out what the law already was, and wrote it down — that is, they collected and codified the customs of their people. It is not the law that makes the custom, but the custom that makes the law, and when statutes run counter to custom they are impotent.

III

A great deal of the difficulty in establishing national Prohibition arises from the fact that the personal habits of the people are not uniform throughout the nation. There are — or at least before the prohibitory statutes were enacted there were — many localities where the old custom was not in serious conflict with the new statute. Total abstinence, while not by any means universal, was there so general that it was considered disreputable to drink liquor; indeed the conditions and the manner in which liquor was consumed were enough to make it disreputable. The trouble arose when earnest teetotalers who could see no difference between a hillbilly getting drunk on applejack and a man having a bottle of Château Margaux to his dinner tried to impose their habits and standards of conduct on the entire population of the land.

In the effort to cure one evil, moral reformers often succeed in doing no more than to substitute another for it. Often they substitute something worse. As Remy de Gourmont said: *Quand la morale triomphe il se passe des choses très vilaines* (When morality triumphs very ugly things happen). They are possessed by their theory, and they are bound to stick to it through thick and thin. Now a theory is a theory; it may be good or it may be bad, but after all it is only a theory, and the only way to find out whether it is a good theory is to try it. If it works, it is a good theory; if it does n't work, then it is a bad theory, and at this point a wise man discards it and gets another. The scientific mind deduces its theory from the facts of life, or adjusts it to them; the reformer evolves his theory out of his own prejudices which he mistakes for principles, and tries to fit the facts of life to it. And as facts are stubborn things, and quite often will not fit into the theory, something has to give way, and it is never the facts. This process of trying to force the explosive facts of life into the narrow limits of a theory is responsible for much of the trouble in a world that already has more trouble than it knows how to deal with. So much time and energy are spent in the hopeless task of trying to enforce statutes based on these impossible theories that none are left to devote to the real criminals, and the lack of respect for these statutes is contagious and breeds disrespect for the real laws. Gresham's law works here as elsewhere; bad money drives out the good, and foolish legislation weakens that which is wise and salutary.

What we need is to have our legislation entrusted for a session or two to codifiers. If only we could have a commission, composed of, say, Moses and Lycurgus and Justinian, to go over our two million 'laws' and mark those that are not in accord with the customs of the people, and if our legislative bodies would repeal the statutes so marked, relegating some of them to the shades of a forgotten past, and placing others on file to await the dawn of a Utopian future, what a blessing it would be, and what peace would descend upon the land! The Constitution would be restored to its rightful place as the safeguard of our liberties, and we should be released from our insane preoccupation with the personal habits of other people, to devote our thought and energies to questions of real importance.

HEADS OR TAILS

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

If you put a kettle on a nice hot fire, will the water freeze? 'Certainly not,' says common sense, indignantly. 'Probably not,' says physics, hesitantly. According to physics, if every member of the human race put a kettle on the fire every day for the next million million years (during which, according to Jeans, the world is to remain habitable), it is not unlikely that sooner or later the water in one of these kettles would freeze instead of boiling. Unfortunately it is impossible to know in advance when this is going to happen, otherwise the man to whom it happened could get himself revered as a magician.

The kettle that freezes when put on the fire is only one of many kinds of occurrence which in practice we regard as impossible, but which in theory are only enormously improbable. If you let a drop of ink fall into a glass of water, the ink will diffuse itself throughout the water, discoloring the whole; it is theoretically possible that after doing this the ink should collect itself again into a drop, but any man who thought he saw this happening would conclude that his eyes had played him a trick. Eddington, in his book, *The Nature of the Physical World*, gives many examples of such improbabilities, which are nevertheless not theoretically impossible. For example, suppose you have a vessel divided into two portions with a trapdoor between the two: one portion is filled with air, the other is a vacuum; you open the trapdoor and the air streams into the portion that was previously empty; if the trapdoor is left open, it is theoretically possible that at some future moment all the molecules of air will have collected themselves again into the first compartment, leaving the second empty. It is also theoretically possible that an army of monkeys strumming on typewriters may accidentally produce all the books in the British Museum, but Eddington points out that this is less unlikely than the reassembling of the air in the one compartment.

Are we to ignore altogether such wild improbabilities? Dare we treat them in theoretical physics as we do in practical life, and assume that they will never happen? In old-fashioned physics it was thought that if we were sufficiently clever we could calculate everything and deal only in mathematical certainties. It cannot be said that this view is now *known* to be false, but there is an increasing tendency to throw doubt upon it and to hold that laws which are merely concerned with probability have to be brought in to supplement the laws that are concerned with certainty.

The chief of these laws concerned with probabilities goes by the somewhat imposing title of 'The Second Law of Thermodynamics.' This is nothing like so alarming an affair as it sounds; it states, broadly speaking, that the universe is becoming gradually less and less improbable. To take

again the drop of ink in the glass of water, it seems improbable that all the ink should be in one place and all the water in another — such a state of affairs, we feel, requires an explanation; but if the ink is uniformly diffused throughout the water, that seems only natural, and we do not look with the same conviction for some reason that it should be so. We may say, in this sense, that the universe grows every day less surprising. It is like a pack of cards, which comes from the makers arranged in proper order, but after being in use for some time shows no trace of its original arrangement. This again is only probable; it might happen that by casual shuffling of a pack of cards you got it back into its original order, but you would require a very unusual reputation for probity before you could get anybody to believe that this had happened. Modern physics suggests that the world is getting gradually more and more completely shuffled, so that the traces of the original order are gradually disappearing.

Imagine some tidy old gentleman's library, with all the volumes beautifully classified according to subject and size; imagine that in his absence children get into the library and throw the books at each other's heads, while next morning the housemaid puts them back into the shelves higgledy-piggledy; gradually the traces of orderly arrangement disappear, and the books are found haphazard throughout the shelves.

This is the sort of thing that physics says is happening to the universe. For some reason, which I do not fully understand, this theory is welcomed by theologians as evidence of the divine government of the world. It is arguable that the theory affords evidence of a creation, but it affords the very reverse of evidence that any design has guided the subsequent course of affairs. I am by no means persuaded that the theory as it stands is valid; I think that both theologians and their opponents will be ill-advised if they treat it as the last word in theoretical physics.

Physics is a subject which has been changing with extraordinary rapidity in recent years, and there is no sort of ground for supposing that it has arrived at a stable phase. One reason for thinking this is that the concept of probability is wrapped in obscurity and affords indeed the chief scandal of modern logic. Nobody knows what is meant by saying that an event is improbable; nobody knows in what circumstances we are justified in assuming that an improbable event will not happen. At every moment the most wildly improbable events occur. Why do we accept some of these quite calmly, while others cause amazement? Nobody really knows. I have no satisfactory theory to offer, and the extent of what I have to say in the present article is to make people a little wary of all theories that depend upon this rather hazy notion of probability.

II

But let us first consider a little more in detail what probability in physics means in practice. If you have a family of two, they may consist of a boy and a girl, or of two boys, or of two girls; it is twice as probable that you will have a boy and a girl as it is that you will have two boys, and twice as probable as it is that you will have two girls. In this case probability has, or may have, a very simple meaning. If you were to enumerate all the families of two children existing in the world, you would find that about half consist of a boy and a girl, while about a quarter consist of two boys and about

a quarter consist of two girls. At any rate, we may suppose that this is the case for purposes of illustration. The second law of thermodynamics would suggest that originally all families had consisted either only of boys or only of girls, but that gradually families evenly divided between boys and girls had come more and more to preponderate. This particular illustration, if taken literally, would, of course, be misleading, but it suffices to show the sort of thing that is meant.

In the sun there is a great deal of energy, while in interstellar space there is very little. The second law of thermodynamics suggests that gradually there will be less and less difference between the amount of energy in one place and the amount of energy in another, so that the universe will become more and more homogeneous and democratic. Everything pleasant is associated with some transition toward democracy, and becomes impossible when democracy has been completely achieved.

Life, both animal and vegetable, is an incident in this transition, since it consists in the utilization of solar energy: first in the building up of those chemical compounds that are essential to life, and ultimately in the dissipation of their energy throughout the universe in the form of heat. The warmth of the human body is derived from the energy of the sun; it warms the surrounding air, and the warmth of the surrounding air is dissipated by radiation. Thus the warmth of the sun, after keeping us alive for a little while, becomes diffused throughout space in a form which is no longer available for any useful purpose. This train of thought is to be commended to those who imagine that the evolution of life is the purpose of the universe. If modern physics is to be believed, the purpose of the universe is to make the emptiest and coldest portions of the universe slightly less cold, though not warm enough to be suitable even for an Eskimo.

This train of thought rests on probability, and probability rests on muddle.

I do not mean to deny that all this will probably happen; I only mean to assert that people have not the least idea what they mean when they say so.

Before we plunge into philosophy, let us consider the application of probability to daily life. At every moment, as I remarked before, the most wildly improbable things are happening. Let us take some illustrations. Suppose you hire a taxi, and suppose its number is M-Z.102348. What could be more improbable than that you should have hit just upon this number? You were bound to hit upon some number, but the odds were so strongly against the number which in fact you did hit upon that any sensible man would have dismissed this occurrence as practically impossible. And yet it occurred. Or again, take a simple question like your height. If you are asked how tall you are and you reply, say, 'Five feet, ten inches,' the answer does not seem at all improbable. But suppose you are a person addicted to mathematical accuracy, and you reply that your height is 5 feet, 10.321 inches; you have now made an assertion which may be true, but which is exceedingly improbable. The moment your height is measured to a thousandth of an inch, it becomes very improbable that you are the height you are, although at the same time it is quite certain that you are the height you are.

Again: how many square miles are there in the United States? I do not know, but if you suggest some number I shall be justified in saying that it is

very unlikely to be exactly that, and yet there is some number that it is, although this is so improbable. What all these illustrations indicate is that every actual occurrence is wildly improbable as soon as it is accurately described. It does not astonish us unless the improbability remains when it is described only vaguely. If I say I met a man whose height is 5 feet, 10.321 inches, people will say, 'What of it?' although I have asserted a marvel. But if I say I have met a man over twenty feet high, they will be either incredulous or amazed, because I have said something which remains improbable in spite of being vague.

Two things emerge: first, that the improbable is not always astonishing, and second, that even the most wildly improbable things do happen. The things that do not often happen are astonishing things, but this is a law concerning our emotions, not concerning the world, for obviously what happens often does not astonish us. Bishop Butler said that probability is the guide of life, but I doubt whether he had thought out the implications of his statement, any more than the modern physicists have who say that probability is the guide of physics.

If the views of modern physicists were accepted in daily life, they would have a somewhat bewildering effect. Take, for example, some quite simple question, such as 'What is a red flag?' Some people say that it is an illegal symbol of revolution; others that it is a mark of a steam roller. Such views, according to Schrödinger, are shallow; according to him, it is an undulatory distribution of statistical probabilities of certain kinds of quantum transitions in atoms. Everything that we see is nothing but a distribution of probabilities. We do not see what is there, but only what is more or less likely to be there, and we see it just as much when it is not there as when it is there, provided the probability is right.

This view of the world certainly outdoes Bishop Berkeley at his own game. You are not obliged to accept it, for you may instead believe with Heisenberg that a red flag consists of some billions of infinite rectangles of integers, but few people would find this view any more comforting than Schrödinger's, though I confess that I am one of the few.

III

It is time to ask ourselves what, if anything, is meant by probability. There are two theories on this subject, neither of which, to my mind, is satisfactory. One is known as the frequency theory; the other is the theory whose ablest advocate is Mr. Keynes, known to publicists by his *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, but to the learned world by his *Treatise on Probability*. Mr. Keynes holds that probability is an ultimate notion not further definable, consisting of a certain relation between premises and conclusion. Premises may *prove* a conclusion; in that case the conclusion is certain in relation to those premises. But they may only make the conclusion more or less probable; for example, if you are in contact with scarlet fever, you are not sure to catch scarlet fever, but there is a certain degree of probability that you will do so. The premise 'I am in contact with scarlet fever' does not demonstrate the conclusion 'I shall catch scarlet fever,' but the conclusion has to the premise a certain relation of probability. If this view of probability is accepted, we cannot be asked what we mean by the word, since the word is not definable in any other terms. It is clear that since words can only be defined by means of other

words, any system of definitions must start with certain words that are not defined, and Mr. Keynes proposes to put the word 'probability' among these primitive notions.

Mr. Keynes is, I think, almost certainly right in holding that probability does not attach to a proposition in itself, but only in relation to certain premises, and that its probability in relation to certain premises may be quite different from its probability in relation to certain other premises. For example, if all you know about a man is that he lives in the British Isles, there is a certain definitely ascertainable probability that his name is William Williams. This probability is measured by dividing the number of males in the British Isles called William Williams by the total number of males in the British Isles. But if you know further that the man lives in Wales, the probability of his being called William Williams is very greatly increased. This does not mean that the probability that you had obtained before was wrong; it merely means that it was relative to different data. Given sufficient data, any statement is either certainly true or certainly false, so that probability only arises in relation to insufficient data. That is why probability is specially useful in regard to the future, as to which our data are always insufficient. So far I think we ought all to agree with Mr. Keynes.

But when he maintains that probability is indefinable, he is on more doubtful ground. I do not profess to have a satisfactory definition to offer, but I think that with sufficient ingenuity a satisfactory definition could be found. When a word is said to be indefinable, it is necessary to maintain that one knows what it means without the help of a definition. There are a number of words of which this is true; we know quite well what we mean by such words as 'red' and 'blue' and 'sweet' and 'sour,' and 'up' and 'down.' After we have learned the definition of these words, we do not understand them any better than we did before. But where probability is concerned, I at any rate have no such feeling; I wish to be told what it means, and until I am told I am in doubt. I do not think that Mr. Keynes's theory can be refuted: it is a self-consistent theory which cannot be *proved* to be untrue. But it leaves one with a certain intellectual dissatisfaction and a feeling that a difficult problem has been evaded.

The so-called frequency theory does not have this defect, though in its traditional form it has others. The frequency theory in its simplest form states that when you know that a certain object belongs to a certain class, and that a certain proportion of that class has a certain characteristic, then that proportion measures the probability that the object in question has the said characteristic. We had an instance of this just now with the man called William Williams. In all statistical applications of probability, this definition is satisfactory. It is adequate, for example, to the use of probability in connection with life insurance. It is adequate also to the use of probability in modern physics, and in the doings of bookmakers. It is adequate, in a word, wherever exact numerical estimates of probabilities are possible.

But unfortunately this definition leaves us in the lurch as soon as we come to the question of induction, and we generally do come up against this question when we try to use probability as a guide in life. Take, for example, life insurance, no longer as mathematics, but as a practical proposition. Life-insurance companies have generally argued that people will die

at the same rate in the future as in the past. In fact the rate at which people have died has been diminishing ever since life insurance came into vogue. The result has been that the insurance companies have grown rich; since this gave them no ground of complaint, the intellectual fallacy at the basis of their calculations has not worried them. If the purchase of annuities had been commoner than life insurance, the companies concerned would have been led to bankruptcy by their intellectual errors, and would, in that case, have become more acutely aware of them. They might, at least theoretically, have corrected their errors by a wider induction; but, however wide an induction may be, it can never lead to certainty.

The trouble is that the kind of probability derived from an induction does not seem to be the kind dealt with by the frequency theory. When a certain number of observations seem to have established a law of nature, every man of science knows that further observations may prove the supposed law to be incorrect. The law is therefore at best probable. But when we ask, 'How probable is it?' and hope to get a definite numerical answer, such as 'The odds in its favor are a thousand to one,' we are disappointed. Mr. Keynes maintains — and I for one do not know how to refute his arguments — that even the best-grounded inductions are not more likely to be true than false. Will the sun rise to-morrow? We none of us feel any serious doubt on this subject, and yet the best view seems to be that it is not more likely to rise than not to rise.

There is no way of dealing with the situation on the frequency theory. If we were to take all the natural laws that have ever been believed, and ask ourselves what proportion of them can still be regarded as tenable, I am afraid the result would be far from encouraging.

Moreover the frequency theory does not give any reason why a rational man in action should act upon the greater probability where certainties are unobtainable. And yet that is what we all really want probability to do for us. We all of us do act upon probabilities, not only in a remote and ultimate sense, but in a perfectly obvious everyday sense. Every glass of water that we drink, every mouthful of food that we eat, may contain bacteria or poison, but we disregard this probability except when for some reason it is unusually large. When men are found guilty of murder or theft, there is always some chance that they may be innocent, but when the chance is very small we behave as if it did not exist.

So long as a probability is numerically measurable, this seems sensible enough, but the most important probabilities are too vague to come under this head. What is the likelihood, for example, that psychical research may demonstrate a future life? Clearly we have not the data required for a numerical estimate, yet some kind of estimate has to be made by any man who is free to decide whether he shall or shall not devote some time to psychical research. What is the likelihood that universal education will improve the condition of mankind? Nobody knows, and if it were worth while a very good case could be made out for the negative. Yet we all cheerfully act upon the assumption that education is desirable, to the extent of paying out good money for the purpose.

The degree of probability that we demand depends, however, upon the nature of the case. Before executing a man for murder, we demand a

much higher degree of evidence of his guilt than we do of his innocence before voting for him as President.

IV

I have been speaking lately of probabilities without adducing any definite premises, which might seem contrary to what was said in connection with Mr. Keynes. In all such cases, and generally wherever one is considering a probability in relation to practice, there is a tacit reference to all relevant knowledge as constituting the premises of the probability. Take, for example, the man accused of murder: from his own point of view the matter is certain, because he has knowledge which the judge and the jury do not possess, but when one speaks of the likelihood of his guilt without specifically adducing premises, one means the likelihood in relation to what is known to the judge and jury. This is clearly the sort of probability with which practical men are concerned, but unfortunately it is a sort about which theorists are, as a rule, very hazy.

This whole matter of probability in relation to conduct is extraordinarily unsatisfactory. If men were rational animals, it would be even more so, since they would be paralyzed in action by their theoretical insecurity. As a matter of fact we act upon our passions, among which credulity is by no means the least. Without credulity we should be brought to a standstill, not only in love and marriage, politics and business, but even in science, since induction has no hitherto discovered rational basis. The civilized man differs from the savage, not in the extent of his credulity, but in its character. His credulity is systematized and organized, and can in the last resort be confined to a few great principles; when these have been swallowed, all the rest of his procedure becomes comparatively rational. The savage, on the contrary, has a large number of disconnected credulities — some connected with the wind, others with the rain, some with the sea, and others with the mountains. In this respect, as in others, it is system, organization, and interrelatedness that distinguish civilized life. But to suppose that these things have beneficent results is itself part of the civilized man's credulity. Ethical and metaphysical postulates, however irrational, usually go hand in hand. The man who holds that the world is of such and such a kind almost always holds also that it is our duty to make it so. The civilized man, conversely, holding that it is our duty to make the world orderly and interrelated, holds also that the world is orderly and interrelated. On this basis it is possible to find a metaphysical justification for induction, as has been shown by Bergson and Dr. Whitehead.

For my part, I see no reason to believe that the world must be convenient for the man of science. It may be that all the law and order that we seem to perceive in the world is due to our own selective apperception. It is amazing to what an extent preconceptions can falsify the testimony of experience. Ignorant people believe that when you pour hot water into a glass it is more likely to crack if the glass is thin than if it is thick; educated people believe the opposite. Each side appeals with equal confidence to experience. A rational man would conclude that the laws of nature are different in the kitchen from what they are in the laboratory. But this is not the conclusion that either party does in fact draw.

Why should the man who has a laboratory so confidently dismiss the testimony of his cook? He is persuaded

that she is a bad observer, misled by her prejudices, and he believes that he is quite impartial in his observation of phenomena. But there are plenty of facts which go to show that the man of science is not so very different from the cook. When I was young there was a universally accepted mathematical proof that the action of gravitation must be practically instantaneous. When Einstein came along, it became necessary to hold that gravitational action is propagated with the velocity of light, so the previously accepted proof to the contrary was found to be fallacious. I am not for a moment denying that it was fallacious; I am only saying that such instances should make us somewhat skeptical as to what arguments should still pass as valid.

It is a mistake to confuse probability with uncertainty. Everything that passes for knowledge is more or less uncertain — that is to say, there is a greater or less risk of error in regard to it. But this applies to knowledge concerning probability as well as to other knowledge. When we say that the chance of a coin coming heads is a half, we are not saying that we have uncertain knowledge that it will come heads, we are saying that we have practically certain knowledge that it is as likely to come heads as not to. Some knowledge concerning probabilities is as nearly certain as any knowledge that we possess.

Probability, therefore, is not to be associated with fallibility and our liability to error; probability is a definite branch of knowledge, but at present a very unsatisfactory branch. I think that its further study requires a clear separation of those cases where an exact numerical estimate is possible from those others that we considered in connection with induction. Where an exact numerical estimate is possible, the frequency theory is satisfactory, but in relation to such problems as that of induction this theory fails us.

Perhaps a mistake has been made in applying the one word 'probability' to the two classes of cases; perhaps two radically different concepts are involved. If so, a very large realm may be rescued from the vague and unsatisfactory condition of the general theory of probability. Even so, however, the problems that remain are serious, important, and difficult. I do not know of any branch of logic where new ideas are so urgently called for.

ATMOSPHERE VERSUS ART

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

ATMOSPHERE is the cheapest intrinsically and the dearest financially of our various æsthetic commodities. Everybody wants it, wants it quick, and is prepared to pay for its speedy delivery. From Naples to Edinburgh, ceilings or entire decorations of old rooms are being ripped out of ancient buildings and set up again in brand-new American buildings which in style are French flamboyant, Tudor Gothic, Italian or Spanish Renaissance — heaven knows what. And in the antique linings of these pseudo-antique shells men and women of reasonable intelligence are listening in on radio, drinking synthetic cocktails, dining, or playing bridge — all in a costly glamour of the installation created for people who played their own music on their own instruments, and drank sound liquor.

And many of our art museums are far keener for atmosphere than they are for art. They feature 'period' rooms — complete interiors with the appropriate furniture and utensils, fine works of art being generally excluded. The museums are becoming the formidable rivals of the architects and interior decorators in exploiting a borrowed picturesqueness at the cost of looting through bribery much of the real picturesqueness of the old countries. I am perfectly aware that, as the director of a tiny and poverty-stricken museum necessarily without atmospheric pretensions of whatever sort, I shall seem to many to be a decrier of the more abundant grapes of my betters. I hope to show that the grapes really are sour — that the pursuit of atmosphere is unsatisfying and really alien to the cultivation of art, that too many of our museums are mistaking their mission and retarding or even missing entirely their real development.

Of course the whole argument rests on what is conceived to be the purpose of a museum of art. A museum — that is, a place dedicated to the Muses — I think everyone will agree is primarily a place where works of art of whatever sort are safely kept; and, secondarily, where such works of art are effectively shown, chiefly for purposes of culture and delight, secondarily for purposes of formal education. We are still, however, far from a real definition, for what are works of art? We may narrow the matter down by saying that traditionally, and in fealty to its patronesses, the Muses, a museum in the strict sense of the word should concern itself chiefly if not exclusively with the fine arts. And here again we face a new issue of definition. Historically speaking and practically, the fine arts for museum purposes have been sculpture, painting, and the allied graphic arts. The reason for this exclusion of the applied or industrial arts has been, first, practical — that by the time the fine arts have been cared for there is no more space; and, second, theoretical — that the fine arts rest upon and convey a far wider human experience, hence make more fully for culture. In this regard, until quite

recently, the industrial arts seemed far less important.

Here we are at the very nub of our problem. Until less than fifty years ago no one would have seriously challenged the superior value of the fine arts. Then the arts and crafts movement went strong, and such critics as Whistler and Oscar Wilde, with the French impressionist critics, appeared, with the result of a confusion of all æsthetic values. We were assured that all that really mattered in any work of art was exquisite handling by the artist. Velásquez's 'Las Meniñas' was exquisitely handled; so might be a nutcracker or a Chelsea snuffbox. They were all exquisite works of art, and there really was nothing to choose between them. What old-fashioned people called the spirit of the artist was nobody's business — not even that of old-fashioned people. An artist might be a saint, a ruffian, a degenerate — nothing of that mattered to his art. Puvis was thoughtfully making great poems on French walls; Jean Carriès was thoughtfully inventing new glazes for little pots in his kilns. The same critics wrote of these two as entirely equals. To find symbols for a civilization or to find a new kind of gray glaze — it all came to the same thing. If both were exquisite, nothing more was to be thought or said of either.

While this obviously crude and narrow view is gradually giving way to better values, I think it still too much dominates the policy of most of our art museums. I find among many friends in museum positions a dislike of acting on the principle of a hierarchy of æsthetic values. Ask such people if they are really willing to equate a fine Chippendale chair with a fine portrait by Gainsborough, and they will answer, 'Certainly not,' but they will also betray an uneasy consciousness that the Chippendale chair is being badly treated. The point is, of course, that while to appreciate the Gainsborough portrait is an advance in culture in the widest sense, to appreciate the Chippendale chair is merely a gain in minor archæology or in dilettantism. Both experiences have their value, but the values are not equal. A man can hardly know fine painting without having some notion of fine design in furniture, while he may be an accomplished connoisseur of furniture and blind to the great painters and sculptors. In short, what is important is the quality of spirit involved in the act of creation and in that of appreciation, and the only measure for this is personal spiritual experience guided by delicate common sense. In the equalitarian æsthetics of the 1890's in which I was nurtured there was little enough of either.

II

What is the duty of the museum toward the work of art? First, obviously, to preserve it. Primarily a museum is simply a high-class storehouse — or, more politely, a treasure house. Why preserve the work of art? Evidently that it may continue to convey to the sympathetic spectator the creative ecstasy that went to its making. Thus it is a collateral duty to show the work of art and show it well. Here difference of opinion arises. What, after all, is exhibiting well? We may get at it by recalling a peculiar quality of all works of art in a museum — their homelessness. Very few works of art, and those not the best, were made in order to be exhibited in a museum. Most sculpture and most painting were in one way and another associated with architecture; in any case they were made for surroundings and eyes quite different from ours. From those surroundings they have been torn; frequently the original environment

has been destroyed; their old home has gone beyond recall; the museum provides on an artificial basis a new home.

If this fact were accepted simply, most of the errors in exhibition would be avoided. We should realize the folly of trying to reproduce around the thousands of exhibits in a museum some mere travesty of their original environment. The more artificially and contemporaneously museum exhibits are treated the better. As the late Benjamin Ives Gilman writes in his admirable book, *Museum Ideals*, the guiding principle of selection and exhibition should be 'anthological.' Now an anthology is a literary convention. No poet ever wrote for an anthology. But it is, however conventional, one of the best ways of making the treasures of past poetry available for the present.

The prevailing antiquarian sentimentalism resents so simple a view. The poor works of art are indeed homeless; let us do something to make them feel at home. Something like this a prominent architect said to me only the other day.

Let us follow out what this making at home actually involves in practice. A worried curator awakes to the fact that a fine big altarpiece is homeless in his gallery. It was painted for an altar. So he buys an altar of the period and sets the picture on it. I write feelingly, for I have seen it done. But the altarpiece and its, at best, borrowed altar are together mildly ridiculous in the gallery. What to do? Why, take the further steps toward putting the altarpiece at its homely ease! If funds permit, buy a chapel of the period — they are, unhappily, for sale — and set up therein the altarpiece and the altar.

Now, according to my architect friend and approved museum practice, the picture is ideally at home. What a delusion! It stands over an altar and in a chapel for which it was not created; its being at home is an archæological fraud. Why not introduce a priest, waxen or in the flesh? Why not hold a Mass, oral or phonographic? Why not revive the gallants strolling amid fair devotees? If a masquerade be worth making at all, it is worth making thoroughly. To maintain the fiction of reviving its home for any altarpiece all that I have suggested and much more would be necessary — and the sum of it all would be merely an elaborately false installation, more proper to romantic opera than to the museum.

No, the problem is far simpler. From the moment that a work of art made for a particular place is moved therefrom, an original set of associational values drops forever away from it. The attempt to recover them otherwise than through the historical imagination is entirely futile. It is the business of the museum to ascertain and exploit the values that remain. The picture, say, is now an exhibit in a museum; the task is to bring out to the full its museum values. It now is, or should be, in a neutral environment — in which, however, it is probably far better seen than it was in the gloom of its chapel. If it has lost by the move, it has also gained. And the museum value, while it lacks much that was important to the artist, also dispenses with much that was adventitious and confusing. The primary value is imperishable: the passing of a high creative impulse to an understanding soul — all this is intact. Indeed, through a degree of generalization and the dropping away of local associations, there has often come a new value of universality. It is by no means to be assumed that the Sistine Madonna was better seen in her chapel at Vicenza than she has been seen for generations in her museum sanctuary at Dresden. And it is even less to be supposed that she would be seen better at Dresden if the

German Republic could persuade the Honorable Mussolini to cause the original chapel, still extant, to be taken down and set up again in the Dresden Gallery. In short, the way to run a museum successfully is to treat it as a museum and not as a congeries of antiquarian compilations.

III

In contrast with the usual human tendency to magnify one's office, many a museum director of to-day is a man ashamed of his museum. He wants to sugar-coat it, to take off some imaginary curse. It is n't really a museum he is running; it's a homey place, *ganz gemüthlich*, as intimate and livable as the Rathskeller of yesteryear, as easy as the Spanish smoking room in the mansion of Mr. Average Man's employer. So the painless museum is added to that noble company which includes decaffeinated coffee, denicotinized cigars, and griefless funeral rites. That this is a cheapening of the museum's function need hardly be argued. A museum is properly a somewhat formidable place. One goes there to gain contact with personalities far greater than those we meet in ordinary life. It is no light matter to make the acquaintance of Rembrandt. All the museum really needs to offer is opportunity — and that means getting the right things and exhibiting them skillfully.

So far from vainly attempting to recover the forever lost atmosphere of time and place, the more nearly the great work of art is shown in a neutral atmosphere the better its exhibition will be. Give it time, and it will rebuild its new atmosphere in the museum. It is idle to hurry up the process. Much effort is wasted in decorative arrangements of pictures and sculpture, often at the sacrifice of their being seen well. Good lighting, avoidance of obvious clashes, generous spacing, simple and neutral backgrounds — this is all that is necessary to enjoyment. The elaborately decorative appointment and hanging of an art gallery is largely labor lost. It is based on a false psychology — that the ensemble is highly important. It is really of very slight importance. The visitor, if he knows his business, makes an act of concentration by which he sees only one object at a time. Unless he is capable of such concentration, he is helpless in a museum, however exquisitely arranged. It really does n't matter what is alongside or opposite the masterpiece he is contemplating, so long as he can isolate it for enjoyment.

What, then, is the use of elaborate arrangements and tenuous suggestions of historic atmosphere that can only keep the untrained visitor away from his goal of appreciation, while the trained visitor probably ignores them from the first and in any case promptly thinks them away? Such expedients are better left to interior decorators, with atmosphere to sell, or to amateurs of decorative bent. For such it is a reasonable enough diversion.

The late Mrs. John L. Gardner carried this creation of harmonious ensembles to its ultimate perfection. Everything in a gallery — pictures, sculpture, furniture, the vases on the tables and the flowers in them, the scarf thrown over a chair, the type of pedestal or picture frame — everything was exquisitely calculated. Nothing in her galleries could be changed or moved without involving a complete rearrangement. As I had the pleasure of going about with her, she would carefully move heavy chairs which in the cleaning had been misplaced a quarter of an inch one way or the other. I once wrote her that she had invented a new decorative art the raw material of

which was *chefs-d'œuvre*, and I don't think it displeased her.

I cite this instance because Mrs. Gardner carried the ideal of the intimate gallery much further than any museum ever has or ever will carry it. She was too intelligent to think for a moment that she was in any strict sense re-creating the atmosphere of Florence, Venice, France, or Flanders. She was creating her own atmosphere, and it is startling and instructive to note how her studied and exquisite installations, which are still piously maintained, have lost significance now that she is no longer here as their explanation. The museum that attempts to emulate Mrs. Gardner will at best build up decorative ensembles which are the atmosphere merely of a director or a curator. Such an atmosphere will mean nothing to the student and will be merely distracting to the naïve art lover. It rests on a mistake of function. The reasonable exhibition of great works of art does not involve practising a competitive art of exhibition. Within the modest scope of perceptive showmanship there is plenty to exercise the taste and the wits of the most ingenious curator.

IV

But it will be argued that the period rooms are immensely liked, and the readiest means of drawing a reluctant public to the museums. Recently the Pennsylvania Museum has taken a vote and has found that a comfortable plurality of its visitors are most interested in the period rooms, with a good minority for the picture galleries.

Before weighing the issue whether it is the business of the art museum to join the moving-picture theatre in giving the public what it wants, just a word on the conditions of the much advertised Philadelphia vote. At the time of the vote, the only organized and fairly complete department in the Pennsylvania Museum was the period rooms. In every other branch the exhibitions, while not without fine items, were incomplete and spotty, and, owing to radical faults in the design of the galleries, on the whole unattractively displayed. In short, there was really nothing to vote for departmentally except the period rooms. Much as I disapprove of them, I should have had to vote for them myself. So the vote was without significance of any general sort, except for the very gratifying and surprising fact that under rather unfavorable conditions the pictures got so many suffrages. But let us suppose the vote really indicated a deep longing on the part of our museum-visiting public for the delights of historico-æsthetic atmosphere as offered by the period room — would that be a good reason for giving the public what it wants?

This question is best answered by indirection — by following out what happens concretely when museums engage in this course. All our art museums, with the possible exception of that of Newark, New Jersey, give a certain, however grudging, preference to the fine arts. Practically that means that if they had a picture gallery and a Dutch room, and came into possession of a fine Rembrandt, they would hang it rather in the picture gallery than in the Dutch room. Why? Because they know it would be better seen in the gallery than in the Dutch room, and they deem a masterpiece of this sort worth the seeing. Now suppose, instead of a Rembrandt, the museum bought a fine but not great picture — say, a Metsu. Should it go into the Dutch room or into the gallery? Evidently the decision would rest on the director's judgment of the picture. If it was a very fine Metsu that deserved to be studied and contemplated, he

would, if he had any sense at all, put it in the gallery. If, on the contrary, it seemed to him just an ordinary Metsu that deserved no concentrated observation, he would properly make it a part of the decorative ensemble of his Dutch room.

And now we reach the centre of our discussion. Galleries by honored use and wont contain objects of the fine arts for the purpose of delectation and contemplation. Period rooms contain such objects of the minor arts and such minor examples of the fine arts as can be combined into an atmosphere which may be respired and enjoyed without concentration, contemplation, or taking thought of any kind. Here we capture the simple secret of the vogue of the period room both with the public and with a certain type of museum official: it can be enjoyed — nay, it can be created — by persons relatively without taste and too busy for reflection of any sort. For the tired business man it is indeed the ideal art museum, and so it is for the bewildered museum director at his wit's end.

V

Let me remind the reader that whatever is said here about ideals concerns the museum of fine arts only. Much of the trouble, as I have tried to show in a recent article,[1] comes about from the failure of the American museum to recognize and limit its function. There is, of course, a place for museums of applied arts, and there is no reason why complete interiors, when they can be come by ethically, — as in the case of old buildings being destroyed, — should not be preserved in such museums. These collections of the industrial arts have evident historical value for everybody, and they serve most practically the collector and designer. In particular, the record of our own past should be preserved. The various American museums, whether independent or associated with general museums, deserve all encouragement and support. All that is contended for in this article is that this activity is alien to that of a museum of the fine arts, hence that it should be conducted independently.

The line of demarcation may seem vague, but under the parable above, the principle emerges: whatever needs to be contemplated deeply belongs in a museum of fine arts; what merely needs to be observed passingly or to be studied technically belongs in a museum of minor arts. In the first instance an attempt to re-create the original atmosphere is impertinent; in the second instance it may be reasonable to combine the numerous small and miscellaneous objects into an ensemble which shall give some illusion of the atmosphere of the period. But a sensible curator knows that it is an illusion, and that if he makes people think they are breathing the air of Rembrandt's Amsterdam he is merely fooling them. Even if you could transport a Dutch room with all its own fittings and furniture, — which is virtually impossible, — a Dutch room on the Schuylkill does not look like the same room on the Amstel.

It has frequently been my hap to pass through a suite of period rooms in order to see particular pictures. I reach the end, and recall with a jolt that I have missed half a dozen pictures which I came to study. Where are they? I ask a guard. Of course the Correggio is in the Italian Renaissance room. It had been so decoratively subordinated that my fairly alert and trained eye completely overlooked it. What I actually saw was a carved stone chimney piece and some yellow majolica jars of no remarkable quality. So

[1] See 'Smaller and Better Museums,' in the December 1929 *Atlantic*. — EDITOR

the 'sympathetic' or atmospheric installation of a fine work of art is really just as confusing to the student as it is to the disinterested art lover. And while an art museum ministers to the student only in second order, still he has claims to reasonable consideration.

It would be unfair to leave this matter without admitting that much of the enthusiasm for atmosphere has had its causes in the frequently preposterous management of our art museums. A city becomes ambitious. It helps a board of museum trustees to build an immense structure, which is put in the hands of an architect who, without guidance from museum experts, builds himself an imposing and very costly monument. As a museum, it will inevitably be a shocking and extravagant misfit. Many of our museums are of this sort; it is unnecessary to name them. Tardily the trustees, with an enormous building on their hands, wake up to the fact that they have n't a director or collections. A director comes fairly easy — they hire him. Collections come hard. What is the director to do? His position depends on his making a prompt public impression. The empty halls haunt his dreams. Instead of thinking in terms of fine objects one after another, as a real director of fine arts must, he thinks in terms of galleries. There are many empty galleries, there are many periods of decoration — period rooms are the quick and easy solution. They are in the market; as compared with great works of art, they are both abundant and cheap. So, ho for period rooms, and the long-eared public behind you! In this fashion one might readily make a great art museum which would not contain a single great work of art.

Now the fact that this is a natural way of extricating one's self from certain awkward situations does not excuse it. If the aim of a museum is to extend culture through the understanding of great art, we have to do with a complete negation of its main purpose. At best we are dealing with a thoughtless sentimentality, at worst with a cynical disloyalty. I suppose that museum directors have to live, — I have to, — but I think some of them would be wise to let blundering trustees and overbearing architects stew in their own juice. A self-respecting director might well refuse to take a new museum ready-made. A medical director would make himself heard about his hospital. A mill manager would want a voice in his mill. It would be an admirable example simply to let some board of trustees manage the unfit building they have erected, with only the aid of their architect and their social secretaries. There are two ways out of confusion — to start a fresh confusion, or to sit down and think. In the already chaotic realm of the American art museum the advocates of atmosphere are successfully producing a new confusion. Is it not rather the moment to sit down and think?

THE REAL THING

BY GRAHAM MUNRO

I

THERE was the merest flicker of scorn on the porter's blasé face; there was the least suspicion of a shove as he dropped the well-worn bag in the elevator. Hans Gustav Pedersen, alertly on the defensive, winced, bristled, and then smiled — a superior, reserved, confident smile.

Of course he knew that his old traveling companion was out of place in the Hotel Royal Condé. The hotel was spick and span, a new venture in that rather dingy quarter of old Paris between the Odéon and Saint-Sulpice. A very sophisticated and very successful blend of ancient dignity and quaintness, American comfort, futuristic decoration, it consciously appealed to those who appreciated the unusual — and could afford it. The bag was emphatically nondescript. It had never been handsome, even in its robust youth, way back in the early Rooseveltian era. Two decades of intermittent strenuousness had left it discolored, travel-stained and weary, limp, sagging and bulging, hideous and pitiful. It lay on the elevator floor with the humble mien of a cur expecting to be kicked. Well, to-morrow, this very day perhaps, it would go to its long rest. Or, more likely, sink to a lower circle in the endless inferno of suitcases. Horrible thought! Shouldn't one give decent burial to an old retainer? Hans had a brief vision of the bag, filled with sand, mercifully dropped into the turbid Seine at midnight. Like Buridan of old. . . . And also a vision of the tragi-comic sequel: a policeman springing out of the dark, a hopelessly muddled explanation before the *commissaire*, an undignified appeal to the Embassy, his friends the next day chuckling and winking over their Parisian *New York Herald*. . . . No; better leave the poor old thing to its ignoble fate. Hans was not a sentimentalist, anyway.

To get at last a new bag was one of his chief reasons for being in Paris at all. Indeed, it was his *middle reason*, snugly fitting between his avowed purpose and his secret intention. Ostensibly, he had come merely to attend a Mathematical Congress. He would duly read a paper on Sigmund's automorphic functions, to which half a dozen of his peers would listen, and which two at least might understand. Then there would be all the sober festivities which invariably grace such gatherings: a reception at the Sorbonne, under the pale frescoes of Puvis de Chavannes; a special meeting of the Academy of Sciences; a formal banquet presided over by a rather dull war secretary with a brilliant mathematical past. Next his respected French friends would take him to the Opéra, the Comédie-Française, the Louvre — 'real France, you know, not those frivolous spectacles patronized only by Americans.' At the thought, he groaned and shuddered. He had not come to Paris to be 'uplifted' and bored again. He could get all the uplift he wanted from his books, and more boredom than was good for him right at

home, in the poky little college town on the Pacific slope. This time he meant to see 'real Paris,' the Paris he had always read about, and of which he had ever been defrauded. He wanted Montmartre, the Moulin-Rouge, the Folies-Bergère, names no less magical than Napoleon's Tomb and the Eiffel Tower. He wanted to have his fling — within reason. He deserved it: fifty-seven, a great mathematician, a conscientious teacher, a blameless old bachelor. Almost an old maid.

Just a taste of this fabulous intoxicating Paradise, and he would return, content, to his modest quarters, his dingy classrooms, his everlasting equations. To-morrow he would be old, or at any rate ageless. To-day there was spring in the air, and he felt young. His tweeds sat tolerably well on his Viking frame. His Scandinavian blue eyes had kept their youthful candor: there is no better preservative than the higher mathematics. But this time it must indeed be 'the real thing' — no mere show of superficial naughtiness rigged up for the country cousins from Kiowa. 'The real thing,' he repeated softly to himself; his scientific thoroughness would be satisfied with no substitute. The Convention, Montmartre, the new bag; if, within three days, he had done justice to all three, he would feel he had won the Battle of Paris.

II

So he sallied forth, on conquest bent, along the darksome rue Saint-Sulpice, in the shadow of the great *barocco* church. No dim classical vault, incense-laden, picked out with twinkling tapers, no drone of chanting priest and shrill response of choir boys for him, this fine June morning! On to the busy, commonplace rue de Rennes, to the first leather-goods shop recommended by the omniscient concierge. A neat little shop, the window full of frivolous wallets, purses, handbags; but, inside, his respect for the place increased. There was a very fair show of suitcases, of all sizes and shades, of all materials from lowly brown canvas to genuine leather.

A bright little madame, buxom and alert, capably smiling, pulled down one bag after another for him, and, with an expectant upward glance, poured forth an unceasing Franco-American chirp. He understood very little, except that she was a friendly, courageous little body, who was very eager to effect a sale, and whom he would greatly like to oblige. So he smiled, his slow, quizzical, benevolent Nordic smile; but, alas! no bag in the shop would suit his fancy. Mere cowhide lined with buckram, the kind he could have got anywhere on Market Street, and at half the price too, in one of those perennial bankrupt sales. A few suitcases did have a jaunty, Parisian air — true *midinettes* of the leather world! Totally unfit for a leading mathematician, six foot two and fifty-seven. Anyway, a mere tyro among bell boys or redcaps would have smashed them or wrenched them to pieces even without trying. So he bowed and went, apologizing in his best American French, registering regret in every tone and feature; but he was so beaming with the joy of life that the little woman, overcoming her disappointment, smiled in return, a smile warm and sunny like a blessing.

On down the narrow rue Bonaparte, without a glance at the art shops; across the familiar bridge and the Louvre Gardens — wonders which he had always enjoyed vaguely, dumbly, without presuming to voice his admiration, for he was not a trained artist, and he despised those amateurs who venture beyond their appointed sphere. Avenue de l'Opéra: closing the vista, the mass of the grand theatre, a

huge lump of architecture laden with tarnished jewelry, like an aging coquette — yet impressive, vital, unforgettable. But for the Opéra he had no eyes, for there, at the corner of the rue Saint-Roch, in a window full of splendid traveling articles, lay the bag of his dreams.

It was a marvelous creation of pigskin and heavy brass, elegant and substantial, rich without ostentation, capacious yet manageable. Half opened, it revealed a tray lined with suède. And Hans Gustav imagined the reverence with which the porter at the Royal Condé would handle such an aristocrat. Here was a patent case of preëstablished harmony. That bag and Hans Gustav Pedersen had been foreordained for each other. He came, he saw, he was conquered. The price? A mere trifle — 1200 francs.

A mere trifle? He awoke from his daydreaming. For the two fancies that had so long haunted his mind, Montmartre and the bag, he had set aside, after meticulous computations, a maximum of 1500 francs. And not even an Aberdonian could *do* Montmartre improperly on a paltry 300. It could not be done: the world authority on automorphic functions had reached the parting of the ways.

For the throng that jostled him, the June sunshine may have preserved its radiance; for Hans Gustav Pedersen, the gold had turned to ashen gray. Only the midday heat remained — a heat that was not even redeemed by fierceness, but was insidiously, oppressively mild. A crowded, rattling autobus took him back to the Latin Quarter.

He sought comfort as well as sustenance at Le Petit Cochon de Lait. But the labored picturesqueness of The Suckling Pig, and even a commendable *châteaubriand aux pommes*, failed to restore his cheerfulness. The aged Odéon across the street loomed more lugubrious than ever; its leprous walls seemed to exude the *tædium* of untold generations. . . . Why was pigskin so much more expensive than cowhide? Roast pork did not cost more than roast beef. . . . The eternal triangle: two conflicting desires, an emaciated purse. For such an equation the highest mathematics could find no solution.

As he walked along the boulevards again, in the late afternoon, he could not help noticing the taxis bulging with luggage — for Paris was in the thick of the Great Invasion. Pigskin, cowhide, fibre: aristocracy, bourgeoisie, rabble; by their bags they could be told. Would he be satisfied with anything short of the best? Was he not entitled to the visible sign of his intellectual prominence? He owed it to the mathematical profession! But then, would he have to turn homeward again, his thirst for romance unappeased? Just in order to impress the bell hop at the Royal Condé and his ilk? Still, worldly pleasures soon fade in the memory; a pigskin bag lasts a lifetime — at least if you don't reach extreme old age. And the battle went on indecisively in his uneasy soul.

He had planned to spend the early part of the evening, in orthodox fashion, at the Folies-Bergère. A mere appetizer. He brushed his pepper-and-salt suit; a silk handkerchief peeped saucily, but not impudently, out of his pocket, and he had changed to low black shoes. He could dance or not, as the spirit moved him. The spirit? *That* would move willingly enough, but how would he go about it? Would he conquer the ineradicable timidity of a lifetime? He longed for an experienced, indulgent, confidential friend; but he dreaded most of all to come across any of his colleagues.

The Folies show went easily enough.

Exquisite dancing; bewitching curves displayed without stint; lights that would clash and blend in the weirdest, most entrancing fashion; music that blared and drummed away every thought and care; words that possibly had a meaning (and maybe two), but which you did not need to bother to understand; there was no sense to it all, thank whatever gods may be! Just pure art, if you were not too squeamish about the definition of 'pure.'

A taxi to the Place Pigalle and Le Rat Mort, duly recommended by excellent authorities. Why a dead rat? Sheer absurdity, or French wit beyond his depth? Rat Mort, Amor? An allusion to ill-fated Polonius? Paris was so cryptic! He remembered a friend who expected Au Bœuf à la Mode to serve beef with ice cream. He felt exhilarated, slightly reckless, past straining at any rat, dead or alive.

A gorgeously uniformed porter opened the door of his taxi. But Hans Gustav asserted his manhood by moving haughtily away. Dead Rat indeed! He was not going to be rushed, for the only night he would spend at Montmartre, into something so blatantly commercial! This was not the real thing; Pigall's, on the other side of the street, was more alluring. On to Pigall's!

No, Pigall's would never do. Pompons and confetti flying; shrieks of laughter; effluvia of pungent perfumery; heat, drink, and smoke. Pleasure chased through such reek and din would be a sickly, bedraggled thing. And with firm, decided step he walked away from Pigall's.

A fine figure of a man, no doubt, as he forced his way through the crowded sidewalks—purposeful, masterful. But at heart he was despairing. He felt the mood of his compatriot Hamlet upon him: 'Not yet, not yet!' And it would ever be so. Before every Palace of Pleasure the ghost of his scholarly solitude would stand, and drive his desire away, sullen and untamed. He knew that, in the end, he would meekly sit on the *terrasse* of some café, sip an innocuous bock, and pretend that it was best — with hopeless rage in his soul.

III

He had wandered into a quieter street, — rue Fontaine, was it? — and his nervous irritation was yielding to the comparative obscurity and silence, and to the healing touch of the gentle night. A dark red lantern, an electric sign, attracted his attention: TROIKA, RUSSIAN DANCING. A handsome Cossack stood in the doorway and smiled invitingly. Was there a depth of timidity behind that smile that called unto the depths of Pedersen's shyness? He smiled in return and went in. Before he had come to himself, his hat and his coat had been taken away from him, and his retreat was cut off. Slightly dazed, but exulting in his own daring, he sat on the plush seat that ran round the wall.

The place was small — hardly larger than a private drawing-room. There was nothing gorgeous or bizarre about the dark walls and hangings; the light was subdued, yet there was no sense of gloom. A gypsy quartet played music that he could understand. There were very few 'guests'; across the floor, eight girls in bright Russian costumes were chatting in muffled tones, and glancing at him. Quite evidently they were talking him over, appraising him with practised eye; but he felt no embarrassment. The whole scene was strangely exhilarating and at the same time soothing to him. To be there at all was an achievement after his despairing quest. It was a haven of refuge from the brutal vulgarity of the noisier resorts. Those girls would probably

pretend that they were princesses in exile: it is the stock in trade of every White Russian, and Bolshevism has multiplied the Muscovite aristocracy a hundredfold. He did not care: he was willing to play their game. Yes, they were exiles — and so was he. They would help him escape from that awful Montmartre that he had so eagerly sought, and from which he recoiled.

Among the girls there was an older woman, tall and dark, not so gayly dressed as the others. He did not stop to scan her features; he caught only the proud poise of her head, the pleasant contrast between her sombre dress and the healthy pallor of her face. She gave him a quiet, friendly, understanding look. Would he dare to ask her to join him? The waiter had placed champagne, cherries, and almonds before him; from time to time, he would give the bottle a turn in the pail of cracked ice. Some of the girls and Cossacks were now giving an exhibition dance in the centre of the floor. He had no eyes for them: his dark beauty was still gazing on, placidly, not stupidly; mysterious, yet not menacing. The gypsy music filled the room with strange nostalgic calls. Hans Gustav Pedeısen had never been moved in such a way before, yet he had no sense of surprise or fear. It seemed as though he were entering into his heritage.

He beckoned to the host. 'Please ask this lady to join me, won't you?' She came, without reluctance and without hurry, with her quiet, sympathetic smile. A wonderful creature, so handsome and so self-possessed! He felt so safe with her, although throbbing with delight! Would she dance with him? Certainly. But he could only waltz? Waltzing was very nice. A waltz was requested, and she guided him firmly, gently, still smiling, round and round the room. He was happy beyond words, and a little out of breath. 'Now you must sit down and rest a little,' she was telling him in her clear, slightly guttural French. 'We shall have another dance later on.' He nodded approval. Wine and waltz had slightly impaired the mathematical clarity of his thought. Her words came to him muffled, remote, with blurred meaning. 'Her husband could not dance very long either'? Her husband? It did not really give him a pang that she should have a husband, although he answered, '*Très triste*,' with doubtful relevancy. Somehow, in the magic circling of the waltz, she had seemed to belong to him. . . . Preposterous! Such a splendid creature among the colorless faculty wives, in the sedate little college town! Champagne had gone to his head, no doubt. . . .

The gentle dream went on: warm hands in his hands, soft music in his ears, confidences exchanged and not remembered. The other guests had left; the musicians were placing their instruments in their cases; the waiter laid his bill on the table. Reality chasing away vague visions! The bill was enough to sober him, more efficiently than spirits of ammonia or onion soup. With a brave show of steadiness, he stood up, bowed before his partner, kissed her fingers, and slipped into her hand a crumpled blue note, vaguely identified; he hoped it was not outrageously too little — or too much. '*À demain!*' And she answered, '*À demain!*' with the same quiet, understanding smile. Bag or no bag, Congress or no Congress, he would be at the Troika to-morrow night — or was it this evening?

The memory of her smile, the haunting gypsy melodies, the thinning fumes of champagne, made the drive across Paris a moment's flight. Life was good. When, at the Royal Condé, he saw on the elevator the usual notice, *L'ascenseur ne marche pas*, he smiled with

overflowing indulgence. How very French! What a nice little touch of the artistic temperament, even in modern machinery! There was but one Paris in the world! And so to bed, and no dreams.

IV

The *femme de chambre* drew the curtains and placed his *café au lait* beside him. The sun was well up, but the long heavy sleep had brought no refreshing. He had a definite sense of discomfort, and a vague sense of loss. His paper on automorphic functions? His watch? His passport, tickets, travelers' checks? No, something less familiar, yet more precious than all that — but what?

Then his eyes fell on the ancient suitcase, sprawling untidily in the middle of the floor — the horrible suitcase that he wanted to drown, and which seemed to cling to him with despairing energy. And the veil was lifted. He remembered his two great experiences of yesterday — the pigskin bag and the Lady of the Troika. And the old dread came upon him again; within a few hours, he would have to make a choice. He had not been quite so generous as he had hoped, or feared, last night; he still had 1200 francs to spare; the bag was not beyond his reach. The bag, or else two, three nights at the Troika. For the first time in his life, Hans Gustav cursed a world in which the highest mathematics were not so profitable a commodity as chewing gum.

He had to go to the Mecca of all travelers, the Opéra district, where American banks, newspaper offices, and tourist agencies grow in serried ranks. Sophisticated globe-trotters follow that daily ritual as piously as Gopher Prairie folks meet the afternoon train. And at the corner of the rue Saint-Roch he saw the bag of his dreams. The Hamlet strain again! Ever 'Not yet'! He rushed inside the shop, pointed to the bag, flung down the cash, and walked off with his prey — erect, indomitable, a berserker fiercely roaming the world; wondering at every step whether he could muster courage to return and try to get his money back.

Still, it was pleasant, as he had surmised, to watch the approving glance of taxi driver and hotel porter; happiness consists in impressing those we despise. The old bag was flung away, and the room was transformed. Self-confidence, pride, and joy seemed to radiate from the pigskin beauty. It would mark a new era in Hans Gustav's life. And, as he passed his finger tips voluptuously over the suède lining, he repeated with a blissful smile, 'The real thing!'

Then, on the table, he saw the programme of the Troika: a picture of the entertainers in a group; in the centre, tall, dark, proud, and friendly, mysterious yet understanding, the lady he had promised to meet again to-night.

He toyed with the marvelous brass fittings of the pigskin bag. 'The real thing!' he repeated.

But there was an imperceptible crack in his voice.

KEEPING STEP WITH SPEECH

BY FRANK H. VIZETELLY

I

EVERYONE who has studied the pronunciation of English words realizes the difficulties that must be faced by persons who wish to establish a uniform system according to which all international differences of speech can be harmonized. It is commonly known that on both sides of the Atlantic where English is used almost as many types of the language are spoken as there are large cities or states, county towns or counties.

Looking over the list of terms that are different in pronunciation or accentuation in the speech common to the people of the United States and the people of the United Kingdom, it is necessary to bear in mind that many words met only in books or very seldom spoken have no established pronunciation, and these are uttered or read occasionally as analogy or principle indicates. Many of these terms are mere dictionary words, frequently selected by the aspirant to literary distinction for the purpose of being different from anyone else. The words treated here are words in current use, and the treatment presented assumes that correctness in pronunciation, like correctness in diction, in general depends upon the consensus of usage. Obviously, correct English pronunciation should be determined by the best and widest usage among the English-speaking races. No exception can properly be taken to a manner of pronouncing a word that is general among the educated classes of these people. Occasionally forms that are used by even a few only of the great speakers may call for consideration and possibly record. The dictionary's, particularly the New Standard Dictionary's, recognized aim, after having ascertained the facts concerning English usage in pronunciation, is to place them on the record, indicating at the same time that which it considers best usage.

In his *Pronunciation of Standard English in America*, Professor Krapp, of Columbia University, emphasizes the fact that 'most cultivated persons in America to-day, and an increasing number in England, are more or less self-conscious about their speech. Yet everybody knows that there is no type of speech uniform and accepted in practice by all persons in America. In England differing opinions are held on the question of standard speech,' and the good Professor claims that the general public seems pretty well agreed that the English of the southern counties of England has greater right to be regarded as standard than any other form of British speech.

On the other hand, Dr. Daniel Jones, head of the Department of Phonetics of London University, has told us that the standard speech in England is that of the schoolboy of the great public boarding schools. 'The English public school accent,' he says, 'is the most uniform, and it is the only pronunciation common to various parts of England,' and so upon this pronunciation Dr. Jones based his *English*

Pronouncing Dictionary. But the English themselves are not in harmony with the recommendations of their experts. From the pages of a condensed dictionary, said to be adapted by the Fowler brothers from a larger work, we learn, for example, that in the condensation the pronunciations of the *magnum opus* planned and edited by the late Sir James A. H. Murray, although 'they have been consulted and noted, *have not always been followed*.' This statement may be applied also to other lexicons published oversea. The result is lack of harmony in the pronunciation of such words as 'cottage,' sometimes indicated *kot'age*, whereas the normal pronunciation of the term is *kot'ej*. 'Furniture,' 'knowledge,' and 'often' are other simple words over the pronunciation of which English dictionary-makers are at loggerheads. Whenever the pronunciation of his native tongue is challenged, the average Englishman takes the attitude that it is his mother tongue; that he himself is autocrat of its pronunciation, and that no one else has any right to criticize or comment upon his priceless inheritance. Self-righteousness in matters of speech only produces pronunciation-consciousness, and whenever one is subject to this weakness one's utterance becomes formal and stilted instead of naturally smooth.

On this side of the Atlantic, we are a word-ridden people. Our sum of literary coinage is much greater than that of any other nation, but none of us have worried ourselves to any great extent about the differences and distinctions that exist in the manner of putting over what we want to say. George Bernard Shaw, speaking before the British Association, took occasion to refer to the muttered inanities of hostesses as they welcomed or sped their guests, and characterized the speeches used on such occasions as 'mumble-jumble and parrot-talk.' On this occasion, he suggested that the people of England 'find a standard actor whose English is unchallengeable; then set him up as a standard, saying, "This is good enough. If you come within a reasonable distance of it, you will be all right."' The other philologists do not like the idea of acquiring speech via the golden-calf type, and each one has his own views or axe to grind. So, when doctors disagree, who shall decide?

It is much the same with us. A man from Mississippi asked a woman from New York whether she could note any trace of British English in his speech. She insisted that he had a British accent. The man had never gone north of Mason and Dixon's line until years after he had left college, and since that time he had been living in Alberta. He used 'leftenant' unconsciously, and although from Mississippi, but bearing an English name, he made use of other words common to the race of his forbears. His speech demonstrated the fact that what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh.

II

The genial Irish critic, St. John Ervine, believes our affirmative *yah*, *yuh*, and *yehah* are all corruptions of the word 'yes'; but some years ago the *Literary Digest* availed itself of an opportunity to point out that this was a variation of the Old English *yea*, or a reintroduction thereof, now pronounced as if written *yey*, but pronounced as a diphthong, *yeh-ah*, in Shakespeare's time. *Yep* may be as careless and snappy as it is common among the younger generation, but it has spread to the mouths of those who know better, and who first made use of it humorously, but who now use it permanently. In the United States one very seldom hears a good sibilant assent

'yes,' even in highly educated circles, nowadays.

A little attention to what we are saying would save us from speaking of being 'abzorbed' when we mean 'absorbed,' and of overcoming 'difficalties' when we mean 'difficulties'; or of saying 'yestidy' for 'yesterday,' 'entervene' for 'intervene,' 'pronosticate' for 'prognosticate' (for that is one of the words in which the *g* is sounded, not silent), 'Bogo'ta' for 'Bo"gotah',' 'perticler' for 'particular,' 'Monac'o' for 'Mon'aco,' or better still 'Mo-nah'co.' By looking up words with which we are unfamiliar, we can frequently save our faces and avoid ridicule — such ridicule as *pro-doos'* and *rec'antation* are likely to bring to our doors.

Correct pronunciation of any language is that used by the better-educated classes in any good locality. A certain well-spoken actor, written down as hopeless and characterized as provincial and suburban because he persisted in pronouncing 'England' and 'English' as they are written, instead of as they are commonly heard on the lips of the people of the tight little island, 'Ingland' and 'Inglish,' was chided by a famous playwright for so doing. This led to a prolonged argument, during which the actor stood his ground and insisted upon this so-called mispronunciation. Finally the playwright, who was none other than Sir Arthur Pinero, surrendered. 'Have it your own way,' he said; 'I don't wish to rob you of any laughs in this part.' The actor did so and jarred some of his audience into the realization that he was striving to correct another absurdity. Now there is no more sound reason why *e* should be turned into *i* in 'England' and 'English' than *a* in 'make' and 'take' should be turned into *y*, and spoken as *myke* and *tyke*, or *e* in 'derby' or 'clerk' turned into *a*. To those thousands of fine young women whose efficiency saves the country from being ridiculed, the word *sec're-ta-ry* is one of four syllables and not, as some of our recent importations from Great Britain would have it, one of merely two — *secr'try*.

The true purpose of speech is to say much in a few words; get the maximum of effectiveness with the minimum of effort. Anyone who wishes to convince himself that only a small percentage of persons use American speech clearly and forcefully can do so without going farther than his office chair, and listening to the speech of the persons who come in during the day. Not one of us in fifty speaks English so that it is clean-cut and clear, or free from colloquialisms, coarseness, or vulgarity; not one in twenty expresses his thought in delicate, elegant, and beautiful words. Very few persons — and among them many native-born Americans of English-speaking stock, and men and women born in England — really pronounce correctly. To this day the American says 'hostil' while the Englishman prefers 'hostyle'; the American usually aspirates the *h* in 'humble,' but some educated Englishmen still speak of 'an *umble* and a contrite heart.' This class refers to 'an *abi*tual criminal, an *os*pital, an *is*tory, an *is*torical novel, and an *otel*,' where the American says 'a *h*abitual criminal, a *h*ospital, a *h*istory, a *h*istorical novel, and a *h*otel.'

Although our colloquial speech is careless, the speech common to the English is slovenly. They are given to dropping the *h*, smothering the *r*, maltreating the *a*, and mouthing the *o*. Objection has repeatedly been made to the prevalent English practice of breaking down the vowels in the unstressed syllables used in conversation, yet fault is found also with us for striving to attain precise uniformity of vocalization. Among certain other

racial peculiarities that perplex those who speak English, the words 'again' and 'been' are repeatedly cited as examples. *A-gain'* is repeatedly heard on the air and is occasionally heard in common speech, and before long the English *been* will be assimilated at the expense of the American *bin*.

The number of persons whose pronunciations accord strictly with the usage indicated by the particular dictionaries that they claim to accept as authority is limited. Thirty years ago the pronunciation of New England was based upon the work of Joseph Worcester. That of the states abutting New York followed Webster. When the Standard Dictionary and the New Standard Dictionary were issued by the Funk and Wagnalls Company, the pronunciations, indicated by Dr. Francis A. March, Sr., reflected the best American usage, and this venerable Anglo-Saxon and English scholar took particular pains to see that every word submitted to him was correctly pronounced.

In the House of Commons recently, Sir Alfred Knox warned the British President of the Board of Trade against 'the encroaches of the dangerous American language,' as if our good friends across the sea had not already provided a few dangers of their own! As a result of the contact of the men of the American Expeditionary Force with British-speaking troops other than the Canadian, an un-American pronunciation of English was brought back to our shores from oversea. Not so very long ago, St. John Ervine described this as 'an emasculated utterance.' It is this very pronunciation that has been responsible for so much slovenly speech on both sides of the Atlantic. Unfortunately for us, the maxim 'Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise' has been taken literally, and is lived up to rigidly every day by persons who should know better. Thirty years ago the pronunciation of the word *in'ter-est-ing* was a guide to the social position of the person who made use of it in England. To-day this word has suffered, in common with a great many others, from a strange departure in the way of its correct pronunciation — *in'tris-ting*, to which further reference will be made.

There was a time when the Australians were not particularly proud of the quality of English spoken under the Southern Cross — English that was constantly the butt of the Australian press. That day seems to have passed, and, if we may cite Sir George Hubert Wilkins as typifying the best that the continent can produce, the Australians have every reason to be proud. It is true that Sir George Hubert clips occasionally, as when uttering such words as 'interested, territory, meteorology, particularly, contrary, and laboratories,' but that is a British characteristic. His enunciation is clean-cut, clear, crisp, and magnetic; his tonal quality charming to the point of fascination. All in all, he speaks his mother tongue admirably.

III

Bearing in mind that there is no absolute standard of authority for all English-speaking peoples to-day, and that the standard accepted is the best usage of educated persons in every country, state, city, county, or region, pronunciation must and will vary widely among persons of equal intelligence and cultivation. The institution that purposes to establish on a solid base an authoritative standard is bound to take into account the whole practice of the entire body of educated men who are entitled to consideration over all the world. How, then, is this practice to be ascertained? There is

little doubt that, even if everybody worth consulting could be consulted, we should still be left in the same state of uncertainty as if they had not been consulted. Jealousy fostered by racial antagonisms and opposition would assert themselves, as they did in the days when Samuel Johnson and Thomas Sheridan walked the earth, or when Lord Chesterfield and Sir William Yonge quarreled over the pronunciation of the words 'great' and 'state.' Samuel Johnson was jealous that Sheridan should attempt to fix the pronunciation of English words, and he protested against any Irishman attempting to do this. All was not plain sailing then, nor is it to-day.

Here are two words, both of two syllables, 'adjourn' and 'sojourn.' The first is correctly pronounced with the accent upon the last syllable — *a-jurn'*; the second with the accent upon the first — *so'jurn*. In both words the *u* approximates to *u* in 'burn.' The pronunciation of 'sojourn' as here given is indicated uniformly by American, English, and Scottish dictionaries, but the New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (N. E. D.) gives *suj'ern*, *soj'ern*, and *so'jern*, in the order noted here, as reflecting usage in Great Britain.

In Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act III, Sc. 2, l. 171), a play appearing in 1595, the stress is on the last syllable; but in *King Lear* (Act II, Sc. 1, l. 105), a play written in 1605, the stress is placed upon the first syllable. By Milton the noun was stressed on the first syllable in one poem and on the second in another; see *Paradise Lost* (Book III, l. 15), published in 1667, and *Paradise Regained* (Book III, l. 235), appearing in 1671. Modern dictionaries stress 'sojourn' on the first syllable and 'adjourn' on the last.

The word 'gladiolus,' as the generic name of an Old World plant of the iris family, is pronounced *gla-dai'o-lus* — the *ai* being pronounced as in 'aisle,' and the *u* as in 'but.' But the same word, used as a plant name and not a generic name, in the flower market is pronounced *glad-i-o'lus* — *a* as in 'at,' *i* as in 'habit,' *o* as in 'go,' and *u* as in 'but.' The plural of the generic name is commonly *gladi'oli*, and in pronouncing it both of the *i*'s should be given the diphthongal sound of *ai* as in 'aisle.' The plural *gladio'luses* is commonly used in the flower market, but there are some persons who apply this plural to the generic name. For this reason both forms are placed on record.

In our own time, the word 'demonstrate' is pronounced with the stress on the first syllable or on the second, and so we hear *dem'on-strate* or *de-mon'-strate*. Both pronunciations occur in Shakespeare, but the first recorded here is now preferred in the United States, while the second is accepted in the United Kingdom. 'If you say *dem'onstrate*, why do you not say *rem'onstrate?*' asked the late Professor Lounsbury in his work, *The Standard of Pronunciation in English*, several years ago, and he continued: 'Well, the latter word will not have its back broken if people should choose to so pronounce it. To the question itself there is but one answer. The users of speech do not say *rem'onstrate* for the reason that they never had a disposition to do so.'

Medial *t*, as in 'listen,' and the like, is unlike midday 'tea,' for the first is silent and the second is noted generally for garrulity or the brilliancy of its conversation. When followed by *le* or *en*, as in 'apostle, castle, epistle, thistle, whistle, and wrestle,' or as in 'chasten, moisten, fasten, hasten, listen,' and so forth, medial *t* should go unpronounced. Whatever the modern

tendency may be, the speaker who, in his address on the correct pronunciation of English, says he prefers *of'n* to *of'-ten* is on the winning side, for no pronouncing dictionary with a reputation to lose ever sounds medial *t* in such words as 'Christmas, mistletoe, ostler, chestnut, often,' and so forth.

Following Shakespeare as our guide for the pronunciation of the word 'contemplate,' we know that the stress was placed on the first syllable in his day, and although he frequently varied the position of the accent in his lines, he never shifted it with this word. In our own time, however, *con'tem-plate* is recorded as the accepted pronunciation of American dictionaries and the only English dictionary worthy of the name — the New Standard, the International, and Murray's New English Dictionary. But Ogilvie and Annandale, as well as Stormonth in Scotland and Hunter in England, as late as 1882 indicated the stress upon the second syllable — *con-tem'plate*, which pronunciation was accepted by Dr. William D. Whitney for the edition of the Century Dictionary issued under his editorship. Dr. Whitney here took over a Scottish pronunciation that had been advocated in the United States by Joseph Worcester in the dictionary that he published in 1859.

John Walker passed the following comment on the word in the edition of his work issued in 1797: 'The very prevailing propensity to pronounce *contemplate* with the accent on the first syllable is a propensity that ought to be checked'; but how much the other philologists thought of their colleague's opinion is shown by the fact that twelve out of fourteen of the earlier lexicographers, from Johnson to Worcester, indicated the stress on the second syllable, while modern usage has supported the accentuation on the first. Byron, Shelley, and Tennyson used both *con'tem-plate* and *con-tem'plate*, but the latter was preferred by orthoëpists to the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Thereafter the former prevailed, and is accepted as best usage to-day.

The pronunciation of 'interesting' is uniformly recorded by the dictionaries as consisting of four distinct syllables, yet in England, in our own time, the tendency has been to pronounce it as if it consisted only of three. 'How *in'tris-ting!*' is a commonplace of fashionable circles. This tendency to suppress syllables is more noticeable in other words, such as 'laboratory, deliberately, dictionary, extraordinary, hosiery, secretary, secondary, military, oratory, purgatory,' of which, in English practice, the penultimate syllable is commonly suppressed. Some expert has told us that speech energy extends from a frequency of 60 cycles to above 6000, with an average of about 200 cycles. The vowel sounds carry most of the energy of speech and their important frequencies lie below 3000 cycles. The consonants are the characteristic quips and quirks with which the syllables begin and end, weak in energy but important to intelligibility. In frequency they are rather high, some involving vibrations attaining to a frequency of 6000 cycles or even higher. The speech energy output of the normal voice has been found to be at the rate of about 125 ergs per second, and computations reveal that if we could have a million persons talking steadily, and were able to convert the energy of their voice vibrations into heat, these people would have to talk for an hour and a half to produce enough heat to make a cup of tea, and yet we are charged with being the sole purveyors of 'hot air'!

SOUTH SEA FAIRYLANDS

A Kanaka Voyage

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

January 9. — We arrived at the atoll of Manihiki this morning, and Captain Thomson went ashore to see our trader, Henry McDonald. There are heavy seas on the reef which surrounds this island, fifty yards or so from shore. The combers rise fully twenty feet to crash down with a deafening roar, flinging spray high in the air, and forming a cloud of mist between us and the land. To cross such a reef is hazardous even with the best of boatmen; with an inexperienced boat's crew it would mean certain death. To-day Captain Thomson had to wait in the offing nearly an hour before there was a momentary lull sufficient to let him get across.

Manihiki is a lonely little island with as gentle and pretty a people as there is in Polynesia. The women are soft little creatures with fawning, voluptuous manners; the men a happy-go-lucky set who have much tolerance for the weaknesses of their women — weaknesses for which they are responsible. From the offing we can see, through a cloud of reef spray, the white coral church, the schoolhouse, and the government building with their bright red roofs breaking the monotony of blue sea and green islet. Behind the big buildings are the wattle-and-thatch huts of the Manihikians, with here and there a brightly painted European house, merging into the coconut groves until they are lost among the shadows. But down lanes cut across the island we can catch glimpses, far across the land, of the lagoon, dotted with islets, sparkling in the midday sun.

Toward evening the seas on the reef had increased to such an extent that I knew it would be impossible for the Captain to leave the shore on this side of the island, so I sailed the schooner around to the lee side, and lay off and on close to the reef. Soon I saw, between two islets, a sailing canoe crossing the lagoon. It beached on a bank of sand and a few moments later I made out the Captain crossing the shallows to the reef. I sent the ship's boat off and brought him aboard.

He told me that I might go ashore, and as this was my first chance to stretch my legs since leaving Rarotonga, I dressed and climbed into the boat. Food and Second-Return went with me. They are Manihiki boys, as is Ropes, who went ashore in the morning with the Captain.

We landed on the reef and waded through the shallows from one tiny islet to another, and soon came to the main islet. There we followed the lagoon beach, watching the schools of mullet leap out of the water as they finned away, their silver bodies flashing in the evening light. They moved with marvelous coördination, a hundred fish leaving the water at the same instant and returning to it with

a single splash. It was dusk by the time we reached the outskirts of the village. There the sailors left me while I walked to Dan Ellis's little thatch house near the lagoon beach.

Dan is one of the traders in the village of Tauhunu, while his brother, Ben Ellis, is the principal trader in Tukau Village, five miles across the lagoon. Dan is a fine specimen of a man, about six feet two, and with two hundred and thirty pounds of bone and muscle. He and his wife, a Manihiki girl, welcomed me as an old friend.

On entering the house I found Henry McDonald sprawled in a steamer chair. Henry has always reminded me of the Dutchmen Rip Van Winkle met in the Catskills. He has the same pointed ears, long and bulbous nose, wily lift to his eyebrows, and short crooked limbs. His skin, as dry as parchment, is deeply wrinkled around green eyes that are both malignant and cunning. All he needs to fill his gnomish part is a skullcap with a tassel, a green doublet, thigh boots, and a lantern hooked to his belt. Though Henry is cunning, his tricks are evident. He has little imagination, and he could not have succeeded in his rascalities anywhere except among credulous natives. In one breath he admits that he is a rascal and in the next brags about his honesty, and how such respectable merchants as Bunkley and Charlie Brown of Papeete put absolute confidence in his integrity.

He met me with a servile leer and immediately started talking about himself — how he was getting most of the copra on the island, obtaining fabulous prices for his goods, making thousands buying *pi-pi* pearls. Dan poured us a few glasses of raisin wine and tried to get a word in edgewise; but it was useless. Soon Henry started to lament the recent death of McLeod of Atiu. He swore that he, Henry McDonald, was the best friend McLeod ever had, and he told us how he had decided to adopt McLeod's infant son — the one who had come north with us.

'It's a thankless job, adopting these half-caste brats,' Henry whined.

Dan, a half-caste of the finest type, a thousand times more credit to the white race than Henry, flushed, but said nothing.

Henry went on: 'But I'll do it in memory of my dear old friend McLeod. I'd do anything for Mac, I would; he could have the shirt off my back! This brat that I'm adopting will steal everything I've got, and desert me when I need him most; but I'll put up with it for dear old Mac's memory!'

I was furious, for I knew that McLeod had despised the little rascal as much as do all the traders in these islands. I said, with no attempt at a friendly tone: 'Of course, Ben Ellis will be fool enough to let you have his grandson. He won't think that you are after the Ellis and McLeod properties, for of course Ben does n't realize that McLeod's boy is the only male descendant in both families. You are a poor schemer, Henry; your crooked little plans are too evident. Imagine any respectable man trusting his son with you!'

It is impossible to insult Henry McDonald; he glories in his depravity. Now he smiled fatuously while muttering something about how all white men should stick together.

I turned to Dan and asked him to take a turn through the village with me; we left Henry without any ceremony. A few yards from the house we stepped into the deep shadows under a *tamanu* tree, and waited for Henry to leave. We could see him in the house, emptying the raisin-wine bottle and gulping its contents down. I glanced at him with amusement, for Henry

drinking is always a comical sight. He stood close to the lamp, in full view through the open door. We could see his long nose penetrating far into the glass; one eye was closed and the other cocked open until it was quite round, with the eyebrow arched nearly to the scalp. His long pointed ears added to the drollery of the sight, as did his Adam's apple, which is abnormally large and oscillates mightily when he swallows.

When he had finished the wine, his little green eyes pried about the room until they discovered a cigar lying on top of the cupboard; a moment later he left the house smoking the cigar. He passed within a few feet of Dan and me, but he could not see us because it was quite dark, and there is no moon to-night.

Dan and I returned and had supper. Afterward the big man bid me good-night and left. He is sleeping in a little house on the end of the wharf where his store is situated, and has left the main house entirely to me.

I sit on the roofless verandah under the stars, smoke a cigarette, and write my journal. The wind blows against me delightfully. It is a caress; it is like the soft fine hair of a woman. I can hear the little waves splashing against the coral wharf and jingling the gravel on the beach. There is a susurration among the leaves overhead, and from somewhere inland comes the strange harmony of the *himené* singers. Never have I enjoyed an atoll evening as I do this one. Perhaps it is because I am a sailor again, working hard, eating poorly, breathing the stench of a cockroach schooner, and never lying down without the disquieting knowledge that in less than four hours I shall be called to go on deck. This gives me something with which I can contrast the fascination of a still night by an atoll lagoon.

Some figures have broken from the shadows to the left of the house. I shall call them in.

Later. — They were two boys and two girls, eight to twelve years old. One of the boys carried a ukulele. They sat on the floor beside me and, without any sign of embarrassment, started an animated conversation, telling me all kinds of gossip about husbands who had been unfaithful to their mistresses, and so forth. Then the boy with the ukulele struck a few chords, and with a volatile rush of spirits they started singing: —

'Titoutou mai te vaine Manihiki
Mei te manu rai pitate.
Pitate, pitate, pitate, -tate, -tate.'

(Graceful is the Manihiki maiden
Like the great bird, a peacock.
A peacock, a peacock, a peacock, peacock, peacock.)

The two girls and one of the boys jumped to their feet, and as the ukulele player strummed the strings they danced with the peculiar abandon of the Manihikians.

Abruptly the player struck up another rhythm. The boy dancer leaped in front of the two girls, and as he knocked his knees together and moved his hips and shoulders in time with the music all the children sang: —

'Te vaine roa ei!
Te vaine poto ei!
Te is ra oe, te vaine poto?
Uka, uka, terevete;
Paru, paru, terevete, ah!
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah — ah!'

(Oh, the little short girl, ah!
Oh, the great big tall girl, ah!
Where can be my sweet little short girl?
Pliant, pliant, like the velvet;
Supple, supple, like the velvet, ah!
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah — ah!)

The older of the two girls danced with exulting abandon, giving one the impression that there was something

ritual in each movement of her body. There was not the effect of effort that one usually notices in young dancers; she danced as she would play, as though it were the most natural thing in the world — as though, perhaps, there were something more profound, a magic or an enchantment, in her movements. Presently the other two children sat before her, and as the ukulele player warmed to his music the little girl danced alone, unaware of her audience, oblivious of everything but the rhythm of music and graceful motion.

As I watched her it was difficult to believe that the same world held sailing ships, brutality, sickness, scheming traders; yet, only a few hundred yards from this strange and beautiful creature, born by mistake into a sordid world, lived Henry McDonald with his schemes to acquire the McLeod and Ellis properties by adopting the 'half-caste brat'; with his plans to cheat his customers out of another penny a tin on boiled beef, to gain a ton by sprinkling his copra with salt water. And out on the ship was the brutal life forced upon one by grim necessity; while farther away was civilization, where the fundamental beauties of life were lost ages ago.

It was after midnight when the dancers departed. I went into the house and, throwing a mat on the floor, slept with my head at the doorway; and I dreamt that all the beauty of Manihiki was real and not the dream that it appeared in waking hours.

January 10. — Captain Thomson came ashore in the afternoon. He told me that we must both be aboard tonight, for the barometer is dropping, and there may be a blow from the north.

When I said good-bye to Dan I asked him what I could bring him from America. He rubbed his hands together, glancing down at me with great satisfaction. 'A pair of shoes,' he said. 'Yellow ones with bulldog toes — light-yellow ones with flashy caps and broad shoe laces and big eyes. Size twelve and a half, extra wide!'

Midnight. — On reaching the ship, Andy decided to sail to Rakahanga, twenty-two miles to windward, where he believes he can boat copra over the reef on the south side. We are beating against a head wind now; the sky is overcast with ragged clouds that tell of high winds raging above us.

January 11. — We came up to the reef on the south side of Rakahanga at six this morning, and went to work landing cargo for our trader, Tommy Eustace.

In the evening, after we had washed down decks and were through for the day, a boat came off with a note from the Captain saying that he would stay ashore for the night and telling me to sail well away from the island.

The heat, the work, and the gallons of water I have consumed have given me a burning acid stomach, with the consequent nervousness. The barometer is falling rapidly, and is now three tenths below normal; the wind has shifted to the north, and there is a sinister bank of clouds rising above the horizon. I may be in for three or four days of stormy weather. If the masts were sound this would be a relief, as I could heave to the schooner and rest; but I do not like to be aboard this old wreck alone in stormy weather, for if anything goes wrong the blame will naturally be put on me.

Ten o'clock. — At seven I put the schooner on the starboard tack with reefed sails, and started beating up to windward. A long rain squall is screaming over the schooner now, and the wind is shifting to the northwest, the worst quarter for storms. I cannot for a moment forget that two rotten masts

are hanging over me. Well, if they go to-night, any of us who are killed by their crashing down may be saved a worse death in the North Atlantic. The more I think of it, the more impossible it seems that we shall ever make the coast of California!

January 12. — There was no sleep for any of us last night. By midnight the wind had increased to such a gale that I had to turn out both watches to take in the jib and double reef the fore and main sails. When I went forward to wake Ropes, the fat little Manihikian refused to get up, saying that this was his watch below. Ropes is inclined to be cheeky. As this is the first time I have been in charge of the schooner, I thought it would be a fine opportunity to establish my authority. I caught hold of him by the shoulders and jerked him out of his berth, letting him fall as hard as possible on the floor, four feet below. Jumping to his feet with a sputter of Manihiki profanity, he drew back his fist. I did not give him time to strike, but whirled him around and sent him flying out of the forecastle! After that he was quite willing to help with the sails. I do not look for any further trouble from him.

This may appear to be unnecessary brutality, but it is not. Many a time in the course of a voyage a moment's delay will mean the loss of the ship and all hands; and when a sailor believes he can ignore the orders of his officers, he has at that moment put the ship in jeopardy. Also, it is much kinder to teach a lesson once and well than continually to nag a sailor.

We worked nearly three hours on the sails. Several of the boys being ashore, it was a heartless job getting in the reefs, but by three in the morning it was done; then we went to work putting lashings on the reef boat and a number of empty gasoline drums that were rolling about in the waist. By the time everything was shipshape morning had come. I then brought the ship on the other tack, using the engine to come about, and sailed back toward Rakahanga. By evening we sighted the island, so I tacked again, and am now standing out to sea.

The wind is milder to-night, but still it blows a gale. The old ship labors heavily without a good cloud of canvas to steady her. I can give her no more, for even now, at each lurch and roll, I feel my muscles tighten with the expectation of the masts coming down on our heads.

Sunday, January 13. — This morning the sky was clear and the wind back in its proper quarter in the northeast. At daybreak the island was about five miles to windward, so I told Pepe to start the engine and we steamed up to the southwest reef, where we lay off and on for the rest of the day.

I slept most of the morning, but during the afternoon watch I lay in my berth reading *Cyrano de Bergerac* for the fiftieth time. Sometimes, setting the book to one side, I watched the reef islets from my porthole as we sailed slowly past them. Of all the islands in the South Seas, Puka-Puka and Rakahanga are my favorites. They are both atolls, and, though most of the traders favor the high islands, they have no fascination for me. The beauty of a mountain is more than I can grasp; I stare at it and turn away dazed, retaining no concrete impression of its beauty. But an atoll is within my grasp; I can glance at it and understand it, afterward holding a palpable impression of what I have seen. I wonder if it is not the same with most people, and they are only dazed or confused when they think they are thrilled with the beauty of a mountainous prospect?

Night. — This evening the Captain came aboard with a number of pas-

sengers for Manihiki. He told me that he was quite at ease during the blow, knowing that I would do everything in my power for the safety of the ship. We are now on our way back to Manihiki, and as the wind is fair we expect to be off the reef shortly after midnight.

January 16 (Manihiki). — Captain Thomson returned from a visit ashore this morning with a worried expression. 'Poor old Henry!' he said when I met him on deck. 'He's about gone! His heart is giving out and he is lying back on his bed unable to move!'

Andy was silent as we entered the cabin. Then he said: 'Ropati, I feel like a dog when I think of all the mean things I have said about him. After all, he has been one of us up here in the Line Islands — one of the oldest traders. He has seen his days of plenty and his hard times, and he's done all of us many a good turn. He said to me, "Andy, I've lived my life and I've got no regrets. I've been a rascal and that's what people will remember about me; but I've been a good friend too, though nobody will think about that when I'm gone. I'm dying, Andy," he gasped, "and there ain't a soul will weep a tear except my old Tahitian girl, and her tears will dry pretty quick when she finds that I have n't left her as much as she expected!"'

I found myself remarkably cold. I wanted to say something about his death being a good riddance; but I could not when I noticed the genuine concern on Andy's wholesome face.

January 17. — This morning we landed two boatloads of trade goods, but by nine o'clock the reef had become too rough to work. Captain Thomson went ashore and found Henry still alive and possibly a little better. He begged the Captain to take him away, claiming that if he could get to Penrhyn Island and catch the *Tiare* with Dr. Christie aboard there might be some hope of his reaching Tahiti alive, and there he could die in peace.

'For God's sake, Andy!' he pleaded. 'I'm an old man and my time is at hand, and it's terrible to think of dying on this God-forsaken island. In Tahiti I have friends who will plant me out with the rest of the boys in the Teperuae Cemetery; here I'll be stuck in the sand with the Kanakas. If you've any humanity, Andy, take me away!'

Andy was deeply affected. He asked me what I thought he should do.

'Leave him,' I answered promptly. 'If you take him away without a proper stock-taking, and let him slip away to Tahiti, he will steal everything he can lay his hands on; and when you return to Rarotonga and McKegg finds you have done this on your own initiative he will discharge you.'

'Henry is too far gone to think of stealing now.'

'Don't you believe it. He may be sick, but Henry is never too sick to steal.'

'Then what am I going to do?' Andy asked in an irritated tone. 'I can't refuse the last request of a dying man; it would be on my conscience for the rest of my days.'

We dropped the subject, but later in the day the Captain decided to return to Rakahanga and get Tommy Eustace to relieve Henry.

To make a long story short, it turned out, as Dan Ellis told us, that Henry was malingering. When we sailed to Rakahanga for his relief he was foolish enough to jump out of bed, drink a bottle of gin, and brag to some of his cronies about how he would buy pearls in Penrhyn and start a big hotel in Tahiti with the proceeds. Of course that settled the Henry McDonald problem.

January 24. — Back in Rakahanga again. In the evening two Rakahanga girls came off with their luggage and paid their passage to Penrhyn Island. We had our copra stowed by dark, and at last cleared away for Penrhyn Island, our last port of call this side of San Francisco.

The girl passengers sat on the midshiphouse deck to-night. One played a guitar while the other sang and danced. About ten o'clock a squall came down upon us, pelting us with a volley of rain and driving the passengers below. It is raining and blowing hard as I write this, at midnight.

January 25 (Lat. 9.55 S.; Long. 160.15 W.) — We have been beating against a head wind since leaving Rakahanga, making about thirty miles a day toward Penrhyn Island. Captain Thomson has turned the schooner over to me, to get me in shape for the long run north, I suppose. He seems quite at ease, comfortably established in his berth most of the time, reading my two volumes of *Don Quixote*. At meals he often quotes some striking passage.

Everything that Noel does comes to grief, especially his stews and curries. Each day his cooking becomes worse, in spite of our threats and entreaties. Last night Six-Seas told me that the food he gives the sailors is nauseating — half-cooked or burnt rice, and tinned beef that he has not bothered to warm. Andy threatens to thrash him and I have asked him to give me notice when it takes place.

January 29 (Lat. 9.35 S.; Long. 157.59 W.) — I hope to make land tomorrow. I am sailing on short tacks of twelve hours each, for the wind shifts a point to the east during the day and a point to the north at night.

This schooner is as bad as a steamer. Ten times a day the lady passengers ask when we shall make land, and, as I give them vague replies, they are beginning to believe that I do not know, which is quite true. Last night I told them that we have missed the island, and are beating back and forth hunting for it. They are quite dismayed.

January 30. — At 10 A.M., having taken double chronometer sights, I found that we had worked to windward forty-two miles since yesterday noon! There must be a favorable current helping us. When I told Captain Thomson that he should sight land at two this afternoon, he replied that I had made a mistake in working out my sights.

At noon, as I was taking a meridian altitude for latitude to check up my other observations, land was sighted from the masthead. A few moments later the Captain came on deck and took charge, telling me that he had no fault to find with the way I handled the ship, except that I had been two hours in error in my calculation as to when we should sight Penrhyn. I replied that I had calculated on sighting land from the deck; but he paid no attention to this excuse, only wagging his head and muttering that many a ship has been piled high and dry because of less error.

He sent Pepe below to start the engine, and with all canvas close-hauled we were able to make the lee of the land.

At two o'clock, in sweating up the main purchase, the block aloft came adrift and the mainsail fell. Captain Thomson was on deck at the time with Food and the cook. He jumped under the main boom and Food ran to the windward side of the ship. Noel, being a landsman, did not realize the danger. The block struck him a glancing blow on the skull, cutting a gash to the bone four inches long. He fell, while the block, completing its downward course, struck his thumb and

amputated it except for a little of the skin.

When I came on deck I found Ropes kneeling over the cook and staring at him stupidly. I put a tourniquet on Noel's arm and asked the Captain, who had been forward for water, to bring me his razor. With it I cut off the rest of Noel's thumb and threw it overboard. This shocked greasy little Ropes, who said that I should have kept it until we arrived in Penrhyn, when the missionary would have given it a Christian burial. He annoyed me so much I chased him forward and called Six-Seas to help me. A half hour later I had the cook bandaged and in his berth.

Captain Thomson kept well out of the way, for the sight of blood or suffering sickens him. He will delay killing a pig because of his dread of hearing the creature's final squeal to the departing world. Only fish can he see bleed and die without agitation.

When we entered the lagoon we made out, over the low fringe of bush on the passage islet, the masts of the *Tiare Taporo* where she was tied up at the stone wharf before A. B. Donald, Ltd.'s trading station. This relieved us, for we knew that Dr. Christie, the Cook Island's medical officer, was aboard and would take Noel off our hands.

I am afraid that the Captain and I showed inordinate brutality while William Ford, the pilot, was conning us through the reefs and coral heads to our anchorage.

'Well,' the Captain said, looking straight ahead of him, his face immobile, 'what do you think about this accident? I suppose we won't be able to take Noel with us to San Francisco.'

'No; thank goodness!' I replied, without glancing at the Captain.

'Poor lad!' Andy said coldly. 'I feel sorry now for all the hazing I gave him on the voyage north.'

'Do you really?'

The Captain smiled slightly; then his face resumed its impenetrable bluntness.

I ventured: 'When I saw him stretched out on deck I could not help thinking that now we should be able to sign on a new cook.'

Andy became more confidential than usual. 'To tell you the truth,' he said, 'I thought exactly the same thing.'

We dropped our anchor near the wharf, threw lines ashore and warped in until the *Tagua* lay directly astern of the *Tiare Taporo*. The shore was nearly deserted; an old woman sat on the Donald trading-station verandah that fronted the lagoon, and Prendergast and Harrison, traders of Penrhyn and Rakahanga respectively, were on the after deck of the *Tiare*. They could not help glancing at me superciliously when they saw my filthy clothes and the sweat running down my face as I worked with the sailors on the winch. I understood what they meant as well as though they had said: 'See what the Puka-Puka trader has fallen to! He thought he was a big man in Puka-Puka, writing stories and trading for A. B. Donald; but now that he's left the firm he has to work with a set of Kanaka sailors!'

When the schooner was safely berthed we went ashore and met Prendergast and Harrison.

January 31. — Dr. Christie arrived at midnight. He examined and sewed the gash in Noel's scalp, but left his thumb until this morning. After breakfast I acted as surgeon's nurse while it was trimmed and sewed up. When the cook was neatly swathed in bandages the Doctor suggested that we stroll to Phillip Woonton's house, which we did. We found all the whites back from Tautua and on his verandah. There

were nine of us, including Prendergast and Harrison; Willson, the Resident Agent, a man who was wrecked here forty-odd years ago and has lived here ever since; Captain Viggo of the *Tiare*, the most loved and most influential man in the Line Islands; Dr. Christie; Verenreth, a retired sea captain who is now the Resident Agent of Aitutaki and is visiting the northern islands during his vacation; Andy, myself, and Phillip Woonton, our trader. Phillip has lived on the island most of his life, and his father was one of the first white men to land here.

I sat next to Captain Viggo and we talked of old times, for Viggo was a father as well as an employer to me during my four years' trading on Puka-Puka. Before long Phillip brought out a bottle of rum and soon the conversation became general and meaningless. Later Andy and I dined with Phillip. We had a real atoll meal of raw milk mullet in coconut sauce, roast suckling pig, *puraka*, and baked bananas.

February 13. — For some days I have been wondering why Captain Thomson does not go aloft to examine our broken mainmast. On the voyage north we could see it wobbling above the hounds, and recently it has had a permanent list to starboard. We know what this means, but avoid speaking about it, as a condemned man would avoid discussing various types of homicidal machines. I now discover that the Captain did not want to find anything the matter with it while Viggo and the *Tiare* passengers were in port. He dreaded their comments and advice.

This morning he went aloft and was on the crosstrees more than an hour, sitting there most of the time in a brown study, only occasionally looking at the mast. He came down for lunch, sat at the table for a few moments without eating, then went into his cabin and lay down. In the evening I made some clam chowder and asked Phillip aboard to share it. Andy ate a little, and when Phillip and I had finished and we had gone on deck for a smoke Andy said: 'Well, Ropati, you and I will never see San Francisco at this rate. The mast is broken clean through and there is nothing keeping the part above the hounds from falling overboard except the four-by-six brace that was bolted on in Tahiti last year. How it has held this long is a mystery; I could wobble it with my hands.'

He made a wry face and I thought I could detect a shudder passing over him.

'I was lucky to have weathered that gale off Rakahanga,' I said, half to myself; and the Captain elucidated the matter by muttering, 'Fool's luck!'

Phillip opened his eyes wide, but said nothing. Presently we rose by common impulse and walked to his house. There, under the influence of a bottle of home-brew, we cheered up and started discussing the possibility of repairing the mast. There were plenty of ideas, but none seemed feasible.

February 14. — Andy was worried. He and Phillip talked over ways and means most of the day, but to no effect. After dinner we sat on deck as usual while they continued their discussion on how to strengthen the mast. I did not listen to them. Suddenly the voyage had become interesting.

'There will be danger now and I can prove myself indifferent to it,' I thought.

This intrigued me so much that I fairly purred with gratification. On the voyage north, with only hard work and winds tempered to the shorn condition of our ship, the voyage had palled on me, and I had wondered what silly notion could have induced me to go to sea and become an ordi-

nary drudge of a sailor when I might enjoy a more interesting life ashore. Several times, while here at Penrhyn, I had been tempted to board the *Tiare* and sail to Tahiti, and I believe that it was only the fear of someone saying I had been afraid to sail on that had kept me from deserting. But now, with a fine chance of being dismasted at sea, the voyage became interesting.

As I lay on deck my eyes turned to one of the topmasts lashed along the midshiphouse rail. Only vaguely aware of what I was saying, I muttered: 'Why don't you take this topmast and lash it alongside the broken mainmast so it will run up to the truck and down ten feet or so below the hounds? Drive a couple of bolts through both masts and lash them together. They will never give way, even though they do look odd.'

Andy jumped to his feet and cried: 'There you are! I said not to hurry, but to let things soak in our heads for a while. Curse of Satan on me! That's the very thing!'

Though it was quite dark, the Captain got out his rule, and with a flashlight started measuring and planning. In an hour's time the technical points were worked out, and his gloom had given way to high spirits. Before turning in he glanced at me with a whimsical smile. 'Out of the mouths of babes and fools comes wisdom!' he misquoted.

By to-morrow he will have forgotten that I made the suggestion.

February 15. — Phillip and the Captain have been working all day on the topmast fittings. They have made their own bolts and nuts, and are forging iron strops out of old chain plates. These strops will nearly encircle the mainmast with its topmast brace, the remainder of the circumference to be taken up by turnbuckles with which to draw the two masts tightly together. There will be four iron strops and two bolts to go through both masts. Also, the topmast will be wedged into its collar at the hounds, and rope seizings put on in two or three places.

Pepe, our engineer, sailed away on the *Tiare*, too craven to continue the voyage. I am glad I have stayed by the ship; it would be mortifying to know that South Sea gossips are whispering that the mate also turned back.

This morning when I went into the engine room to start the confounded thing I found that I am not nearly as brave as I thought. It is the first time I have tackled the machine alone, and mechanical things frighten me. There is something cruel and impassive about a revolver, a man-o'-war, an automobile engine, or anything made of steel; and in my worst nightmares I imagine I am being transformed into a metallic substance. Iron things kill a man without sentiment, in a detached, feelingless manner. Being murdered by a man who is prompted by blind hate would be more tolerable; or to be poisoned by a wife who might shed a few tears of remorse — but to be killed outright by a machine is terrifying in the extreme. I have a superstitious dread of these machines; something will go wrong, some part blow off and transfix me, or the whole thing go up in smoke and flames and the screaming of dismembered victims. Ugh! I wish Pepe were back to take charge of his cursed engine! An engineer should be a man without imagination; but I, unfortunately, suffer from an imagination.

After the first two or three turns of the flywheel, to my intense satisfaction the thing would not go. I felt tempted to leave it, telling Andy that Pepe, in a malicious fit of jealousy that someone else should be handling his machine, had broken some indispensable part —

taken off the carburetors, removed the crank case, or bored holes in the cylinders. Something of the kind — neither Andy nor I would know the difference.

I sat on the workbench and pitied myself: 'You have enough to do without being an engineer,' I soliloquized. 'The Captain is taking advantage of you. You must stand up for your rights! Here you are, mate, standing your watches day and night, four hours on and four hours off, with never more than three hours' sleep at a time. Also, you are steward, taking charge of supplies and swallowing the opprobrium of both the cook and the skipper. Either you get ugly glances from the cook because you work him too hard and have food that the skipper will eat without a growl, or else you gain the cook's tolerance by letting him boil rice and open a tin of beef for dinner, and hear the skipper cursing all cooks and mates to Gehenna. Besides this, you have to navigate, which breaks up your morning watches below; and you have to sailorize when you should be pacing the deck, admiring the billowy ocean, and enjoying yourself as a chief officer should!'

Feeling much better after this, I gave the flywheel another turn, flipped the spark-plug gadget with my index finger, and to my surprise and consternation the thing started off with a terrible explosion of backfiring. With my heart in my mouth I jumped to the switch and turned it off. Then I climbed out of the engine room as nonchalantly as possible to tell the Captain that I had just tuned up the machine and left it in fine running order.

'I heard you bombarding the settlement,' Andy replied curtly, and returned to his work on the topmast gear.

February 17.—I felt miserable this Sunday morning; tired, bilious, exhausted by the heat and the hard work. During the morning I took six sights of the sun to rate our two chronometers. The sun was twenty-five degrees above a break between two coral islets, eight miles across the lagoon. As I brought it down to the horizon, and through the telescope on my sextant saw the two clumps of palms and the dark red ball of fire between them, a strong desire came to leave this cramped little settlement — to walk far around the reef to an uninhabited islet where I could camp, alone! As I worked out my sights, the desire increased. Deciding to go, I left my results on Andy's table with a note; then went to Phillip's house to borrow his shotgun. With it, a knife, some matches, tobacco, and a length of fishline, I struck out through the village.

I met the native parson before I was clear of the settlement. He glanced at my gun, scowled, turned his head away with an intolerant jerk, and, tucking his Bible under his arm, hurried on. How well the missionaries teach their native satellites to be as bigoted and intolerant as themselves!

A quarter of a mile along the lagoon beach the trail lost itself in a tangle of brush and fallen fronds, for the Penrhyn Islanders have paid little attention to their coconut lands since the pearl boom of five years ago. From the end of the trail I followed the beach, shooting a plover or a curlew when it came within range, and stopping every mile or so to climb a coconut tree and bring down a drinking nut. The curlews were little balls of fat. As I trudged along, plucking their feathers, my weariness and biliousness disappeared with the anticipation of the fine meal ahead, of the pleasure of being away from the village and the ship for a night.

Presently, coming to the ruins of

an old village, I recognized it as the one Lamont wrote about in his *Wild Life in the South Seas*. No one has lived here for forty-five years; it is inexpressibly lonely with the vestiges of its former life. There are coral foundations for houses, paths with stone borders half lost in the undergrowth, and a few hard-wood posts scattered among the coconut trees that mark the sites of the common people's houses. Set apart from the other ruins, near the outer beach, stand the high roofless walls of Penrhyn's first church, reflecting white patches of sunlight through a thicket of pandanus; an *ano* tree grows within its walls, showering the gaunt skeleton with fragrant blossoms. On the lagoon side the water is cut off by causeways that enclose a dozen fishponds, where schools of bonefish and milk mullet bask on the sand bottom; when one approaches they leap out of the water with flashes of silver and gray.

By five o'clock I was far around the reef on the long islet of Mangarongaro.

Across a stretch of shallow water a hundred yards from the lagoon beach was a sand bank with two coconut trees and some low brush. There someone had built a lean-to of fronds, and I decided to make it my shelter.

The first thing was to get my drinking nuts for the night. All the trees thereabouts appeared unusually high; but after walking a quarter of a mile along the beach I found a low tree leaning over the water. I made a strop out of my belt, put my feet into it so the strop crossed the instep, and jumped on to the tree in the native fashion. Thus my feet were on either side of the bole, while the belt held them firmly against it. I climbed by raising my feet as I clung to the tree with my hands, then gripped it with my feet while I straightened up to take another hold with my hands farther up the tree.

There were ten nuts the right age for drinking. These I threw into the water and, climbing down, brought them ashore. When I husked them on a pointed stick braced in a crab hole, the shells of two were broken. I drank them, scraped out the tender flesh and ate it. Next I gathered a bundle of dry coconut spathes to be used as firewood and carried them, with the nuts, to the sand bank.

It was dark by now, but a fire of spathes and husks broke the gloom on the sand bank, touching the lagoon ripples with aurorean lights. The islet was strewn with halved shells of coconuts, the last inhabitant having made his copra here. I gathered about a hundred, and fitted one shell into another, making a long line of them from the fire outward. Soon the shell closest to the fire started to burn with its peculiar white flame, so when the cooking fire had died down to a few coals I still had sufficient light to prepare my meal. Such a line of coconut shells will keep burning for an hour or more, one shell igniting the next by slow degrees down the line.

The birds were picked. Spitted on sticks, I held them close over the coals to grill, then laid three green coconuts on the edge of the fire to boil — these would be my tea. As the birds browned, drops of fat fell from them on to the coals until they sputtered, filling the air with an appetizing odor. I cooked the birds until they were a deep, rich brown, then thrust the spits into the sand so they would keep warm a foot or so above the coals. The coconuts took longer. When the shells on one side had burned they required turning. Finally little spouts of steam whistled out of broken places in each of them, so I took them from the coals and put them to one side to cool.

There is unalloyed satisfaction in forgetting one's duties, conventions, habits — in reverting to savagery. To-night I sank my teeth in the birds with barbaric pleasure; I felt tempted to growl and crunch the bones. I ate six birds and drank the water from all three coconuts.

The wind has sprung up with the setting sun; now it blows over me gently. The *ngangei* bushes spread their gnarled and grotesque branches over my head, rustling faintly and sibilantly like the distant buzz of night insects. At my feet the lagoon ripples lightly, jingling the coral gravel with the tintinnabulation of tiny bells; there is not a human sound to jar upon my ears. Across the lagoon, in the sky above the farthest islet, a sombre cloud has risen; it reminds me of a sitting Buddha. The new moon is casting dim shadows across it with her sad yellow light. It seems as though I were in an ancient temple where a candle burns before the idol of a pagan god. As the idol crumbles among the stars I fall asleep.

Another night on the islet, and early Tuesday morning I started back for the ship, in fine health and spirits, singing as I left the miles behind me. Fourteen plovers and curlews met their fate this morning; they were for Andy, to mollify his rage over my desertion. But Andy understood; he is glad I took the holiday.

February 19. — The day has been fogged in a cloud of perspiration. The wind is dead and the thermometer close to one hundred; with the extreme humidity, work is murderous. But work we must, the Captain and Phillip on the broken mast, and myself with the cargo and in the engine room. I am beginning to find that that place requires a great deal of attention in the way of rusting iron and brass-polishing. To-day we bent on all the sails and stowed the last of the firewood and the gasoline drums full of water. There have been a hundred jobs to attend to, for we put to sea to-morrow!

After my bath this evening, I sat on Phillip's verandah and fell asleep immediately. The Captain woke me at eleven; he had been sitting beside me talking with Phillip for three hours!

I rose greatly refreshed. 'We put to sea to-morrow,' I muttered to myself; and Andy, hearing me, said with a laugh, 'Curse of Satan on me! Have you just woke up to the fact?'

'No,' I replied; 'but I have been dreaming that going to sea will mean one of two things: that I shall see a civilized land after nine years in the wilds, or that we shall be lost at sea! I know it sounds absurd, but both these alternatives frighten me.'

(*The next stage of Mr. Frisbie's voyage will be called 'Full and By'*)

CYGNUS

I

NIGHT after night above our lonely roof
The swan flew west along the Milky Way,
A bird of stars above a stream of stars;
Night after night as I in darkness lay
I listened. Was it the wind I heard?
Or did there come a whistling beat of wings
From interstellar space that plucked and plucked
At my strung sinews and my heart's taut strings?

II

The swan is flying,
High overhead,
The year is dying,
The year is dead.

The meteors drop
Like dew from grass,
Nothing remains
The thing it was.

The year is dying,
The northern lights
Flare ghostly green
Across our nights.

The meteors flare
Like flaming burrs,
And in my body
Something stirs.

The months are shed,
The swan is flying,
Lie close, small life,
While the year is dying.

III

In the red-purple darkness of that tent,
That inner tent hung round with Tyrian red,
In the still darkness, ignorant of the sun,
And of the moon, and the stars overhead,
Ignorant of the swan that nightly flies
On outspread wings, ignorant of any light,
That which as yet knows nothing intricately works
Towards its perfection in the brooding night.

IV

Lyre of my heart
Tuned now to lullabies,
Sound through the dark
As smallest ripples rise,

Sing such a song as reeds
Sing to the tide,
Swaying a swan's lone nest
By the stream side,

Sing songs of streams and reeds,
And of the night,
Formless dark songs of peace
And still delight.

V

I am grown very precious to myself,
I am the leaves, close-shielding the green corn,
I am the ship whose cargo is of spice,
I am the cloud whence springtime rain is born.

A world of women have conceived before,
A world of women yet will do the same,
But had I been unique of all my kind
My forehead would have felt no other flame.

Old but fresh-wrought the inmost mystery stirs,
And new as the first day when the Lord stood
Mantled in chaos, form again revolves
And in and of itself is known as good.

And I who lie in darkness still can feel
The light of stars imagined on my eyes,
And follow to the choiring of my heart
That white traversing of the midnight skies.

Yet, lyre of my heart, sing very low,
Lest I should wake to harshly jangled strings,
And running to the doorway look and look,
And find no swan, and hear no throb of wings.

E. C.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON AND HIS CLARISSA[1]

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

At the distance of one and three-quarters centuries it may seem that the company of Richardson's adorers was more numerous than distinguished, for, though his genius was generally admitted, his intimate circle never came to include a single one of the men and women who made the eighteenth century glorious, and to us it may appear that the absence of Fielding, Hume, Johnson, Sterne, and the rest is not entirely compensated for by the presence of any or all of those second-rate *littérateurs* and now forgotten blue-stockings who clustered about him. But Richardson was fortunate in possessing a temperament which made it unnecessary for him to consider the source of a compliment and which enabled him to judge it entirely by its magnitude. Since he readily assumed that the intelligence and virtue of any man or woman were exactly proportioned to the admiration which that person felt for him, the value of any fragment of adulation was precisely as great as it was extravagant.

Only one person seems to have seriously disturbed his complacency and that person was Henry Fielding, who was generally credited with the authorship of a burlesque which mercilessly exposed the weaknesses of *Pamela*, and who later returned to the attack by beginning his own first novel as a parody of the same edifying work. Richardson never forgave a slight or an insult, but so perfect was the mechanism which protected his vanity that he could indulge his rancor without any impairment of his Christian spirit, for the simple reason that he never failed to discover in anyone who offended him follies or vices which deserved chastisement on their own account. Hence he never lost an opportunity to denounce

[1] A discussion of Richardson's earlier life and work appeared in July. — Editor

both the moral and the literary sins of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, because its author had dared to satirize him, and he never, indeed, seemed to suspect how little this nervous depreciation of his greatest rival became one who had been elevated to a height which demanded of him some suggestion of dignity.

Yet it is not, for all this, by any means certain that Richardson did not learn something from Fielding. He was not incapable of realizing from experience that the lewd were given certain unnecessary pretexts for laughter, and he was determined that these pretexts should be wanting when he came to compose a second mirror for virtuous minds. Clarissa — for such was to be the name of his new heroine — should be placed a good deal higher in the social scale than Pamela had been, but this was not all. She should exhibit a delicacy which would have been out of place in a serving maid and she should be inspired by the hope of a reward more appropriate to her station in life.

Richardson, no less than Dr. Johnson, considered that the 'great scheme of subordination' constituted the groundwork of God's plan. He saw no reason, therefore, why anybody should aspire to anything higher than the rank and privileges belonging to the station just above his own. But while Pamela had appropriately set her heart upon rising in this world through the instrumentality of her would-be betrayer, Clarissa — whom Providence had, so to speak, been pleased to start where her humble sister had left off — might legitimately aim at higher things and be rewarded, not with marriage to a gentleman, but with Eternal Bliss.

The last volumes of the new novel were not to appear until 1748 and, since Hill had begun to speak of the work in 1745, it must have been much longer than its predecessor in the writing, but the most remarkable of the circumstances which surround it is the fact that the writing and the printing became public events. Richardson, no longer compelled to remain content with the encouragement of 'my worthy hearted wife' and her female companions, could now call upon the members of a numerous circle for admiration, encouragement, and the assurance that nothing in all he had written could possibly be changed for the better. Nor was this all, since between the publication of the first four and the last three volumes he was still further delighted by various correspondents (to whom of course he replied at length) who not only described the ecstasy with which they were reading, but either engaged in long discussions of the morality involved or implored him to arrange an outcome agreeable to the affection which they had conceived for this character or that.

While the ultimate fate of Clarissa still hung in the balance, while it was still impossible to know whether her creator intended to save her for some suitable reward, as he had formerly saved Pamela, or to allow her, as the most inexorable supposed, to die at last, there were many who hardly dared to draw breath, and those who enjoyed the privilege of Mr. Richardson's acquaintance hung about his study as though it were the death chamber of a queen. Even Cibber, now seventy-seven years old and, as he set off in pursuit of a reigning beauty, still incapable of practising the virtue which he had begun to recommend in his plays more than half a century before, was no less touched by a mere foreboding of catastrophe, as is witnessed by an account fortunately left by Mrs. Pilkington: —

> I passed two hours this morning with Mr. Cibber, who I found in such real anxiety for Clarissa, as none but so perfect a master of

nature could have excited. . . . When he heard what a dreadful lot was to be hers, he lost all patience, threw down the book, and vowed he would not read another line. To express one part of his passion, would require such masterly hands as yours or his own; he shuddered; nay, the tears stood in his eyes.

'What! (said he) shall I, who have loved and revered the virtuous, the beautiful Clarissa, from the same motives I loved Mr. Richardson, bear to stand a patient spectator to her ruin, her final destruction? No! — my heart suffers as strongly for her as if a word was brought me that his house was on fire, and himself, his wife, and little ones, likely to perish in the flame.' I never saw passion higher wrought than his. When I told him she must die, he said, 'God d——n him, if she should'; and that he no longer believed Providence or eternal Wisdom, or Goodness governed the world, if merit, innocence, and beauty were to be so destroyed: nay, (added he) my mind is so hurt with the thought of her being violated, that were I to see her in Heaven, sitting on the knees of the blessed Virgin, and crowned with glory, her sufferings would still make me feel horror, horror distilled.

These, adds Mrs. Pilkington, 'were his strongly emphatic words,' and she continues, in order to add her mite of persuasion: —

> I cannot bear the thought of the lady's person being contaminated. If she must die; if her heart must break for being so deceived, let her make a triumphant exit arrayed in white-robed purity. . . . Spare her virgin purity, dear Sir, spare it! Consider, if this wounds both Mr. Cibber and me (who neither of us set up for immaculate chastity) what must it do with those who possess that inestimable treasure? And if the bare imagination of it is so terrible, what must it be when arrayed in the full pomp of such words as on this occasion must flow from such a heart, and such a pen as yours.

It is true that some few, who had, unlike the aged poet laureate, abandoned virtuous sentiments as well as virtuous conduct, professed to feel that a tremendous pother was being made about nothing. It is true also that certain fashionable persons like Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield were less unqualified in their praises than simpler souls, and that these judges, offended by the inordinate length of the work, failed to agree with Hill in finding the redundancy of Richardson's style a virtue. But *Clarissa* had become, even more conspicuously than *Pamela*, a public event, and its heroine a personage to be discussed more fully and more ardently than any living person.

II

Richardson's spirit had been always undernourished. He had been confined to the print shop during the years when more fortunate youths were undergoing experiences far richer in their emotional content, and the effect of the dull routine had been to increase the preternatural sobriety already remarked in the child. Moreover, since he read little and frequented only the tamest of all possible societies, even the nourishment which he offered himself in the form of vicarious experience was of the most watery sort, and no doubt this emotional starvation accounts for both the eager copiousness of his correspondence and the unwillingness which he exhibited to bring *Clarissa* to a conclusion. He clung pathetically to whatever contacts he managed to establish and he was in no hurry to conclude the imaginary adventures which were enabling him to live more richly than he had ever lived before. But if his verbosity was that of a man who prolongs any conversation rather than return to the undisguised emptiness of his own existence, this keen though unacknowledged hunger for some sort of emotional life

was responsible for the fact that the book took on a vividness and color not only unintended but unwanted.

Richardson still professed to believe that the art of fiction was, in itself, morally unjustifiable. 'Instruction,' he said, 'is the pill; amusement the gilding,' and he was genuinely concerned lest his characters should become so interesting as human beings that the reader would attend rather to them than to the lesson which he was intent upon preaching. Hence he provided the book with a title designed to call attention to its moral; he sprinkled the text with footnotes explanatory of the same; and he added at the end a disquisition nearly as long as the present essay. But these efforts were in vain. He could not prevent himself from becoming interested in the story he had to tell or from making it glow with a life of its own.

Clarissa is no longer much read, because its inordinate length repels no less than the priggish formalism of its author's frequently obtruded judgments. But an astonishing power to captivate the occasional person who will surrender himself to it even yet remains in the seldom-turned pages.

Clarissa Harlowe is the model and idolized daughter of a genteel family living in the country. Addresses are paid to her by a dashing rake named Lovelace, but her father, fearful lest she should become involved with him, insists upon her marrying a dull, mean-spirited man of his choice. Clarissa, steadily maintaining her right of refusal but never asserting any right of choice, rejects her father's candidate, and when the duty of obedience is urged upon her in vain a family persecution develops.

At this point Lovelace reappears to beg a secret interview. Clarissa consents and he urges that, since there seems no other way in which she can escape the hated marriage, she throw herself upon his protection. At last she consents and departs with him for London, where he promises to respect absolutely her freedom. What he actually does do, however, is to place her in lodgings (after informing the landlady that Clarissa is his secret bride) and then begin to put into operation an elaborate plan of seduction. Clarissa perceives it and is thrown into a panic of despair.

Now Lovelace is genuinely and desperately enamored of Clarissa. Despite his rooted contempt for matrimony, he really intends ultimately to marry her. But he is the victim of a peculiar psychology which Richardson sometimes depicts with a surprising acuteness; although, at other times, he allows his villain to become, like Mr. B, a purely mythological monster. Lovelace is determined to exhaust all his wiles before consenting to take his adored victim to the altar, either because (as he sometimes thinks) he wants to be sure that she is genuinely enamored of him rather than of the safety he can assure her, or because (as he at other times explains) he wants to apply the ultimate test to that virtue which must be absolutely impregnable if it is to justify the bowing of his neck to the yoke of wedlock.

Meanwhile Clarissa has come to feel a kind of love for the man whom she also despises and fears; but, though he does actually ask her to marry him, she refuses, partly because she cannot trust his character, and partly because it seems to her delicacy that he does not sue with either the ardor or the humility which a man ought to exhibit before the woman whom he is asking to become, forever after, essentially his subordinate. Thus the two play at cross-purposes until Lovelace, maddened by disappointed and humiliated pride, tries violence, and the rape (so

long imminent in *Pamela*) is actually accomplished.

It was at this point that the excitement of Richardson's readers reached its height. They thrilled with horror at the violation of the heroine and they begged that she should be made to triumph at last by bringing the villain to see the error of his ways. But Richardson steadfastly resisted their importunities, and he did so for several reasons. In the first place he had come (as several specific utterances show) to doubt the propriety of representing the overnight reformation of a confirmed sinner, and he did not propose to have scoffers again remark with scornful glee that he had rewarded virtue by giving it the hand of a rake. In the second place he insisted that Clarissa had committed a fault when she removed herself from the authority of her parents and he did not wish to show that ultimate happiness could be the result of such an initial misstep.

Moreover there was a still more cogent reason, for in the third place he had, though forever incapable of understanding the spirit of true tragedy, come to realize that the sentimental effect of virtue rewarded is less striking than that of virtue carried from one edifying distress to another. The moral would be purer and the emotion would be greater if Clarissa were compelled to die; and hence die she did, perishing of what one of the characters calls, in a rather unfortunate phrase, 'an incurable fracture of the heart,' and leaving behind her a testament which supplies the final evidence of her purity, her sweetness, and the Christian humility of her heart.

Such is the plot of the tale which Richardson requires some eight hundred thousand words to tell and which fills, in a modern edition, nearly two thousand closely printed, double-column pages. Any man, said Dr. Johnson, who tried to read it 'for the story . . . would hang himself.' But Dr. Johnson yielded to no one in admiration for the work, and it is by no means primarily 'for the story' that it exists.

Every important event is told two or three times over in the epistles written by the different persons involved, who give accounts of it from their own individual points of view. Letters pass back and forth in all directions between the thirty-eight principal characters, and the motives and feelings of each chief actor are not only described by himself but analyzed and commented upon by others. Every conceivable opinion is canvassed, every transitory feeling dissected. What is the real character of the man whom the parents of Clarissa have chosen for her? How far was she justified in resisting their wishes? Should she or should she not have accepted under any conditions the honorable proposals of Lovelace, once he had become her violator? May a respectable girl consort with a man of bad character in the hope of exerting upon him a good influence? To what extent is the heart a dependable guide? How far should a young lady consult her own taste in accepting or rejecting a suitor, and what should she feel upon this occasion or that? Upon these and a hundred other questions the characters all differ. Lovelace speaks for the rake, Clarissa for enlightened propriety, her confidante Ann Howe for the rebellious younger generation, and her father for all old-fashioned parents who are sound upon the subject of daughterly obedience.

III

Richardson was thus the first to make the novel an exhaustive commentary upon the minutiæ of daily

conduct, and *Clarissa* marks more clearly than any other work the turn as the result of which the interest in a piece of fiction comes to be focused not so much upon events as upon the causes which lead up to and the reverberations which follow them. The older story-tellers hurry on from happening to happening. Richardson is concerned less with adventures than with the discussion of them. He does not let one event take place without examining all the antecedent causes, nor does he ever pass to another until the emotional reaction of every party concerned has been fully examined. And since his mind was as conventional as it was active, the result is something at once vivid and commonplace.

In it readers could recognize themselves to an extent which was impossible in any previous novel. Experiences such as might possibly happen to them were here happening to people like themselves, and they could live with Clarissa on the terms of an intimacy impossible in the case of any other heroine of fiction. No one could possibly behave like Don Quixote or Robinson Crusoe, but thousands must have asked themselves what Clarissa (or Lovelace!) would have done under these circumstances or those.

Thus their creator at once restricted and enlarged the field of fiction. He eliminated all extraordinary adventures and all passions more exalted than those within the range of the more ordinary sort of person, but he examined the emotions appropriate to bourgeois existence with a minuteness never known before and he did for the middle-class heart what Defoe had done for the externals of daily life — he examined, that is to say, all its little hopes, scruples, and perturbations, with an eye which delighted to note and to respect them. Hence it was thanks more to his influence than to that of any other man that the novel could become, as it has, a dominant influence in moulding the opinions, the manners, and the modes of feeling cultivated by a very large section of any literate public.

For the upper middle class of the eighteenth century *Clarissa* became, as a matter of fact, a book of etiquette, a mirror of manners and morals. It is impossible to say how much Richardson actually imposed himself upon his contemporaries and how much his system of ethics and sensibility was something merely crystallized from the atmosphere which had been generated in the course of social development. But the fact remains that his book seems to have established, as it were, the norm which came to be accepted by the members of the upper middle class. In *Clarissa* one saw reflected an ideal; one recognized in its characters models which instructed by example how one ought to act, to speak, to think, and to feel in social life.

The fact that its author happened to be, in temperament at least, an absolute Bobissimus was not for him a disadvantage, but an advantage, since his task was to coördinate the various elements which composed the spiritual universe of his fellows. He could codify conventional manners and he could do something still more difficult: he could give the dignity of art or pseudo-art to life as it was led by vulgar people. He could bring to its full development the sentimental pattern.

Tragedy is the form given to existence in the contemplation of great spirits. But the common man has neither the exaltation of character nor the strength of soul necessary to achieve it, even if his story should ever happen to be on a scale which would justify any such grandiose interpretation of its meaning. He must

see lives like his own under a form which is not that of tragedy, but of something exacting less of the actors and more easily comprehended. If he must give up, as Richardson did, the idea that the motif known as 'virtue rewarded' is dominant in the universal symphony, he must find in its place some conception of what constitutes success in life compatible with his timidity, his prudence, his materialism, and his ingrained regard for conventional respectability. Richardson found it, and the fact that he did so is the greatest single cause of his enormous popularity.

Hence *Clarissa* became, above all else, the model for sentimental fiction, by which term we mean here to denominate that vulgar sort of demi-tragedy produced when goodness is substituted for greatness as the necessary qualification of the hero, and when, as a result, the catastrophe reveals him, not going down in rebellious defeat, but tamely acquiescent to the forces which destroy him.

All the supremely great artists have instinctively avoided this pattern and distrusted the sort of satisfaction which it gives to an audience, but the essentially vulgar soul of Richardson felt its way slowly though unerringly toward it. To Clarissa he gave no positive or active virtues, nor even, indeed, any personality. She is no more than a slightly idealized portrait of the conventional 'nice' girl of the period, and the whole course of her life is determined by negative principles. Her dominant desire is the desire to achieve, despite the difficulties which surround her, a completely conventional existence, and the virtue which her contemporaries so much admired is not something which leads to any action, but something which shines forth only when it resists the forces permitted to 'test' it. Since her greatness is of the sort which only unusual trials can reveal, almost anyone might be generously presumed to possess it, and her contemporaries took a satisfaction in her story greater than in any of the genuine masterpieces of literature, for two reasons.

In the first place her excellence is of a sort which can disturb no one; and in the second place her end, brought about by her one violation of the conventional code, in no way challenges the pleasing assumption that all is fundamentally well both in human society and in the universe at large. True tragedy shames and frightens. The greatness of its passions makes us blush for our own comfortable littleness, and there is something terrifyingly anarchical in the refusal of its hero to admit defeat. But sentimental romance produces effects which are exactly the reverse. It flatters us by pretending that timid little virtues like our own are really great and that the submission which draws a pleasant tear from the eye of the beholder is the proper end of a hero.

Delighting to contemplate a purely passive and suffering virtue, Richardson established the vogue of a new kind of heroine whose chief distinction lies in the fact that she is ill-used, and in contradistinction to the tonic sorrow of tragedy he set up an easy pathos by placing all the emphasis, not upon the strength of the hero, but upon the blameless and pitiful helplessness of the heroine who takes his place.

Sentiment is merely the feminine equivalent of passion. Through its influence romantic love, mystical religion, and the thirst for righteousness are diluted and tamed. They are subordinated to prudence and respectability and thus they are made comprehensible to lesser spirits. Juliets are no less rare than Othellos, but a bourgeois society cannot be other than

glad of the fact. Fathers must like to believe that their own more manageable daughters are more admirable as well, and the daughters themselves, uncomfortably aware that their souls have scarcely achieved Shakespearean proportions, must like to feel that the domestic virtues are, by their very blamelessness, superior to heroism. Who could hope to live up to a Juliet's passion? Who could maintain, indeed, that the shameless and disconcerting example of her vehemence is exactly edifying? But the conduct of Clarissa is as impeccable as her sentiments are comprehensible. In the very presence of death she forgives everybody. Moreover she sketches out a design for her monument and pays the undertaker's bill in advance in order that her friends may not be incommoded.

Well may her creator boast that the moral of his work is pure and that

> the notion of *poetical justice*, founded upon the *modern rules* has hardly ever been more strictly observed in works of this nature, than in the present performance. For, is not Mr. Lovelace, who could persevere in his villainous views, against the strongest and most frequent convictions and remorses that ever were sent to awaken and reclaim a wicked man — is not this great, this *wilful* transgressor, condignly *punished* and his punishment brought on through the intelligence of the very Joseph Leman whom he had corrupted. . . . On the other hand, is not Miss Howe, for her noble friendship to the exalted lady in calamities — is not Mr. Hickman — for his unexceptionable morals, and integrity of life — is not the repentant and not ungenerous Belford, is not the worthy Norton — *made signally happy?*
>
> And who that are earnest in their profession of Christianity, but will rather envy than regret the triumphant death of Clarissa; whose piety, from her *early childhood;* whose diffusive charity; whose steady virtue; whose Christian humility; whose forgiving spirit; whose meekness and resignation, HEAVEN *only* could reward.

IV

Richardson was now fifty-nine years old. A mere artist might have permitted himself to rest secure in the conviction that he had accomplished all he could ever hope for. But the moralist has an obligation more stern than that of the man whose talents are no more than entertaining. Richardson, convinced that he was living in the midst of 'general depravity,' had contributed his 'mite towards introducing a reformation so much wanted.' Though his age was one 'given up to diversion and entertainment,' though the pulpit had 'lost a great part of its weight,' he had, as he said, managed 'to *steal in* and investigate the great doctrine of Christianity under the fashionable guise of an amusement.' Hence he could not lay down his pen until it had done all the good of which it was capable.

In 1749, Lady Bradshaigh wrote to urge upon him the duty of completing the work he had begun by giving to the world a male counterpart of Clarissa — a gentleman who should be the model of masculine virtue as she had been of feminine. And though he expressed some understandable doubt concerning his fitness for the task of describing that fashionable world of which he was almost totally ignorant, he evidently concluded that the goodness of his heart ought to make up for the ignorance of his mind, since he was soon busy with the plan which was to be executed in the seven volumes of *The History of Sir Charles Grandison.*

As early as 1751 one of the ladies privileged to hear fragments read aloud as they were composed wrote to a friend: 'We have this day had the satisfaction of hearing Miss Grandison extricate herself from those difficulties you left her involved in. Oh! my dear, Sir Charles will be all we wish him —

I am sure he will — and is destined to show the world what the purest love should be, when inspired by an object irresistibly amiable, like Miss Byron.'

At last the enormous work was published in three installments issued between November 1753 and March 1754. Richardson had been, while he wrote, in constant communication with female friends from whose reactions he could judge what was likely to be the effect of every proposed sentiment, and the reception given by the public to his new novel was all he could wish. 'Mr. Urban,' reviewing it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, expressed the opinion that 'such a knowledge of the polite world, of men and manners, may be acquired from an attentive perusal of this work as may in a great measure supply the place of the tutor and boarding school.' Mr. Cibber, again in raptures over the goodness of heart which the author exhibits, declared that he would rather have the fame due Mr. Richardson's 'amiable zeal' for virtue than that due Pope as a poet. A debtor confirmed to prison wrote to say that his principles, unaffected by the rigors of confinement, had been reformed by a perusal of *Grandison;* Lady Bradshaigh expressed the opinion that the author 'ought to have been a bishop'; and — what is, under the circumstances, perhaps the most impressive of all — at least one reader begged for an eighth volume.

Yet, despite the enthusiasm which greeted it, we shall not devote much space to the last of Richardson's novels, for the simple reason that it marks no advance over *Clarissa* and that it has been, on the contrary, for a long time almost universally admitted to be in every respect less interesting than its predecessor. In the first place Sir Charles is a complete prig, deserving only, as Taine put it, 'to be canonized and stuffed.' In the second place the didactic purpose almost always prevails over the interest aroused in the characters and their sentiments.

Richardson was sixty-four years old when *Grandison* was published, and, though he had some eight more years to live, his chief subsequent work was to be a compilation entitled 'A Collection of the Moral and Instructive Sentiments, Maxims, Cautions and Reflections, contained in the Histories of Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe, and Sir Charles Grandison, Digested under Proper Heads.' Friends, to be sure, continued to importune him. It was suggested by a person who must have had a very improper idea of the nature of his genius that he might draw the portrait of a bad woman to serve as a foil to his two good ones; and Lady Echlin dropped a much more acceptable hint when she expressed her 'wish to see an exemplary widow drop from your pen.' But Richardson was not to be persuaded to embark upon any more vast projects. He complained of an increase of the nervous disorders which had long served as an excuse for not reading and which now, so he said, prevented him from writing as well. All obligations had been fulfilled; he no doubt felt that he had, in the words which Dr. Johnson used of himself, done enough for his contemporaries; and he gradually permitted himself to relax into an all but undisturbed enjoyment of his fame.

But while the author of *Clarissa* was busy with the prolixities of *Grandison* and while, a little later, he was equally busy with the harmless occupations of his declining years, the influence of his masterpiece was spreading throughout Europe. It was translated into French, German, and Dutch. Rousseau read it and wrote *The New Héloïse;* Goethe read both Richardson and Rousseau and wrote *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. Thus *Clarissa* became

responsible for an international school of fiction and helped turn the whole course of literature. Everywhere the refined were looking for virtue distressed; everywhere they were luxuriating in a pleasing melancholy. Each person endeavored to outdo the other in sensibility, and it was not so much any of Richardson's specific teachings as it was the overtones of his work — the mood generated by his ardent yet languishing contemplation of minor domestic emotions — which had the widest influence.

On the occasion of our author's death, Diderot sat down and in twenty-four hours composed in a burst of enthusiasm the famous *Éloge*, in which, by reflection, we can perceive far better than we can by an effort at direct comprehension what *Clarissa* meant for the eighteenth century.

'O Richardson, Richardson,' he wrote, 'first of men in my eyes, you shall be my reading at all times! Pursued by pressing need; if my friend should fall into poverty; if the limitations of my fortune should prevent me from giving fit attention to the education of my children, I will sell my books; but you shall remain on the same shelf as Moses, Euripides and Sophocles, and I will read you by turns.'

V

Whole volumes have been written in the effort to define the sentimental attitude which Richardson thus helped to crystallize. In the course of time the adjective itself, once used only in complimentary senses, has come to have only a derogatory significance. But the strangest thing in all the history of both the word and the thing is the fact that the ideological content of sentimental fiction came rapidly to be wholly different from that which its creator had striven to body forth.

Through the influence of Diderot, Rousseau, and Goethe, sentiment became the handmaiden of democratic idealism and natural theology, in spite of the fact that its popularizer, intent upon 'promoting the cause of Religion,' and snob to the core, was horrified by both. He had permitted Pamela to marry a gentleman, not because he wanted to suggest that rank was of no importance, but because a social elevation was the only adequate reward for transcendent virtue; and he had never dreamed of making the 'dictates of the human heart' superior to the conventional code of morality. He distrusted romantic love so profoundly that he had never permitted it to play a dominant rôle in dictating the actions of any one of his heroes or heroines, and so far was he from agreeing with Rousseau concerning the nature of virtue that upon the margin of *The New Héloïse* he inscribed the devastating opinion that its author had 'taught the passions to move at the command of vice.'

But Richardson, in all innocence, had looked into this 'human heart.' By the very act of noting with a morbid concern each throb and flutter he had implicitly suggested that the organ thus meticulously examined was of supreme importance. *He* never intended any apology for romantic ideas; *he* never meant to hint either that love is the greatest of goods or that the dictates of feeling should be put above those of law. But the cult which he founded quite naturally drew its own conclusions. If the heart of the peasant or the serving maid is as sensitive as that of the lord, then rank is a sham. If love is the tenderest of emotions, then it is, of all possible human experiences, the one most eagerly to be sought; and if the innocent soul is the most nearly heavenly of all earthly things, then it is in the

impulses of such a soul rather than in the conventions of a corrupt society that true goodness is to be found.

Ultimately these convictions disrupted the sentimental pattern. They are incompatible with that concern with a fixed idea of the nature of virtue with which Richardson starts and around which, as a centre, he constructs his design. Hence romanticism gradually emerges, because the romantic pattern is one formed by making the intensity of an individual experience (rather than its conformity to a standard) the measure of its worth, and because this view of things is the one naturally to be deduced once the supreme importance of the feelings is accepted as a premise. Thus the disciples of Richardson bridge the gulf between his conventionally moral fables and the anarchy of a Stendhal. He had intended to do no more than 'recommend virtue' as virtue was conceived by the respectable citizen. But he stumbled upon 'the human heart' and first taught men that technique for examining it which was destined to result in a complete contempt for those standards of rectitude which he had wished above all else to support.

Fortunately for his own peace of mind Richardson did not, however, suspect that he was to be the encouragement of anything so pernicious.

He died of apoplexy on the fourth of July, 1761, and before that event age seems to have rendered him rather more difficult to get along with than he had been in the days when deference, if sufficiently marked, was certain to keep him amiable. But if Richardson was aware of the fact he must have comforted himself with the assurance that he had at least never failed to give amiability (along with all the other virtues) that 'recommendation' which he considered so important. And it is only fitting that an analysis like the present should conclude with some reference to his influence upon the moral tone of fiction. He was only a respectable printer, but it was his conception of both propriety and morals which triumphed over that of the Gibbons, the Walpoles, and the Chesterfields. After the opening of the nineteenth century, no important English novel ever described a scene or drew an inference likely to be offensive to middle-class propriety until books from France and Russia once more reminded startled readers of fiction that there does exist a world of passions which are undeniably human, even though not usually discoverable in the well-regulated household of a prosperous tradesman.

THE NINETY AND NINE

BY GEORGE E. O'DELL

I

We were, they said, a queer family. But in the late 'eighties and the 'nineties many people were queer, and they intended by their oddity to be the spearhead of a new age. Queen Victoria might very well be allowed her two jubilees without ungracious complaint; and there was no urgent call to be rude to the captains and the kings who came to London to blow out their chests on such occasions. But Victorianism, so far as it might be considered too conservative a check on conduct and ideas, was overdue to be got rid of; and those who now began to struggle out from under often made strange gestures.

For instance, in the matter of clothes. At school, our ladies were accused to me of odd dressing. 'My mother saw them at church parade last Sunday, and she says they wear window curtains. Yah! Window curtains!' Really it was a matter of sprigged muslin, unflounced and untrailing; the womenfolk of our family were feeling after a little grace and simplicity, as against the fearsome fashions of the time. Then my father, around '86, took to wearing at all times a brown velveteen coat and an orange Windsor tie, somewhat incompatibly combined with a white shirt having an immense stiff front. This front had an extraordinary habit: when its wearer, presiding, as was his wont, at the forum conducted in his house, would move in his chair with a thoughtless jerk, the front would buckle about halfway up its east side with a sharp report; so that a speaker standing forward at the lectern was likely to take to feeling his back, from a subconscious fear that he had been shot. Did he look around and say, 'Sir?' he would meet only with an amused smile. My father loved his detonating shirt.

Politics and religion were in his blood, that he should come to conduct a forum. Two centuries earlier, Oliver Cromwell had lifted some psalm-singing Independent out of Lancashire and taken him along to help kill Irishmen and eventually to be planted out on some routed 'papist's' acres. This was on my father's mother's side; as regards his father's side the adventure went back only as far as the Restoration, when Charles II 'granted' Irish estates, first gained in some similarly devious fashion by the Crown, to another movable Englishman, who apparently paid cash for them.

Until the advent of my father, the whole family remained staunchly Tory; its head *circa* 1800, indeed, held the office of First Lord of the Treasury in the last Irish Commons, and, with a majority of the House (as everybody knows), sold out for a round sum to the Sassenach. He must have spent his thirty pieces — some hundred thousand dollars, it is said — during his remaining years, for, although certain of his children and grandchildren did nose around afterward in search of the remains, there were none that they could find. Had there been any, my father would have refused a share: he had experienced a change of soul. Be-

ing asked sometime in the 'seventies to fight the great Daniel O'Connell himself for the representation of Limerick in the English House, he discovered that he was no longer of the family way of thinking in politics, and refused. Henceforth he was a man outside the Pale. With characteristic Hibernian inconsequence he transferred his fortunes to London — to find, like his junior, Bernard Shaw, that the English, even if they were, for the purpose of an argument, tyrants and bloodsuckers, still were by no means ill to live among. But he devoured the writings of Carlyle and Ruskin and continued to think furiously for himself.

It was more immediately through religion that he broke into the movement for democracy-by-discussion. Among his ancestors was that queer Countess of Huntingdon who formed a select personal religious 'connexion' which still bears her name. And there was a close Irish forbear who insisted, when he married, that he and his bride should stand on his mother's tombstone while the deed was done. Not that this necessarily indicated oddity: ethics has its geographical aspect; no doubt a man ought not anywhere to botanize on his mother's grave; but why, say in Ireland, should he not get married on it? Still, it did hint at an independent mind. My father, whether through inherited religious willfulness or not, fell, in his middle years, into theological heresy. He came under the influence of Frederick William Farrar, who preached that there is no such place as Hell, and who, naturally enough, — for the doctrine must be especially comforting to politicians, — had been made chaplain to the Commons. My father's humanitarian heart thrilled at the teaching; he wrote two novels based upon it; and Farrar, who had hard sledding because of his heterodoxy, so that in the end they shelved him in a deanery instead of making him a bishop, treated him with open recognition. We did not belong in Farrar's historic parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster; nevertheless he gave us rush-bottomed chairs just by his pulpit, where the pews of the Speaker of the House, the Master of the Rolls, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod were adjacent. Musty company, no doubt, but the best he could provide.

The No-Hell idea, except for Farrar's advocacy, made somewhat silent progress. To my father it seemed that it should be shouted by every adherent from his housetop, or such other spot on his premises as might be most convenient. Quaintly enough, he was also a passionate anti-Darwinian, and had stumped the country in defense of the Book of Genesis much as Mr. Bryan was to do in America — only that my father had a terrifying torrential eloquence, an undisciplined oratorical fury, which, I am sure, would have made even the silver-tongued Great Commoner shake in his shoes, as it did anybody else who heard it. But the newer propaganda, so truly liberating to agonized souls, had an even greater appeal; my father, craving to save poor distracted folk from the fear of Tophet, bought an offering of used *conservatoire* chairs, ebony-framed and seated with maroon rep, set me to row them out weekly in a big room in his house, and invited the world to hear him talk for a series of evenings, free of charge, on 'Hell, Damnation, and Eternity.'

Various of the respectable daily organs of opinion to which he sent his advertisement declined it; in one instance explaining that the composing room had no insurmountable objection to setting up in type 'Hell' and 'Eternity,' but it drew the line at the

second member of this dreadful trinity of words. Our experience did not happen to include the interior of a printing shop of that day, or we should doubtless have laughed loud and long at this excuse. As it was, this example of Victorian suppressions helped not a little toward my father's determination, when he had done awhile with quenching the everlasting flames, to throw open his meeting place to all comers, and let who would, or who could be persuaded, take the rostrum and bang his or her drum.

William Morris, the poet and craftsman, it was true, had already got a forum going in a whitewashed stable in the Hammersmith Mall. But it was doctrinaire-socialist in intention, and its audience most glaringly queer. My father was bent on hearing all sides and getting them heard; and as for his audience, it was unusual only in being that hitherto unknown thing among audiences in Victorian London, a rough cross section of the social structure of a varied neighborhood of the time. Here were to be seen ladies and gentlemen, even lords, if not very many or very regularly; occasional clergy; representative local butchers and bakers and candlestick makers; butlers, footmen, cooks and ladies' maids, carpenters, barbers, teachers, artists, politicians, undertakers, journalists, and even social wrecks.

The free-for-all discussion following the customary lecture was commonly opened by the most articulate of the butlers, continued by any except the lords and ladies, and closed by a pathetic foundling, the son, one suspected, of some backstairs misalliance; beautiful of face, compounding fine taste and the gutter in his speech; often startlingly acute in his judgments, but accustomed to slip out to the corner saloon on his bad evenings just before speaking — to return with a bold, bloodshot eye to contribute his five-minute harangue at the end. A medley of minds, they would crowd in on every Saturday evening, to sit on our ninety-nine chairs. Ninety-nine only there were; for the hundredth had been smashed in their original conservatoire by some early Paul Whiteman; and yet I do not remember that anybody dubbed us the Just Persons, or speculated whether, did a One Sinner arrive, he would miss the broken seat. Sinners enough were already there.

II

For years it was always a crowded house. And if as eminently respectable in the front rows as it was sometimes disreputable in the back ones, — through an intuitive process of social sorting, — the variety was due to the often sudden fame in those days of this queer person or that, who could be heard there. But partly also it was due to the mummies and the baked heads.

For, whatever William Morris might have to offer the Spartan-minded in the way of rough bricks and calcimine, as regards interest the environing details of our meeting place had him outclassed all the time. My father, having gone to New Zealand in young manhood to recruit his health, and to fight (quite harmlessly, I am sure) in one of the Maori wars, had brought home as mementos a sackful of sun-dried tattooed chiefs' heads — those heads which a few years later used to be provided for sale, it was said, by the ruthless application of brummagem methods to desiccating one's neighbor's sconce. From dried Maori heads to Pharaohs is not, at least chemically, a very long stride, and to his collection of oddments thus begun my father had later added a couple of Theban priests in their coffins, unrolled, and a considerable selection of reputed North

African sovereigns, named, addressed, and dated in a pretentious document which professed to translate the inscriptions on their tombs — but unfortunately without coffins, and rolled, therefore hard of further identification.

Let it be explained to the uninitiate that, where innocent persons might suppose a mummy deprived by unwinding of its mile or two of bandages to have been unrolled, in the vocabulary of the Egyptologist the deceased gentleman or lady has (like a 'rummy') been *rolled*. These remains which had passed to my father were purported to be those of one or another descendant of the generals whom Alexander the Great planted out as rulers in Syria or on the Nile; one, indeed, should have been great-grandfather to Cleopatra herself. The great Bonomi, of Sir John Soane's museum, who examined them on a rumor of foreign transfer, reported with utter solemnity that they were 'good mummies, and ought not be allowed to leave the country.' Good mummies surely they were; they were perfect models of behavior, and they stood unmoving in their starkness, behind glass, along the walls of our forum chamber, never by so much as a wink of an eye suggesting a desire either for travel or for any other doubtful joy.

My father invariably presided, as he thought to be only right, in his own house. A man of protean personality — author, journalist, preacher, lecturer, traveler, phrenologist; crusader for prohibition, woman suffrage, republicanism, home rule for Ireland, anti-poverty, trades-unionism, Utopia, personal immortality, what not. And with it all a great-hearted, though irascible, gentleman — things would not always go quite smoothly under his management. He had intense convictions, prejudices, proprieties; and the queer people sometimes tried them hard. Not irritable Wells, who must still have been grubbing at science in the South Kensington School a few blocks away, and who may or may not ever have sat in our midst. Not Chesterton, for he was only a Kensington boy in knickers like myself, we having been born in the same year, though not, doubtless, under the same star — and besides, when those joyful juvenilia of his did presently appear each Saturday in the *Daily News*, so that two young members of our household used to get up early to gloat over them undisturbed, my father thought them barely mitigated 'tosh.'

But Shaw; inevitably there was a clash with Shaw. 'I will speak for you,' he wrote, 'on "How to Become an Atheist."' Fireworks! My father, in that early anxiety about his health, had for a while peddled Bibles in Ireland from door to door. 'Very well,' replied Shaw to his protest, 'I will not talk on that subject. Put me down to speak on "How We Become Atheists" instead.' He was let in on that. He came in brown. Hair and beard red-brown; brown suit, hat, shirt, collar, tie, socks; shoes only not brown — brown shoes not yet having been devised. The Shaw shoes, if I remember rightly, were of black cotton with elastic sides; and their sole leather presumably had been stripped from some animal certified not to have been foully slain for food or glue, but merely to have fallen down dead.

The Shavian godlessness was of a sort that to-day would hardly disturb an Anglican bishop; and when later Shaw subscribed to the worship of a new sort of God, he did not thereby imply recantation of his old atheism. But this latter had an unpleasant sound in the 'eighties; and although Shaw did not on this occasion, as on a more notorious one, produce his watch and give the God of Abraham, Isaac, and

Jacob five minutes in which to strike him dead, we were all rather relieved when his visit was over. Free speech had been more or less vindicated, and that was enough.

William Morris tried us more severely; for he raised questions, not of religion or even morals, but of taste. To begin with, the great poet and Pre-Raphaelite wore a blue shirt. This was very early — we had not yet seen Shaw's brown one; indeed, we had never seen any colored shirt except on some peasant or bricklayer, and my father's immaculate stiff white one suffered an awful buckling at the sight of Morris's butcher-blue. A Windsor tie was art, but a blue shirt was affectation — it was pretending to love the disinherited proletarian for what he was in his debasement instead of for what he would be after the Utopians should have done with him. It smacked of the Paris of Marat, and of blood.

But there was worse than this. The author of *The Earthly Paradise* in the course of his address actually referred to the 'fat guts' of millionaires. Now, my father might talk about Hell and Damnation without feeling that he offended good taste; these were but dead dogs anyway. Also, no doubt, he had no great opinion of the propertied classes. But 'fat guts'! Morris was never invited to address us again. He had appraised the tinkers and tailors, the scullions and cooks, scattered among his audience, and talked down to them; he had sought to tickle the groundlings, to play to the gallery. 'Fat guts,' indeed!

Keir Hardie, the third of the half-dozen great bearded socialists of the day, was more to our taste. We loved his private sweetness equally with his prophetic fire. Hardie was the only man who ever dared pull out a pipe in our anti-tobacco house and smoke it. He smoked by the fireside, after an evening of oratory, and told us his fondest expectation. It was a vision of serene old age, of a white cottage on a Scotch hillside, of rambling red roses, of poetry books, a few friends, an earned peace. The same dream as Ramsay and Margaret MacDonald's; but MacDonald's always serving and never resting wife died (if we wan people of civilization may borrow the brave term) with her boots on. So did Hardie. So too will 'Mac.' There is no final peace for social malcontents like them; peace is only a pipe dream.

Hardie first came to us before his big days — before his election to be the original and for long the only partisan of Labor in the Commons, when his 'rip-roaring' friends put him on a commandeered bus, with a brass band and banners, and took him down to be sworn into the House. He wore a homespun suit and a cap; the Commons thought it was the Devil and the world's end. And indeed he was a terror for wrath and foreboding, and only King Edward could gentle him at all. The King had his appendix out just when it was getting respectable to have, or to have had, that organ. Then Hardie had his out; the King sent flowers and daily inquiries; presently they met (by royal command) at a garden party, and the thing was done. The seventh Edward could play gentleman to a gentleman better than any other monarch of his time; not, however, that, though he could meet Hardie, he could meet Shaw. As everybody knows, when he sent for Shaw to come to the royal box and be congratulated on *John Bull's Other Island*, Shaw would not come. 'The silly ass,' said Edward. But then Shaw had never had his appendix out; probably he had n't any, and knew it; being a man singularly without other superannuated vestiges, it may well be so.

III

Our eyes would certainly have goggled could we have foreseen what some others of our platform guests would eventually make of themselves, or be made into by the chances of the time.

There was Sidney Webb, a nice, healthy, innocent-eyed little mouse of a man, who bubbled with intelligence, rather than scintillated like Shaw, and did not dream that the fellow Wells, biologizing those few blocks away, was one day to impale him in *The New Machiavelli* like a kicking beetle on a pin. And Sydney Olivier, correct, polite, and fated to be the first man pitchforked by a Labor government into the House of Lords. And of course MacDonald, who visited us fresh from famishing in his attic (it was said), addressing envelopes at half a crown a thousand, and who was one day to be prime minister, and with his dour astuteness to hold back a young and obstreperous party from splitting into rags. All we saw then was great sanity, a schoolmasterly sternness; all we heard, to remember it, was his Highland brogue, and that when he meant 'dose' he said 'doze.'

And Annie Besant, who had been deprived of her child by process of law as being unfit to mother it, because she denied her unfortunate clerical husband's God, and was to ache from that maternal wrenching for a lifetime until she should find solace in the vicarious grandmothering of a returning Christ. Mrs. Besant had just risen from sitting at the feet of Helena Blavatsky, and came to us to make her first public address as a theosophist. Surely the greatest woman orator of that or any time, she was yet very meek that evening, and even shy. Privately she confessed to fright — it was a plunge for life or death out of the socialism, materialism, birth-control advocacy of her early middle years into campaigning for a doctrine which traversed them all. Question time had almost unnerved her; 'I know so little as yet,' she said, 'and I could not guess what they might ask me.' But the butlers and bakers looked upon her graciously, and heaven knows they had speculated about abstruse matters even less than she. And, besides, who could at short notice cease loving the woman who had welded the tragic, sweated, starved phosphorus-match girls of London in a union, fought with them the first women's strike, and won it?

And Emmeline Pankhurst. It was Mrs. Pankhurst's husband who talked suffrage in those early days; his wife, who was to become a world's wonder, then merely sat up against our rattle-string piano during the musical preliminaries of a forum meeting and watched with solicitude and severity for the errors that little Christabel and Sylvia, pink-faced and rat-tailed, might make as they favored us with classical duets. We were feminists to the core, and would have shouted at a peep into coming political history. But I do not know what we should have said could we have foreseen Miss Christabel preaching 'British-Israel.' Perhaps that there were surely enough both of Englishmen and of Jews in the world already, without anybody trying to see double, or to prove that all Jews are really Englishmen, or all Englishmen really Jews!

A long procession of the odd folk passes. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, whose hair stood on end, and who boosted his mental processes periodically by endeavoring to roll up a very large white handkerchief into the likeness of a tennis ball. Edward Pease, who sought to persuade us that since a bright American named Gatling had invented a machine gun there could be

no more revolutions — unless soldiers made them.

Then Stewart Headlam, who, entering the Anglican Church and being appointed curate of a London parish which included the theatre district, was shocked by the request of certain quiet and devout chorus girls not to reveal to any other members of his congregation their means of livelihood. Was the theatre, then, he wanted to know, inevitably a socially and religiously disgraceful thing? He set himself to rehabilitate the theatre in the eyes of the Church, and incidentally to help make it worthy of such rehabilitation. Especially, his fellow clergy must stand by the denizens of the stage, and not allow them merely to be used for entertainment and ostracized otherwise, thereby estranging them from ideals of decency and social self-respect. He took to attending in his clerical clothes the less reputable theatres, proclaimed (this was before Pavlowa and Bakst) the æsthetic and ethical possibilities of the ballet, and would walk along the Strand side by side with Terpsichore, in the person of this dancing girl or that. The bishops inhibited him from preaching. He would, however, lecture — a cherubic and yet faintly ironic-looking man, with a Cambridge voice, and usually accompanied by one or more sample ballet girls, presumably just then 'out of a shop,' who would sit in our front row looking very bored indeed.

Moving for years among these old scenes, one recalls a figure more striking than any other, an Olympian figure, walking with majesty, talking with deep bell-like tones — and a Boston accent. We called him 'Our American.' He was living for an indefinite period in London, and he mentioned research work at the British Museum; more than this for a long time we did not know. Nor did we ask. Such a question was not to be put to a man in the England of those days without a breach of decorum; perhaps it is not to be put even now. In America, let us be asked to dinner, and the strange lady whom I am told off to take in looks me over and says with the most pleasant of smiles: 'What do you do?' But in England one did not 'do' anything. The social convention was that one had an income, or contrived in some way to exist — and details might be asked of one's acquaintances, as a matter of gossip, but never, as a conversational opening, of one's self.

Our American came and went, a mystery. There were absences, from one forum meeting or from a month or months of them, but never a word of explanation. And yet he was, in a way, for long our closest intimate, sharing our supper table after meetings as a matter of course, discussing science, religion, literature, America; the Pilgrim Fathers, of whom he thought very little; Negroes, whom he loved; and the Irish, whom he hated with a consuming hate which my father bore from him with a minimum of flinching when he would not have tolerated a hint of it from anybody else. As a young man he had presided for Sumner and Garrison at antislavery meetings; probably he had fought under McClellan or Grant, only he was the sort of man to die rather than mention it. He was six foot two, straight as an arrow, white-haired, moustached, lofty of brow, with sculptured features and a magnificent aristocracy of eye. Then there were his great fur ulster, his invariable frock coat, and his silk hat — and his habit, did he make a call, of standing solemnly on the doorstep, watch in hand, for the exactly correct moment to lift his hand and knock. He was soaked in such psychology as a man might know at that day, and often took the forum platform to speak on it.

And he would take his five minutes in discussion among the butchers and bakers, modestly and yet a little oracularly, as became a man who had, he said, taught school in his time — and who would admonish me (but only in private) on my folly, which was English enough, of pronouncing 'either' as though its first syllable were German, and 'trait' as though it were French. And we could make no more of him than that.

Except, indeed, that I did think him odd on the subject of music. For he showed a livelier enthusiasm than most for the parlous playing and singing which formed a regular feature of our meetings. The visit of little Christabel and Sylvia appeared to delight him, thump woodenly on our doubtful instrument though they did; and the ladies of our household or from a neighboring artists' colony who sang only so-so — how vigorously he applauded them all! Not that I, being a boy against whose mouth the Chapel Royal organist who conducted chorus at our school would put his big ear and then give him a duck's egg on the weekly report, had any particular right to an opinion. But still one could not help feeling our forum's sad mediocrity in musical achievement; and yet Our American would clap his long hands as though our performers belonged to the Heavenly Choir.

Then, unexpectedly, came the revelation of his specialty. There was a prima donna living on the next street, whose funny little husband — the sort of business-managing, cab-calling husband such ladies are likely to have — one day came running in at the open door of our house. He barely knew us, but excitement lent him familiarity. He had just seen our Jove-like friend leave. 'Do you know who that was?' he cried, with a sort of ecstatic certainty that such mere worms as we could not possibly do so. 'Yes,' we replied, 'that is a friend of ours,' and we pronounced his name. 'But do you know who he *is?*' he pressed, his eyes protruding. 'Do you know that he is the greatest teacher of singing alive in Europe to-day?'

Well, William Oscar Perkins may or may not have been quite that. But was he not a sweet and self-effacing gentleman? Of course when we taxed him, he blushed rosily, but we got this and that of his story. A Harvard man, and also a doctor of music, he was collecting buried and forgotten musical treasures at the Museum. Incidentally he had trained the best-known, most-loved quartette of men's voices of that day, — the 'Meistersingers,' — and taken them here, there, everywhere in Europe, though as to America I cannot say. When he died, these four distinguished men dedicated a costly sacrifice to his memory — they never sang together in public again.

IV

It was the cooks and scullions who, in the end, destroyed our forum. That is to say, it was the spirit of democracy that had been let loose among them which operated crudely, as could hardly be helped. Certain aristocratic timidities had made my father keep the institution a pocket one. He may have imagined, as young Porphyry Benham was to do in Wells's *The Research Magnificent*, that 'all organization corrupts.'

The corruption in the present instance began with a china tea service and ended with a resounding split. The heavyweight of our discussion period was a sort of Chief Butler, a major-domo who managed a large household of other servants for a widow lady who lived mostly in bed. He was a mild Liberal in politics, dressed impressively, and had a nose like Louis XVI and a chin like a frog.

A well-meaning man, but naturally, like many other members of our audience, full of the repressed emotions of a servile class. It was he who one evening was deputed to present the tea service to my father, who received it with what his family knew to be signs of grave discomfort; and indeed he was much too shrewd not to suspect that this contribution to the art of feasting was accompanied by a writing on the wall. Assuredly it was. A few days later the Chief Butler headed a deputation including other butlers, a local baker, a carpenter, and a custom haberdasher, to request the democratic organization of the forum, so as to allow of dues being paid, and to provide for the functioning of officers, trustees, and all the machinery of popular rule. Fundamentally they were right, and my father could not with any countenance say them nay. He only stipulated that so long as they met in his house (and therefore could compromise him) they should pay no rent, allow him to continue presiding, and submit the names of all proposed speakers for his sanction. They agreed.

Then, one day, at the end of a year's service as secretary, the Chief Butler requested and was granted the privilege of entertaining the new society at our house to tea. Alas, his highly formal card of invitation bore no sign that the private residence to which his friends were called was not his own. Of course everybody knew that, but a Chief Butler, of all people, ought to have had the social gumption to mention formally whose residence it was. The fat was in the fire. My father summoned the offending domestic on to his study carpet, and for a long afternoon they fought a battle which might be counted as one of the historic incidents of British democracy had there been anyone to record the argument. The major-domo, for all his weak chin, could fight hard to save his whole face. But he did not save it — in the end he was forced to issue a new and socially correct card. Thereafter my father had an enemy, who still sat well forward, and spoke regularly, but bit his thumb nails to the quick and waited like a jungle cat for the moment which must sooner or later come for a crashing spring.

It was Henry Mayers Hyndman, another of the great bearded socialists, who unwittingly provided the opportunity for the Chief Butler's blow. Hyndman came to us in order to expose what he considered to be the fallacies of William Booth's notorious scheme for rejuvenating all the British down-and-outs, for which he was asking the public to give him a million pounds and some arable land. In the course of his criticism Hyndman saw fit to describe the head of the Salvation Army as a 'pious fraud.'

Now, at that my father made (or did not make, as you please) the presidential error of his life. He rose, white-faced and trembling with anger, and unprecedentedly called the lecturer to order. He could not, he said, in any meeting where he presided, permit General Booth to be called a pious fraud.

It was not that he had any particular love for Booth, who was, indeed, a Hell-Firer of the most pronounced kind. But my father, as a side issue of the forum, had delivered a long and crowded course of addresses advocating the raising of a hundred or so million pounds on the security of the local poor rates, and the absorption of the 'submerged tenth' in a chain of national agricultural and craft villages in which the desperately poor, the old, and the weak might be trained in doing, under joyous conditions, such work as might fit their powers. It would in the end, he claimed, cost less than poor relief, and produce better

results. It was a drastic, brave, and doubtless quite unsound proposal. But Booth had sent his latest 'commissioner,' Frank Smith (at one time Commander of the Salvation Army in America, and author of *The Betrayal of Bramwell Booth*), to get a view of the idea and report. Smith beat out with the old evangelist the terms of the modified, dirt-cheap scheme which Booth presented to England with the waving of banners and the crash of tambourines — the scheme which Smith himself was presently to wash his hands of when he entered the Labor movement, and which a quarter of a century later was to be pilloried with such terrible and even cruel scorn by Miss Rebecca West in *The Judge*. But to my father's always kind heart anybody who got busy abolishing poverty, no matter how, was an angel from God; in his presence no such person should be called without challenge a pious fraud.

Of course Hyndman, who was some sort of cousin or connection of the Cecils, and a frequenter of Lady Salisbury's salon, for all his Mormon whiskers and his Marxism, knew how to behave in another man's house. He withdrew the harsh epithet graciously and without a hint of irony, and continued his discourse in strict parliamentary terms to its end. But the Chief Butler's moment, after months of waiting, had come. He knew that the radical section of the audience loathed the Booth scheme, as did also the proponents there or elsewhere of the individualist doctrine that you must not undermine character and self-help. He was ordinarily a windy and grammarless speaker. Now in discussion time he rose to a crude oratory, and denounced the slight which had, he said, been put upon an honored guest, the foul suppression of free speech, the truckling to a 'cheap-jack' charity-monger, the dreadful pit of infamy into which this forum was about to fall if it did not revolt against its paternalistic president's rule. Heaven alone may remember what magnificent nonsense he uttered. Anti-Boothists, suddenly discovering a fierce and unexpected Danton in their midst, cheered him to the echo. He called on all real democrats and patriots to gather with him presently on the pavement outside that they might at once plan a hegira to free and untrammeled quarters.

My father answered him never a word. They gathered, they planned, they went. Not all; the storekeepers, the governesses, the more genteel of the ladies' maids, and the odds and ends of higher respectability stayed with us awhile; it was the joiners, the plumbers, the pastry cooks, the footmen, the gardeners, the between-maids, who set up elsewhere. In truncated fashion they lasted half a season; we a little longer; then, as it happened, my father's health broke down, and the remnant of his forum eventually collapsed with it.

Before the end came Lewis Appleton, the Quaker dandy, the *beau sabreur* of peace. 'Let me arbitrate,' he said; 'that is the sort of thing I am for; let me get you together over a cup of tea [unhappy phrase!], bury the axe for you, make this wilderness to blossom again like the rose.' But my father had for once condescended to wrangle with a man who was a mere butler and to get the better of him; now he had permitted the mere butler to make his return. He had paid his scot to democracy and to the organization that corrupts; there was, for him, no more to be said. Like Shaw's Cæsar, he wrapped himself in the mantle of an impenetrable dignity. He withered poor Appleton with a glance and a word. The peacemaker retired chapfallen and without a blessing; there was, he saw, no more to be done.

EUROPE AS A PLAYGROUND

BY FRANCIS P. MILLER AND H. D. HILL

I

On a peak day in the summer of 1927, 13,300 people went through the door of the American Express Company's Rue Scribe office in Paris. Three hundred thousand Americans went to Europe in 1928 and spent three hundred million dollars there. Who are these thousands, and what do they go for?

The students constitute probably the largest coherent group among them, and certainly the one which has in recent years received the most attention. When the American Immigration Act of 1924 was about to put a stop to one of their highly profitable carrying trades, the steamship companies belonging to the North Atlantic Conference, at the suggestion of the United States Lines, cast an inventive eye upon their steerage accommodations, and Student or, as it later came to be called, Tourist Third came into being. Since then the inexpensive trip to Europe, popularized as an indispensable part of every collegian's education, has been a consistent item in the business of the regular tourist companies and has also been specially arranged through organizations like the Open Road and the Confédération Internationale d'Étudiants. Summer conferences, such as those of the various Youth Movements, International Student Service, or the World's Student Christian Federation, have offered an objective for those whose aim was otherwise purely travel, while for those who contemplated a longer or more sedentary stay there have been founded the various international summer schools, particularly the Zimmern School at Geneva, and the summer courses for foreigners offered by the Universities of Paris, Vienna, Berlin. The American University Union in Paris reports in recent years an annual total of 5000 American students in Paris, for two months or over, registered with it alone, and the great majority of art students are probably not included in this number. The post-war trek of young Americans to France is doubtless the greatest student migration in history, and similar, if smaller, movements are discernible in Germany, England, and elsewhere. A trip to Europe, either during or just after college, is coming to be as much a matter of course to the average American student as the Continental Grand Tour was to the young aristocrat of eighteenth-century England.

Europe as an educational centre, however, appeals only to the very young or to the very academic. What is its appeal for the rest, for Americans grown slightly older?

The other hundred thousands come to Europe to satisfy a wider range of wants than the collegians. The most blatantly conspicuous are the Americans who come to Europe on a 'bust.' They want the Riviera; they want to go to Aintree and the Derby, to Auteuil and Maisons Lafitte. They spread themselves on the beaches from Deauville to the Lido; they cause St.-Jean-de-Luz to be turned into a Southern

California combination of pink stucco and revolving signs. For them are maintained the *boîtes de nuit* around the Place Pigalle, and the *Nacktplastik* of the cafés of Berlin. They support the cosmopolitan and hectic world of cocktails, jazz, and *haute couture*.

Less blatant but more numerous than those who come on a bust are those who come on a junket. The last few years have witnessed organized trips to Europe by brothers of a common interest when that interest varied from Advertising through the American Legion to the Bar Association and the Garden Club. For them Europe is permitted to have few surprises. From gangplank to gangplank they move, somewhat bulkily and with occasional flurries over lost wives, husbands, or tickets, along paths foreseen by the Programme Committee. They are docile in these managerial hands because anticipation of the future lectures on Europe that they will give before the brethren in the home town makes it dangerous to miss anything on the regular itinerary, and because side trips are extras and always cost more than one thought.

Then there are the sightseers. There are the global sightseers, for whom nothing less than all is enough. Before leaving the States they have made a schedule for every day and almost every hour. True to this written word of what is worth while, they journey quantitatively over Europe, with their Baedeker in one hand and the list of Rest Tour hostels in the other. They are mostly school-teachers, professional workers from the lower salary grades, or retired business men and their families from the smaller American towns. Their trip is often the trip of a lifetime, the end of a long saving. The importance which it has attained through years of anticipation makes it accompanied by a moral necessity to be worth while. The familiar doggedness of travelers who continue sightseeing after fatigue has deadened all possibility of enjoyment is the evidence of how hard-earned their trip has been. The seriousness with which they travel is at the bottom of the comi-tragedies that mar such moments as the one in which they discover the institution of paying for theatre programmes, or the 10 per cent tip. Having earnestly tried to do too much on too little, be that little time, money, or understanding, they return to God's Own — and in their opinion Only — Country permanently and with a sigh of relief.

In contrast to the global are the intensive sightseers. They are usually coming abroad for the second or third time. Their first trip was a quantitative survey; now they have picked out the corner that appealed to them most and are bent upon 'knowing every inch of it.' Provence, Cornwall, Devon, Norway, the Harz Mountains, are likely places of selection; they walk much of the way and gossip in the wayside inns to the extent which language allows. They return heavily laden with sketches, photographs, or post cards, according to talent.

A further group is the specialized sightseers, members of the musical, literary, or artistic intelligentsia whose trip culminates in a single performance at Bayreuth, Salzburg, Oberammergau, Stratford, a Brittany *pardon*, Santander. They start inexplicable vogues for obscure cafés in Paris; they form clubs of all those who have visited certain remote Italian hill towns where the trains do not connect. They pride themselves on their avoidance of other Americans and hint darkly at the importance of their European acquaintances. Much of their patter has the patina of the artificially 'antiqued.'

Quite distinct from any of these groups, who spend their days taking trains, boats, and even buses in the

usual way, are the *voyageurs à dernier confort*. Clad in the expensive simplicity of Bond Street and certain Edinburgh tweeds, they can be seen boarding the Golden Arrow for London, or stepping, at Le Bourget, into the Lufthansa Special for Berlin. They leave in their liveried Daimler for the château country or for the English lakes, and the gleaming porcelain of newly installed bathtubs marks the successive stages of their way. What they see is not international life but international *luxe*. The people they meet, the accommodations they require, the things that they eat and drink, are the same everywhere. The only differences they experience are carefully selected differences in climate.

II

Supplementing the sightseers are the collectors. The libraries and other places of reference of Europe, and the offices of such European personages as are remotely willing to be interviewed, are filled with collectors of data, abroad either on research fellowships or on sabbatical years. They collect facts, or, in the absence of facts, tendencies. Up to the time of publication they are humble searchers. After that they are authorities.

The researchers collect facts. Other people collect things. It is estimated that, in 1929, $30,000,000 worth of antiques, furniture, silver, and old masters, were shipped to America from England alone. In the course of the last ten years some dozen English houses have been bought as a whole for transfer to the States. A far greater number have become, for a longer or shorter period, the residences of Americans abroad. Some of these are properties of first importance, like Warwick, but even the smallest cottage may have an American as its renting aim. A whole special vocabulary of advertising has grown out of the American desire to live in an ancient English home; no other demand would stimulate descriptions such as this: —

> To be let furnished: Genuine 14th-Century Residence, full of oak beams, open fire-places, stone-mullioned windows, completely modernized, yet retaining all its old-world atmosphere, and representing a home of exquisite charm. Hall, three reception, ball room, with minstrels' gallery, 10 bed, four bath rooms, good offices, servants' hall. Garage for two, and stabling. Electric light; Central heating. Co.'s water. Telephone. Modern drainage. Independent hot water supply. The pleasure grounds comprise lawn, tennis court, herbaceous borders, parklike orchard, well-stocked kitchen garden, old fish pond, and park, in all 90 acres. Rent according to period.

The collecting spirit may indeed go further than the acquisition of an English estate, to annexation of its accompanying title through marriage with the owner. Nor is the struggle for court presentation and aristocratic alliance confined as much as it was a generation ago to the British Isles; France, Italy, and even Russia have gained increasing prominence in this field during the decade since the war.

A final group of Americans who are in Europe as consumers are those whom Europeans diagnose with the intended compliment, 'You are n't a bit like Americans.' These share with the others the attitude that Europe is a very ancient seat of culture, but they are distinguishable from the rest by their belief that tradition is not external. They too go to visit the ancient monuments and marvel at the ruggedness of Durham and the graciousness of Chartres. But they see these structures as the incarnations of a spirit, of an inner vitality which transcended the material thing it built. It is that spirit, and not the concrete evidences of its

work, which is to them the unique and infinitely precious reality of the culture of the West. But they take it in various ways. Some of them, hypnotized by their vision, stand transfixed on the spot on which it came. They stay on in Europe, and their lives thereafter are repetitions of the pilgrimage of Henry James. Florence, Paris, London, are full of aging expatriates who 'could n't live anywhere else.' Others who have seen the same vision take it differently. To them a tradition seems not only essentially an inner but essentially an indigenous thing. They feel a final impotence in a life lived only to absorb, however much inner sensitiveness the process may beget. Their aim is finally to carry into creation their own authentic and indigenous vitality. They reverence the European tradition, all that it has meant in faith, beauty, and intelligence, and all it means to-day. They treasure the enrichment, above all the sense of form, which come to them abroad, but they know that to stay too long is to become a parasite. So, after a time, they go home.

III

The scenes at the customs on the New York docks would lead one to suppose that the yearly hundred thousands went abroad only to buy, but the souvenirs of many returning Americans are memories rather than bangles, and not all of the memories are impersonal in character. In the course of their wanderings each year a certain number of Americans meet a certain number of Europeans. The attitude which they develop out of these meetings is important, for it is carried back into the States and contributes largely to the formation of national sentiment. The fact that the European acquaintance of a great many Americans is confined to the porter, the taxi driver, the agent of the American Express Company, and the servants of their hotel, does not prevent their including whole countries in their generalizations: the French have become a grasping and dishonest people because a concierge failed to account for five francs fifty in some provincial *auberge;* the Germans have been painted blacker than in the murkiest war propaganda because a fattish gentleman from Bavaria once disputed an American's train reservation; and the inveterate rudeness (not to say frigidity) of all the English, without exception, has been based on the undesired opening of one railway carriage window.

The generalizations of the pure sightseer are unfortunate, but they form, after all, only by-products of his main interest, which is either in the scenery or in the monuments of Europe, or, at most, in the people as the picturesque but remote personages of a frieze. A whole series of other impressions, however, is continually being formed by travelers who wish not only to see the country but to know the people. Their attitudes, and the means by which they reach them, point a finger at one of the gravest modern problems.

In the days of the Grand Tour, the sons of the aristocratic English houses spent a year or more, about the time of their majority, traveling in France, Italy, or Austria and spending protracted periods of time in the homes of the class which corresponded to their own. The milieu from which they came differed from that to which they went only in the subtleties of its content; the form of the two was much the same. The aristocracies of the eighteenth century had a culture which was European rather than national. To-day all that has altered, or rather been supplemented by something which, numerically, far outweighs it — the democratic mass trip. A great deal of

quiet interchange still goes on between families of international culture, and in the world of ideas there is a small but growing group of Americans who have the freedom of the city that is not built by hands; but the coming of consumers' democracy is causing large numbers of the American middle class to seek to join in the advantages of international acquaintance. As a result, efforts are now being made to create artificially and en masse contacts which were once a taken-for-granted and exclusive perquisite of a certain level of social life. A peculiar difficulty in making these contacts arises from the historical fact that it is the bourgeois of the various countries who has always been the prime maker of nationalism. Aristocrat and proletarian alike have had international leanings; the middle class has stood out as the group to whom the domestic and familiar ways of doing things have always been most dear. Creating contacts for a middle class abroad therefore presents difficulties from the very start, and the type of thing which has been so far done has achieved only a moderate success.

In the student world, the American collegians who go abroad on trips have opportunities of meeting students of other nationalities at summer conferences. These meetings have a wide variety of results. Those that last only for a few days are usually successful in a superficial way. It is quantitatively inspiring to think that one has foregathered in Europe with representatives of students of twenty or thirty other lands; to have heard a Bantu speak his own language or to have talked to a real Communist from inside Russia is quite an interesting variant on a summer's tour. But when the agenda of a conference turn from the easy and picturesque internationalism of a concert of respective national folk-songs to joint discussion of a common theme, difficult differences begin to appear. Groups which a moment before had seemed innocuous entities as singers rapidly turn into mass representatives of apparently irreconcilable points of view; Anglo-Saxon pragmatism, Teutonic dogmatism, French individualism, begin to be noticeable; and, if an open split is avoided, there is rarely time to do more than dilute these group conflicts in sentimental emotionalism of the hands-across-the-sea variety.

Nor are the difficulties always cleared up in the case of a longer stay. The student who goes to the Sorbonne and becomes a 'Babe in the Bois,' or the American Oxonian who turns æsthete and spends the rest of his life doing 'arty' bookbindings to what must be the posthumous discomfort of the virile Cecil Rhodes, are familiar figures, as are also the students who return from all over the Continent, bitterly anti-everything, and recounting dreary tales of disappointment and rebuff. In the absence of an adequate common preparation, mutual exposure of national middle classes in an effort to produce mutual liking is evidently not enough.

Much the same situation is true of the voyagers who are older and less specialized than the students. Efforts have been made by such organizations as the English Speaking Union or the various Quaker hostels in European capitals to provide contacts for the traveler with an interest. The American Committee at Geneva offers assistance every summer, particularly during the session of the League of Nations Assembly, to visitors wishing to see the mechanism of international life. But all of these organizations are most successful in those of their activities in which the traveler is a spectator.

When it comes to a question of participation, of entering into one

aspect or another of the life he finds abroad, the colonial attitude which, all declarations to the contrary, is still latent in the New World comes out. It is a rare thing for Americans to take part on a par with other persons in the intellectual life of Europe. The world of give-and-take of reasoned points of view, of the development of ideas unrelated to immediate practical application, is to them an unfamiliar and even terrifying world. They do not trust themselves to find their footing in it, and if, occasionally, they make a venture, they are inclined to 'prepare their ideas beforehand' in the form of a set speech. This does not mean, however, that the only Americans abroad are the producers and the consumers. The world of ideas will not be avoided by Americans when it can be organized by them. A shrewd observer once said that the American attitude toward Europe was one of cultural inferiority but administrative contempt. Once Americans can become executive secretary or founder of an organization dealing with an idea, they feel themselves again at home; they can then limit their direct responsibility to arrangements, and they are willing to spend more time and energy bringing various European intellectuals together to discuss an idea than could ever be found even among the Europeans who think it most important. Alongside of the American producer and the American consumer in Europe must be placed the American coöperator, who treats it not as a market, nor primarily as a seat of culture, but as a mission field.

PROFESSIONAL AID

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

I

THE eighth day of a transoceanic yacht race frowned on a sea rising in long, crest-tortured rollers, sinking in foam-flecked hollows. The sky, a gray ceiling of nimbus, darkened here and there over falling showers of rain; and the sea, reflecting the hue of the clouds, ineffectually attempted independence with its flashing whitecaps. The wind, ever the tormentor of sky and sea, pressed heavily from the west, ironically belying its force by the delicate tracery of its invisible fingers on the breasts of the waves.

At about the forty-fifth meridian of longitude and the fortieth parallel of latitude — an intersection discernible only to the human imagination — a small schooner of low freeboard drove across the tumbling confusion of the waves. There were men aboard her, and by that token the schooner was superior to the chaotic triune of wind, sky, and sea — she alone having definite form and pursuing a definite course. And these were men indeed, as could be told from the sail the schooner carried. It was not in the reefed mainsail that they asserted superiority. The two tucks in that expanse of

canvas, bellying outboard to starboard, were, in fact, a concession to the pressure of the wind. But the number three spinnaker, its four-inch pole flexing like a willow wand, its thin canvas straining at the seams! That impertinent kite showed invincibility of mind.

And yet the men aboard the 54-foot over-all schooner, half of them sitting in the cockpit while the other half slept below, saw nothing magnificent in their audacious defiance. Those on watch — except the captain-helmsman, who occupied himself otherwise — looked steadily at the whipping spinnaker pole, at the frail triangle of cotton interposed before the rushing strength of the hard westerly. They would have said — had said, in fact — that if the Lord objected He could easily blow it away. Failing divine interference, if the spinnaker drove the schooner so fast that the sea sucked aboard her stern, the sail could readily be handed and passed below. While it preserved its integrity against the wind it added three knots to the schooner's speed and steadied her helm in the lifting overtaking seas. There was appreciation in the eyes of the three idlers of the watch on deck, an amused quirking of the lips as they regarded the spinnaker and reflected that under ordinary circumstances a yacht like theirs would have been hove to. But they were racing.

The captain, who was also the owner and at the moment the helmsman of the schooner *Thetis*, looked only occasionally at the racing sail, and then only when the heave of a swell rolled the little ship to port and he wanted visual assurance that the spinnaker pole would not jab the wave crests. He steered with an automatic coördination of muscle and sense, a coördination so perfect that it almost defies division into its separate elements.

The helmsman's hands on the wheel, for instance, now lax and now suddenly white-knuckled, kept the schooner as true as might be on her easterly course — and it was the touch of the wheel which largely told him when to apply strength to right or left. So swift, so instinctive, was the reaction that the sensory impulses short-circuited direct to the muscles and even transcended instantaneity, to the end that for long periods of time the schooner hung immovable on her course, no more than a finger's strength sufficing on one spoke or another to keep her so.

Yet the little black-hulled schooner, presenting her stern to the onward drive of the rolling seas, was potentially able to outdo the strength of two men if more than an instant's inattention gave her charge. She could broach — that is the word of awful significance — and bury her nose and be pressed down by the weight of the wind in her sails while the sea threw high her stern and rolled her over. And then what of the men in her cockpit and those four below who had done their trick and had reposed their lives in the keeping of the helmsman?

But it was not by the delicacy of his strong hands alone that the captain steered. His eyes, clear, now snapping with enjoyment, now soft with content, watched intermittently the compass needle in the binnacle before him. That noiselessly oscillating magic of immovability gave the base course, the steering ideal. The hands, deceived by a groove in the sea when the yacht rode even-keeled and true, might have departed from the ideal by a point or more. But the needle, transmitting its immutability to the eyes and thence to the hands, brought her back again. Nor did the eyes linger in self-hypnosis on the compass card. They looked out ahead to see that the course was clear; they sought every minute the telltale whipping forward from the mainmast-

head; they watched the tumble of the seas near and far, and ranged often the sails and rigging. Each glance of the clear blue eyes conveyed to the captain's brain a message of reassurance, each constituted an addition to his overflowing cup of timely knowledge.

With all going well, the sense of hearing was not called upon to aid the steersman's other senses. His ears picked up but let go the spasmodic conversation of his watchmates, and the overtone of the wind in the rigging. They were attuned only to the sibilant susurrus of the schooner's rush through the water, the rhythm of the waves overtaking.

In this art which the captain practised, the sense of touch informed him by another means. The wind, ruffling the short hairs of his neck, was a truer guide even than the masthead telltale. The eyes must impart many messages to the brain, but the skin has only to feel the direction of the wind. If the skin of the cheek as well as that at the back of the neck feels the draft, then the wind has shifted and some change must be made in steering. If, however, the cheek warms again, then it was only a temporary flaw and the course may remain the same.

Blending with all these sense impressions which made steering possible in that hard-pressed sea was the authority given by still another sense — the captain's sense of balance. At intervals the ship rose to a wave and for an instant hung. Then occurred a transition so slight as to be indefinable — so slight that not the compass card could detect it, not even the trained responsiveness of the hands on the wheel. But the helmsman's body as a whole felt the infinitesimal change in balance, and the anticipatory message was telegraphed to the wheel. Sliding off the crest of the wave, the yacht drove fast and true.

All this complicated human mechanism of steering was accomplished without fettering the imagination of the helmsman. His conscious brain forged ahead to possible eventualities, reflected back to past experiences on such stormy days at sea. His judgment hovered in a state of delicate equilibrium, ready to interpret an unusual sound in the schooner's rigging or to seize a portent from the sea. On a moment when the *Thetis* lifted high on a greedy, disappointed wave, he looked ahead and saw a patch of weeds in the course. Instantly a ferment started in his cup of knowledge.

II

The schooner had cruised for days the axis of the Stream, where Gulf weed floats in long brown disrupted banners. She had ploughed through it, and her men, leaning over the side, had scooped up handfuls of the growth to examine it for crustacean life. Gulf weed had been a commonplace of the voyage. But, the Stream curving northeast while the yacht continued east, its distinctive weed had thinned. This patch ahead lacked the suggestion of buoyancy and mobility. Better, then, not to sail through it, but to give it a berth and watch it as it went by. At the next wave crest the patch was dead ahead and a hundred yards away. Tenderly the helmsman altered course to starboard and prepared to look overboard to port. The weed flashed by and a wave in the schooner's wake broke over it.

The helmsman spoke: 'Boys, did you see that? The stump of a spar with moss growing on it. Three feet in diameter and twenty feet long — end on.'

The three in the cockpit jumped up and looked astern. They sat down. One of them spoke: 'Hmph. Good

thing you saw it, Charley. It would have gone clean through us.'

'Good thing it was n't night,' said another. 'Bye-bye *Thetis*.'

The spell of silence having been broken, the captain, shifting slightly on the wheel box, asked one of his shipmates for a cigarette. When it had been thrust, ready lighted, between his lips, he puffed and offered comment. 'Good going, this. Wonder how the boys on the sloop *Alcazar* are making it?'

'I dare say they're carrying on,' said the first speaker in the cockpit; but added, admiringly, 'I never saw a boat pushed like this one, Charley.'

The captain shifted position again. 'A grand rag, that small spinnaker. I don't see why it stays with us.' Thus he disclaimed personal merit. Of his skill as a helmsman, no thought entered his consciousness. A clock struck in the cabin, its quick double notes faintly covering the rush of wind and water. 'Read the log, somebody,' continued Charley. 'We're making knots.'

One of the three rose and half climbed, half walked around the helm to the low taffrail. He leaned over, his bare toes hooked over the mainsheet traveler, supporting and steadying himself on knees and elbows. Astern the white cotton log line spun dizzily and whipped the water in long, serpentine billows. The revolving wheel of the log stopped reluctantly as the sailor bent his hands from the wrists and brought the moisture-beaded dial into range of his vision. 'Twelve point eight,' said he. 'That's — let me see — ten and a half miles since five. A tenth less than the previous hour. I wonder if the wind's letting up, Skipper.'

The captain stole a second from his employment and cast a glance around the heavens. 'Maybe,' he conceded. 'But as long as we're doing better than ten we'll carry on with this short rig. No use running risks.'

'Oh, I was n't criticizing!' exclaimed the sailor, steadying himself with a hand on the captain's shoulder as he stepped back into the cockpit. 'If I were in command I'd have been hove to all night.'

'Yes, you would,' jeered one of his watchmates. 'You'd be blowing away topsails, ten every hour.'

The first sailor and the captain grinned. 'You're a sail-carrying crew,' observed the latter, happily. 'And look at the smile on the face of Chris.'

The paid cook had emerged from the galley hatch and stood by the fore shrouds, reacquainting himself with the appearance of a stormy sky and sea. He looked aft and caught his employer's eye. 'Where we go now?' he shouted. 'To hell maybe?'

'Speak for yourself, Chris,' returned the captain. 'We're all pure aft here. How do you like ocean racing, Chris?'

The cook nodded his head in enjoyment and admiration. 'You fellers sure know how to sail!' he exclaimed. 'I'll get you a good hot breakfast.'

A murmur of appreciation rose from the cockpit. 'Good man, that,' said one. 'The first pro I've ever seen that was n't sick or scared in an ocean race. But he positively likes it.'

Chris, with one foot down his hatchway, took a look around. He pointed suddenly to northward. 'Look!' he shouted. 'Schooner in distress!'

'The *Alcazar*, I hope,' said the captain, skeptically.

'No. Honest. A coal hooker or something. Mainmast gone and sails carried away. See the shirt in the fore rigging?'

Everybody jumped up, and one sprang to the weather main shrouds. 'Yes,' he confirmed. 'Her hull's practically awash, and I see men waving from her quarter-deck. What do we do, Charley?'

'Get that spinnaker in quick. We'll have a look.'

There was instant concerted action. The man in the rigging jumped down and ran to the lee pinrail, from which he upset the spinnaker halliard to the deck. Another jumped to the foremast, and the third, at the word of command, cast off the after spinnaker guy. The outer end of the spinnaker pole swept forward, spilling the wind out of the sail. The man by the foremast jumped the jaw of the pole clear and staggered aft with it. The man at the halliard cast off, but kept the line within the circle of his arms as he hauled down the shaking spinnaker and smothered it. As the racing sail came in, Chris, acting spontaneously, shot the staysail up.

'Snappy work, boys!' called the skipper. 'Set the jib too, cast off the boom tackle, and then come aft on the main sheet.'

III

For the moment interest in the discovered wreck was in abeyance, and even when the *Thetis* on her new course plunged toward it the crew were concerned with their own change of circumstance. Instead of flying smoothly (however dangerously) before the wind, they were now jammed hard upon it. Two men from the watch below, finding themselves thrown from their weather bunks to the cabin floor, came up rubbing sleepy eyes. A vicious burst of spray doused them from head to waist and they descended with howls of protest. The *Thetis* became a leaning, laboring thing, her decks and booms dripping and her bow rising and falling with a force that jarred. Instead of slipping quietly by, waves now broke against her port side, and the wind which whined evilly in the rigging threw the crests high.

'There's weight behind this breeze!' exclaimed Charley, whose helmsmanship was now concerned only with meeting the onrushing waves to best advantage. 'Glad we have n't had this for the last eight days.'

A shout from below preceded the eruption of four men from the cabin. They were all clad for heavy weather, and they scrambled to places in the crowded cockpit with expectancy in their faces.

'What's the big idea?' asked their leader, amateur mate of the amateur crew. He was large, his bulk accentuated by the close fit of the borrowed oilskin jacket into which he had thrust himself. The straining sleeves stopped short of his wrists and the button and buttonhole at the throat came not within three inches of meeting. With the first dash of spray his bare head glistened, while drops streamed from his rugged face and coursed unregarded down the strong column of his throat.

Charley glanced at this tower of strength affectionately. 'Glad you came up, Hank,' said he. 'We've sighted a shipwrecked schooner, and we'll need your moral support.'

'Not one of our compet — No, I see her. Golly, she *is* wrecked. Say, Charley, it's been blowing out here.'

'And still is. We've got all we can stand under this rig, but I need both headsails for manœuvring.'

'Right. What'll you do? Come up under the schooner's lee?'

'Yes, but they'll have to jump. We can't go alongside.'

'We-ll,' the mate drawled in disagreement, and then changed his mind. 'I guess you're right. We've still got the race to think of. Hope they can swim.'

Each corkscrew heave of the *Thetis* brought her nearer to the wreck, which was now seen to be heeled to an appalling angle. Five men clung to the

weather rail of the slanting poop deck, and their calls for help came thinly down the wind. Charley, on his feet now, sized up the situation. He knew little of merchant schooners and could not guess the life expectancy of this one. She might float for an hour or a month. His problem was how to approach her. There might be — there was — wreckage to leeward. He must not go too close. And yet he must not expect her crew to swim far. Perhaps they were on the edge of exhaustion. Nor could he throw his own vessel into the wind and let her lie there indefinitely, her sails spilling. Slatting about, they would blow to pieces.

'Boys,' he suddenly said, 'her stern's pretty much up in the wind, and we'll pass under the bow and come about to weather. I'll luff past as close as I dare and we'll tell 'em what to do as we go by. Then we'll have to work fast. As soon as I get room I'll run off, jibe over —'

'Jibe, in this?' someone asked incredulously.

'The boom will be hauled flat. She'll stand it. We'll jibe, shoot up, and lose headway abreast her stern. Hank, you tend jib sheets; Chris, stand by to back the jumbo; and the rest of you heave lines and haul the men aboard. Somebody fetch the megaphone now, and stand by to come about.'

They passed close to leeward of the wreck. Her mainmast with its smaller spars and shreds of sail trailed in the water, still held by the starboard shrouds, which on the instant snatched the sticks back to punch hollowly against her. Of her decks all but the poop and forecastle were under water, and the sea tumbled over her weather bulwark to resurge convulsively over her waist. The foremast and the bowsprit, still upthrust, seemed to lean despairingly from the wind's blast. A sound of the groaning of tortured wood and wire came to the *Thetis* as she punched by.

Now the *Thetis* tacked to weather of the wreck, and the crew saw how her main chain plates had been torn away, opening up her port side and letting the mast go by the board. This side was high out of water, — at least, as the breaking waves fell away from it, — and all the opened seams of its black planks wept rivulets.

A leaping sea threw the *Thetis* bodily so that scarce twenty feet of open water kept her from the sullen hulk, and a voice which carried upwind arose from her poop. 'Sheer off, you fools! You can't do anything to weather of us!'

Charley smiled as his crew watched him anxiously. He raised his megaphone. 'Pipe down and take instructions. Can you all swim?'

'All but one. What's the matter with your dory?'

'It won't live in this sea. I'll round up to loo'ard. Jump as you see your chance. We can handle you all at once.'

Hank added a postscript. 'Here's a lifebuoy with a rope. Give it to the one that can't swim.' He swung his powerful arm and a white ring bounced over the ship's rail. A grasping hand caught the attached rope and Hank let go its end. The *Thetis* passed astern.

Instantly Charley brought up his helm and paid her head off. Her jibs, from curved, straining boards, became gently shaking cloth. The spray dropped and the motion eased, but now the mainsail, feeling the wind on its leech, began jumping and pulling intermittently at its taut sheet. 'Jibe oh!' cried the captain. 'Weather jib sheet! Hold on!' With a sudden shift from port to starboard the main boom swept rebelliously through its narrow arc, and for the instant that the *Thetis* swung

broadside to the wind she lay over on her starboard beam ends. Then, rudder and pressure of wind assisting her, she whisked around, presented her bowsprit to the eye of the wind, righted, and lost headway. She lay where her captain wanted her, no more than a long jump from the hulk, smooth water between.

'Your only chance, men!' he shouted through his megaphone. 'I might crock up next time.'

They slid, scrambled, and fell down the sloping deck and plunged, heads thrown back, into the water. Three swam independently and reached the *Thetis's* side in ten strokes and were hauled aboard. The fourth wore the white life ring beneath his arms, and the fifth paddled with the end of the rope in his fist. He passed it up to reaching hands, and turned back to his helpless comrade. But impatient voices restrained him. 'We've got him, all right. Come within reach. We can't lie here all day.'

To these persuasions Charley added his. 'We're gathering sternway, boys. If we get meshed in those spars and rigging we'll never get out. Now! I've got to let her fill away. Back that jumbo, Chris.'

'Heave ho!' cried Hank, hauling in the port jib sheet, but watching the rescue operations over his shoulder. 'There are five aboard us, Charley. Is that all, Cap?'

'That's all — and damn glad to be here. Where are you bound?'

'Never mind that now,' answered Charley. 'I'm jibbing again.' His heart thumped with the exultation of a dangerous job well done. His eyes shone. 'Somebody write up the log and get their names and facts. Oh, and the patent log. Did that foul anything?'

'No. It was taken in.'

'Fine. Stream it, and — jibe oh!'

Again the close-hauled mainsail thundered over, and now as its sheet was slacked out the *Thetis* resumed the long rushing roar of her former gait. The derelict dwindled rapidly over her port quarter.

'I guess you can set that spinnaker again. No. Wind's moderated a lot. Make it the size larger. . . . Well, men, you're welcome to what hospitality we have.'

IV

To the crew of the *Thetis* these five shipwrecked mariners who lay exhausted on the schooner's deck were Titans of the sea. They belonged to that unfathomable, almost mythical order of beings who keep to the sea in all seasons to wrest a scanty living from it; who, with inadequate equipment and in insufficient numbers, drive ponderous schooners through winter gales, and arrive, overdue, unconscious of their heroism. These five, who had suffered shipwreck and stared death in the face, who had accepted rescue without visible emotion, were objects of special admiration. Under their eyes, and particularly under the eyes of their captain, who had shown his contempt of amateurs in the moment before his rescue, the Thetans must sail with every ounce of smartness at their command.

As was to be expected, the story of the mariners' privations was simply told. In a hard blow seven days previously the schooner *Maribella's* cargo had shifted. To top that, the main chain plates had pulled out of timbers which had long been rotting, and the mast had given way. A week of pumping had been in vain. The stores were wet and the fresh water was gone. The end had been in sight when the *Thetis* came up. Luck had been with them, and now where were they bound?

Hank brought brandy, and Chris fresh water and biscuits, and promised hot food within the hour. Feeling the stimulant, the shipwrecked ones sat up and looked about them in amazement.

Their captain, who gave his name as Duggan, voiced their wonder.

'What the hell is this little peanut shell doing here with no harbor to run to? Racing? Where? To England from New York? What for? For the *sport* of it? Could anybody be so crazy as to look for sport in mid-ocean in a thing like this?'

These questions prodded the pride of the Thetans. Their schooner was a staunch little ship, designed especially for ocean cruising. They raced her because there was no sport like it — no other sport in which man pitted his wits against the elements while in competition with his fellows.

It was Duggan's opinion, candidly expressed, that if they wanted to live to race another day they'd better be jogging along under foresail and wung-out jumbo.

'But what about the other birds?' asked Charley, who had been relieved of the wheel. 'There are four of them back there who won't be jogging along. They'll be carrying on.'

'What! More of them doing the same?' asked Duggan, his wonderment increasing. 'Well, if there were any professional seamen in the lot they'd be riding easy under square sails.'

Professionals. The Thetans had small opinion of such as ship aboard yachts, looking for soft berths and generally finding them; and these shipwrecked mariners had been excluded from that category. But here was the classification out of Duggan's own mouth — if they had the wisdom of professionals they'd be playing safe under square sails.

'If any of our adversaries are carrying square sails,' said Charley, 'you don't have to ask why they're behind us. This number two spinnaker of ours makes us know we're racing.'

'So that's what you call that balloon, eh? I was wondering what it was. Looks to me like a man-killer.' Duggan cast his glance aloft. 'Look at your spars buckling. And look at that damn slender preventer stay. It is n't heavy enough to seize a clew to a boom, and if that lets go you'll be like we were a week ago.'

'That's a chance we have to take,' said Charley; 'and I hope you won't feel you've jumped out of the frying pan into the fire.'

'Who, me? Race your fool heads off for all of me. But suppose the ship does break up beneath your feet and you have to take to the small boats. Where'd you be in that dory, even without the five of us?'

The crew of the *Thetis*, attending to this conversation with interest and a sense of disillusionment, glanced at the dory lashed bottom up on deck and grinned. It was intended for ferrying men to shore in quiet harbors. Five was its maximum capacity in still water. There were now fourteen souls aboard. The dory situation was one of the inherent humors of ocean racing. It never had seemed more laughable than at the present moment.

'We'd have to swim ashore,' said Charley; and the conversation lapsed.

Around midday, by which time the rescued mariners had fed and had fallen into a heavy sleep below decks, the wind moderated still more, and changes were made in the schooner's sail spread. The reefs in the main were shaken out and the whole sail hoisted. The spinnaker was taken in. The balloon jib and balloon staysail were set and the course was slightly altered so that these swollen acres of canvas would fill and draw to top advantage.

By these changes the schooner's speed was maintained despite the softened wind.

As Duggan came topside in the afternoon his eye lighted to see blue between the scurrying wefts of cloud. But his square, unshaven jaw dropped as he looked forward and observed the schooner's mountain of canvas. Speechless, he walked gingerly to the foremast and with his tough fingers felt the texture of the balloon staysail. It was thin, like the cloth of a much-laundered shirt. He returned aft and sat down. Like a man in the zoo he inspected one by one those of the Thetans who were on deck, seeming to see rare specimens in which indications of rampant madness were all too evident. But he remained silent, neither displaying interest in the badinage which flashed back and forth between the light-hearted watchmates nor offering to help them in the minor details of ship's work which engaged their hands.

Three of Duggan's shipmates dribbled up, refreshed, and grouped themselves compactly near him. They were clad in an odd assortment of flannel trousers and varsity sweaters with the initials turned in. In response to questions they declared that they had never felt better; but they too seemed disinclined to talk or mingle with their rescuers. They exchanged words among themselves, but these were monosyllabic. They touched cleats and rope ends and such other small objects as lay within their reach — touched them wonderingly, as one will a baby's hand, or a tiny bird's egg.

At supper time the commander of this incomprehensible craft came up from a berth which he had fashioned for himself on the cabin floor. He inspected carefully the stand and trim of the sails and climbed aloft to look for signs of chafe. Satisfied, he came down and for some minutes watched in silence the run of the sea and the appearance of clouds and westering sun. At length he gave the result of his deliberations.

'I think we'll have a good night, eh, Hank? Certainly no reason for shortening before sundown.'

'Everything's as slick as hair oil. We batted off 240 between afternoon sights, yesterday and to-day. And that's going.'

Captain Duggan stirred and spoke. ''Scuse me, Cap'n, but you ain't thinking of carrying this light stuff all night, are you?'

'Why, yes. Every mile we make in this westerly weather is good for two miles at the other end. Play your luck while it lasts, or it won't last.'

'I was just wondering. S'pose there was some other derelict like the *Maribella* on your course at night. What then?'

Charley shrugged his shoulders. 'I've also heard,' said he, 'of icebergs, and ships struck by meteors. We take those chances.'

'At least you keep a proper lookout?'

'I've been thinking of that. You noticed, I suppose, that we have places in the two cabins for only six to sleep at one time. Your cook has gone forward to help Chris, and there's a spare berth for him in the fo'c'sle. So that leaves just a dozen of us aft. Now, I don't want to make you work, as we have a full crew without you; but I'm afraid you'll have to stand watches with the rest of us, so there'll be room to sleep. If you and your men care to do lookout duty, it would be a first-rate solution of the difficulty.'

'That's fine. Men, we'll keep the regular watch order, and I'll stand with the captain here. And, Cap, don't think we don't want to work. Anything we can do, or any advice my mate and I can give, we'll be glad to.'

V

No doubt it was the memory of his almost fatal shipwreck which warped Duggan's weather judgment in the continuing days of fine westerly weather. This, and his deep-rooted conviction that a yacht less than sixty feet long was a rich man's toy, fit only for harbor sailing. The advice which he contributed with less and less reserve was always on the side of caution. Fair-weather clouds, when robbed of the lingering luminosity of the setting sun, became the forerunners of black squalls. Minor fluctuations of the barometer aroused his concern.

Once, calling upon his years of experience to back up his dicta, Duggan persuaded Charley to take in his kites on the advent of a midnight squall. But his acceptability as a weather prophet terminated when with the lapse of two hours of expectant waiting nothing happened.

Duggan's men, ever suspicious of the amateurs' sailing ability, but faithful to their duties as lookouts, met their Waterloo on the day when, the fine weather ending, the *Thetis* crashed into an easterly. This was in the Chops of the Channel, where the ocean shoals and the waves are steep. The Thetans could and did make allowances, for they had been unmercifully shaken up the day after the start. They knew, too, that a man who is immune in big ships or even in ships of moderate size may succumb to the violence of a small yacht lying on her ear in a short head sea.

So on this revealing occasion the Thetans said nothing, and did not even exchange meaning glances among themselves. But the distressed mariners, more distressed now than they had been in a lifetime of sailing, dropped their heads in mortification. Lookout duty might have seemed to them a supererogation when each tortured, sea-whipped lurch of the frail *Thetis* promised to be her last. They huddled wet and miserable during their tours on deck, and one of them expressed the sentiments of all when he said, 'We knew we were going to drown on the *Maribella* schooner, but this damn being half drowned and half bounced to death is what gets me.'

When the strong clear easterly gave way to a thick southwesterly and the *Thetis* once more laid her course, her captain showed first signs of worriment. He was now, after more than two weeks of unlimited sea room, running fast on a lee shore, and a reliable fix was as important as the need for making every minute count. But here luck intervened. At noon the sun showed itself long enough for an accurate shot for latitude, and two hours later two coasters crossed the *Thetis's* bow — one bound north and the other south.

At sight of them the worried frown left Charley's face. 'Boys,' said he, bringing a folded chart up on deck, 'here's where we are. Latitude by observation, forty-nine, fifty-two; longitude, a line drawn close to westward of Wolf Rock. See? That's where those coasters are going — one south out of the Irish Sea, having rounded the Longships and given the Wolf a berth, and the other on the reverse course.' He gave the helmsman a steering order that, allowing for tides, would take them close past the Lizard.

But Duggan interposed his last objection. 'I want to say, Cap, that in the last nine days I've changed my mind about yachts and gentlemen sailors. I take off my hat to you for making a schooner go. But going it blind on a day as thick as this ain't seamanship.'

'How do you mean, "going it blind"?' asked Charley. 'My latitude was good; and what could be better than longitude gained from those two

coasters? Don't they know their way?'

'Yes, they know it; but you don't. They might be going anywhere but where you say.'

'But where? Would they be running on to the rocks of the Scillies? Or full bore into Mount's Bay? And we can't be as far east as Plymouth. You'll find I'm right, Duggan. I've cruised this region.'

'That's all right, but if this were my ship coming on to a foreign coast I'd feel my way. You'll pile her up, and then what will the underwriters say? Were you taking it easy? Did you run a line of soundings?'

'I'm not insured. So what do you say, boys?' And Charley put it up to his men.

'I say I'm with you until the keel rises up through the deck,' said Hank. 'That bad spell of easterly weather let the sloop *Alcazar* and probably a couple other windward workers slip through us. At least we don't want to finish last.'

So the final hundred miles were run in an atmosphere brittle as icicles. The Thetans felt intuitively that if ever they had held the ascendancy over their rivals they had lost it in the head winds. The Maribellans knew that they would yet have to swim for their lives, holding to the gunwales of that ridiculous dory. And the quartering sea roared, and invisible steamers bound down Channel shaved them as darkness came in, and every man jack stayed up to see the finish.

The siren of the Lizard boomed too close as they flashed by it in a thin fog. But it sounded when and where the captain of the *Thetis* wanted it. And four hours later — but it seemed like fifteen minutes — they clocked their time of rounding Plymouth breakwater and brought up in the anchorage. No committee came to greet them, and until morning there was no way of telling whether they were first boat in or last. This gave to the transoceanic its final fillip of excitement.

There were people at home fully as anxious for news of the finish of the race as the crew of the *Thetis*, and they had only another day to wait for it. It ran, from the facile pen of a shore correspondent: 'At 12.15 Monday morning the yacht *Thetis* won the transoceanic race in the remarkable time of seventeen days and seven hours, setting up a record for small yachts that may stand for many years. She defeated her nearest competitor, the sloop *Alcazar*, by twenty-three hours and forty minutes. On the harrowing voyage the *Thetis* figured in the thrilling rescue of the captain and four men of the merchant schooner *Maribella*, abandoned in mid-Atlantic. While there is no inclination here to belittle the sterling performance of the amateur crew of the *Thetis*, it is believed in shipping circles that they could not have won such an overwhelming victory without the superior ability of the professional seamen from the *Maribella*. If this is true, the race must take its place among the stirring romances of the sea. In return for their lives, Captain Thomas Duggan and his men from the *Maribella* showed the amateur sailors the way to the winning post. . . .'

There was more in this vein, but a little should suffice.

CAN SCIENCE CONTROL LIFE?

BY LAWRENCE HYDE

I

Sociology is the most modern of the sciences. It is also, from the human point of view, the most important of them all. About half a century ago there took place what was perhaps the most momentous step that has ever been accomplished in the whole history of scientific inquiry: it occurred to man to apply to his own behavior the methods of observation and analysis which he had already employed with such singular effect in other fields of research. And the result was the birth of a science which offers the race possibilities for the future which are infinitely more impressive than those which are presented to it by any other type of investigation. The physical sciences are on the way to providing us with the means of modifying and controlling our terrestrial environment; sociology may one day enable us to master the incalculably more formidable problem of modifying and controlling ourselves. Is it therefore surprising that for many minds it has to-day usurped the place of theology as the queen of the sciences?

The significance of this change of allegiance is worth a moment's attention. Why does a discipline like theology present itself as being so dead and otiose to the typically modern man, while his imagination is deeply stirred by the notion of applying scientific method to the control of human affairs? There are several reasons, and perhaps the most important lies in the fact that the science of sociology places a tremendously powerful weapon in the hands of the purely humanistic thinker. The faith of the average educated person to-day is in Man — in Man as opposed to God. It is this fact, more perhaps than any other, which serves to determine the characteristic quality of modern thought. Looking at men's attempts in the past to deal with the problems of their social and individual existence, one cannot but observe that they have always been offered a choice between two great alternatives: that of putting their trust primarily in something other than and beyond themselves — in inspiration, revelation, and the providence of God; and that of relying primarily upon their natural resources — upon the employment of the reason and the exercise of good will. In the face of this dilemma the modern man has made an unhesitating decision: he has adopted the second course. And he has done so in this resolute fashion largely because for the first time in history science has provided him with what appears to be a really substantial basis for conducting his affairs for himself. Not that the theory of what may be termed the self-sufficingness of man has not been steadily acquiring prestige among us ever since the Renaissance. But it is only with the very recent development of the so-called social sciences that it has assumed a really formidable character. For we are living to-day in an age in which science has come into its own.

And this signifies that the practical employment of the reason on human problems means something very different for us moderns from what it meant for the philosopher of the eighteenth century. It means eugenics, applied ethnology, Taylorism, the manipulation of the endocrine glands, psychoanalysis, and scientific pedagogy.

It is in science that the characteristically modern man puts his trust for the future of society. He may, if he is religiously-minded, choose to regard the exercise of his natural powers as being in reality an expression of those of God through the human instrument. But it is to the results of scientific investigation that he looks first of all for light upon the conduct of his affairs. And he does so at his peril. For, although it is true that he has a great deal to hope from those technical experts in whose capacities he is placing such reliance, it is true also that it is on their integrity that he is henceforward dependent for his salvation. If they fail him, then he is lost indeed. He will therefore only be displaying elementary prudence in making sure that they are doing their work efficiently.

II

When now, from this point of view, we subject the conclusions of sociology — to use the term in its broadest possible sense — to a critical analysis, what do we find? We find that, though fruitful enough in many respects, they are apt to be as misleading as they are illuminating, and this for the sufficient reason that those people who are engaged in this particular branch of research have never yet fairly faced the exceptionally difficult problems which it can be seen to raise for them. They have conducted their investigations with exceptional care, but they have at the same time shown an astonishing indifference to the assumptions on which their theorizing is based. They have been too absorbed in objective facts to pay attention to principles, and the result is a state of affairs which can only be regarded by reflective minds as extremely disquieting.

The obstacles which impede the progress of sociological research are of two main types: those of a purely technical nature attending the application of scientific methods to the study of man; and those of a more subtle, and infinitely more dangerous, order which are associated with the personality of the investigator. We will consider them in turn.

In relation to the question of technique, the very first difficulty which presents itself is that of the limits of the measurable.

Although it is not perfectly accurate to say that 'science is measurement,' it is nevertheless true that to be scientific in dealing with any type of problem is to consider it as far as possible in that detached and systematic spirit in which the physicist contemplates his atoms and electrons. But to treat human beings in this fashion is inevitably to deal only with their least vital characteristics, with those aspects of their nature which are constant, invariable, and mechanical, and for that reason the most unimportant of all. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that in the case of man it is his *least* measurable characteristics which are the most significant. Looked at from the scientific point of view, the outstanding difference between, say, a lump of copper and a man is that the qualities of the copper which are measurable happen also to be those which interest us most from the point of view of understanding its fundamental nature and building up an accurate picture of the physical uni-

verse. With man, on the contrary, the position is exactly reversed. It is now just the 'imponderables' which are of the most significance. So far as he is a creature that passes on the pigmentation of its eyes to its offspring in accordance with Mendelian laws, that possesses physical organs with definite, measurable capacities, — that, in a word, reflects in its own rhythms the wider rhythms of Nature, — man can be dealt with effectively by science. But so far as he evolves processes like the differential calculus, worships his Maker, practises yoga, writes, and listens to music, he passes outside the sphere of measurability and becomes a mystery — something which can only be understood by the exercise of intuition and imagination.

That man is by nature a recalcitrant type of subject matter for science is a fact which every branch of anthropological research is sooner or later called upon to face. Take, to begin with, the case of social statistics. They are 'scientific,' since they resolve themselves into the enumeration of precise and concrete facts. But just because they lend themselves so effectively to systematic treatment such facts are the least important, the least illuminating, the least *central* of all. For, owing to the nature of his interest, the scientist is obliged to concern himself exclusively with the plane, not of creative, but of spent forces. What he tabulates, correlates, and analyzes are the resultants of the interaction of all manner of subtle and vital factors which can never themselves be susceptible either of direct measurement or of effective formulation. The 'facts' which he accumulates relate only to the outside circumstances of the case, to the state of the environment, and not to the tendencies which have combined to bring that state into being. The statistician only arrives upon the scene when the accident has already happened, when the life has already left the body. As a consequence the particulars which he accumulates can never throw any real light on the deeper issues of the social problem.

Or turn to economics. The economist's aims are realistic. His object is to get a grip upon the really vital movements in social life. But he is a scientist. And as a scientist he is constrained to think exclusively in terms of concrete units like dollars and pounds. The result is that he is automatically precluded from dealing with fundamentals. Only consider his attempts to handle the problem of 'welfare.' If he thinks of it in terms of purely material possessions — and as an economist it is extremely convenient for him to do so — he is led into such absurdities as that perpetrated by the late Professor Marshall when he wrote in his *Principles of Economics* that 'if the money measure of the happiness caused by two events are [*sic*] equal, there is not, in general, any very great difference between the amounts of happiness in the two cases.' If, on the other hand, he has the good sense to recognize that a monetary standard of welfare is hopelessly artificial and unreal, he finds himself in the dilemma of Professor Pigou, who reaches the fatal conclusion that 'there is no guarantee that the effects produced on the part of welfare that can be brought into relation with the measuring-rod of money may not be canceled by effects of a contrary kind brought about in other parts, or aspects, of welfare: and, if this happens, the practical usefulness of our conclusions is wholly destroyed.' In fine, the plane on which economic transactions are accomplished is not the plane of vital realities; the significance of any relationship as it is expressed in dollars and cents is perpetually being modified by the opera-

tion of factors which science is unable to envisage in any clear terms.

III

But it is psychology which provides us with the most striking indication of the difficulties with which the scientific student of man finds himself confronted. The modern psychologist is no less realistic than the economist. He realizes clearly enough that if he is going to tackle the human problem in any serious sense he must deal with man, not simply as a being who reacts in a certain way to muscular stimuli, or who becomes tubercular if the amount of vitamines in his food falls below a certain point, but as a creature who is filled with strange and profound passions, who is actuated by obscure hopes and fears, who is capable of idealism, aspiration, and self-sacrifice. What course does he take in the face of this very difficult situation?

The answer is simple enough. He extends the range of his investigations and *pretends* that he is still being as 'scientific' as he was before. He preserves the same rigor in the treatment of his data while disguising from himself the fact that those data are now of an entirely different order. Different, at least, in this sense, that whereas the 'facts' with which physical science deals are substantially 'the same for all observers,' those with which psychology is involved are of by no means the same character. Why? Because they can only be apprehended after a preliminary act of introspection, a turning away from the plane of physical facts into the mysterious inner world of thought and feeling.

This is a momentous departure. It is one thing to inspect and compare definite, concrete objects; it is quite another to inspect and compare states of mind. For what is entailed is nothing less than a passage from the quantitative to the qualitative realm; the 'objects' with which the investigator is concerning himself are now of a completely different type. Yet we find that the psychologists pass over this vitally important point with the greatest nonchalance. On all sides one meets the assumption that the 'facts' of psychology are of the same order as those of geology, physics, or chemistry. In reality they are more often than not nothing more than the results of personal, and largely amateurish, judgments of quality. They are *estimates*, the value of which depends ultimately upon the imaginativeness and sensitiveness of the observer. Professor Karl Pearson has undertaken a biometric investigation in the course of which he makes certain correlations between the health and the 'shyness' of certain school children. Is it not simply preposterous to assume that these two attributes exist on the same plane? Up to a point the state of a person's health can be ascertained by physical investigation. But the question of the degree to which he is 'shy' is one which is only to be determined by an extremely sensitive mind, trained in a particular kind of investigation. In a word, it is impossible to deal with any type of psychological experience which is of the least importance without resorting to the use of *adjectives*. And the use of adjectives is the speciality, not of the expert correlator, but of the artist — and the artistic susceptibilities of the average man of science are only too often of a painfully commonplace order.

IV

Such are some of the more obvious technical difficulties attending the scientific study of man. Let me now turn to a very much more serious aspect

of the question: the psychology of the investigator.

The modern sociologist is a pronounced extrovert. His gaze is directed outward, and he refuses obstinately to face the fact that the roots of all his thinking lie in the dark recesses of his own unexplored soul and that if that soul happens to be filled with crude or undisciplined desires the whole value of his conclusions — however 'objective' and 'detached' they may appear to be — is inevitably vitiated.

I have alluded above to the telltale insouciance with which the modern psychologist treats the fact that his data are based, unlike those of the physicist, upon an extensive appeal to introspection The same fatal indifference to the significance of inner experience is evidenced by sociological thought in all manner of ways. It is revealed notably in the blithe assumption of the average sociologist that science is going to provide us with a solution to our social problems — an assumption which involves a fundamental confusion of thought.

Science is a wonderful instrument. But it is nothing more. For a proper understanding of the function of sociology, — or, indeed, of that of any other branch of scientific research, — it is necessary to maintain a clear grasp of the fundamental principle that science is concerned with means and not with ends. It is the job of the scientist to establish correlations, irrespective of the data between which such correlations are made. His office is limited to recording relationships, and the question of the significance of those relationships is something which lies almost entirely beyond his province. The point is doubtless elementary, yet it is continually overlooked by even the best type of scientific investigator.

Take, for instance, this passage from Professor McDougall's *Group Mind:* 'In many directions — by the historians, the biologists, the anthropologists, the statisticians — data are being gathered for a Science of Society whose sure indications will enable us deliberately to guide the further evolution of the nation towards the highest ideal of a nation we can conceive.' What this statement leaves out of account is the important fact that data do not render themselves intelligible merely by being collected. They have no virtue in themselves; they are simply raw material which has no significance until it has been interpreted by superior minds. And the person who is qualified to interpret that material is not the scientist, but the expert on *values*, the thinker who is concerned with the use we make of our technical equipment. Professor McDougall, like only too many other scientific men, appears to assume that the scientific expert, the specialist in making correlations, is the same person as the expert in quality, the specialist on the subject of *ends*. The data, he tells us, 'will enable *us* deliberately to guide . . . towards the highest ideal . . . *we* can conceive.' Possibly. But let us bear carefully in mind the fact that the 'we' who collect the facts and the 'we' who perceive their significance are really two entirely different sets of people.

It is on this account that it is extremely misleading to talk, as so many people do to-day, about the 'control of life' by science. Of course it is perfectly true that the discoveries of science will one day be utilized on an enormous scale to enable us to obtain certain objects which we have chosen to set before ourselves. But any decision regarding the *worth* of those objects rests entirely with a quite different type of thinker. You cannot set to work to breed a superior race until you have first agreed upon what

you mean by the term 'superior' — and that is a matter on which you can get light, not from the eugenist, but from the poets, the mystics, and the philosophers, people who have perfected themselves in a certain kind of discrimination which is hardly called for at all in scientific research. It is this half of the problem which the more unimaginative type of scientist is continually leaving out of account. Thus we find Professor Watson, the behaviorist, referring casually to the fact that science will one day be able to foresee what a man will 'do' in a given situation. This is all very well up to a point, but we have to take into consideration the fact that the question of what a man is 'doing' is often one of extreme complexity and only to be settled by an appeal to a very refined type of susceptibility. Is A, for example, engaged in writing 'good' or 'bad' plays, in building 'ugly' or 'beautiful' houses? Even if it is true that his behavior is a mere reflex of certain chemical processes in his body, the fact remains that the scientist, in proceeding to modify those processes, will be compelled to defer to the opinion of the cultural expert in regard to the type of activity which he is to foster. In the end we come back to judgments of value, and it is not with the man of science that those judgments rest.

We may go even farther. It is not merely a question of interpreting the data after they have been amassed. The very character of those data depends entirely upon the principles on which they have been collected. It is the principles which are arrived at first; the 'facts' are then threaded upon them like beads on a string. Before you begin to collect statistics you must first decide what you are going to collect statistics *about*. Now it is clear that the significance of data depends to an enormous degree upon the skill with which the operator creates at the outset the framework which brings them into existence. Certain relationships may be vitally important from the point of view of revealing to us the deeper laws of life. But how can we proceed to consider their implications unless we have first been inspired to perceive them? What actually happens in sociology to-day is that the investigator — who is only too often, apart from his talent for collecting statistics, a perfectly commonplace individual — just accumulates facts of the type which he or the corporate members of the body under which he is working happen to consider interesting or important. But what such people think important is, after all, not really the point. Actually the judgment is one which should be made by an entirely different authority — somebody in the nature of a social philosopher, who in an ideal state of affairs would delegate to the professional statistician the type of research which it would be profitable for him to undertake.

The question is of real importance, for until the matter has been properly looked into we have no real guarantee that the sociologists, by selecting for examination just what comes into their heads, by framing questionnaires in the light of their own clouded inspiration, are not seriously misrepresenting the nature of the facts regarding psychology and social life. There may, for all we know, be a close parallel here with physics: for hundreds of years the scientists went on analyzing those properties of matter which had chanced to arouse their curiosity, and it was only with the advent of Faraday that their attention was directed to the endless possibilities of that particular property which we now know as electricity.

V

Take again the attitude of the sociologist toward his own facts. He is only too easily led to fall into the vicious error of thinking that *the measurable is identical with the significant.* And this pardonably enough. For what is measurable and measured can be collected in statistical tables, analyzed in scientific monographs, presented to the eye in the form of tangible evidence. What is just as, or more, important, on the contrary, but unfortunately non-measurable, is describable with the greatest difficulty, and then only to people who possess a certain sensitiveness of outlook. The result is that almost inevitably those aspects of social life which are dealt with by science come to be regarded, not only by scientific thinkers themselves, but by educated people generally, as being somehow more *real* than any others. And this leads to a completely misleading conception of the true situation. It involves, in fact, a very definite descent to the materialistic plane. Those elements in the complex which are tangible and concrete assume an altogether disproportionate importance in the eyes of the investigator. He tends more and more to lose sight of the fact that the potent factors at work are just those which are least easily identified and defined, and that the significant facts are almost invariably just those which slip through the meshes of his statistical net.

Or consider, further, the standpoint which he adopts toward the safeguarding of his own conclusions. He recognizes, of course, that the progress of sociological research needs to be controlled and criticized, but even here we find him exhibiting a curious disinclination to get down to the foundations of the whole problem, to admit that the character of his theorizing is determined in the last resort by what he is himself. Instead he tries all the time to deny his personal responsibility in the matter, to minimize the connection existing between his states of mind and the conclusions at which he arrives regarding the nature of life. He will do anything rather than acknowledge that it is the psychology of the observer that is in the last resort the key to the whole situation. Even those social scientists who are most critical of the methods of sociological research never quite get to the point of admitting the root cause of all their difficulties.

Take, for example, the most comprehensive and penetrating attack on the problem which has so far been undertaken: Professor J. A. Hobson's *Free-Thought in the Social Sciences.* This is a study of the first importance, an inquiry which should make every serious social scientist pause and review his methods of work. The nature and the impact of the forces conspiring to prejudice the disinterestedness of the student of human problems are analyzed in this able essay with the greatest possible care. Yet Professor Hobson has not really got down to the root of the matter at issue. For his analysis is restricted, for the most part, to the manner in which theorizing and the interpretation of data are affected by emotional bias. The data *as such* he is disposed to take for granted. He does not sufficiently appreciate the manner in which instinctive prejudice can express itself, not only in the treatment of the 'facts' when once they have been accumulated, but *in their very creation.* It is this second type of interference which is the most dangerous of all. It is not simply that some definite and assignable bias of tradition or education has perverted the growth of theory. On the contrary, what we have to do with is the psychic constitution of the investigator — the very stuff out of

which his soul is built; his ingrained naturalistic or materialistic sympathies will bring about an infinitely more subtle distortion of the truth than any which is due to these other, and more superficial, types of prejudice.

In a word, the most significant factor is the level on which the consciousness of the investigator is pitched. If the quality of that consciousness is commonplace, his conclusions will inevitably suffer as a result. A man's mind may be free from all those prejudices which Professor Hobson has so painstakingly enumerated; his reasoning may be scrupulously fair. But if he is by constitution that natural man who receiveth not the things of the Spirit, the whole of his thinking, whether about psychology, economics, or anthropology, will be perverted by his instinctive repudiation of those superior values which we are obliged to take into consideration in every problem with which the mind of man is called upon to deal.

How are we to resist effectively this interference of emotion and instinct with disinterested thought? We must look for guidance in this matter, says Professor Hobson, to the findings of 'psychology.' His answer should give us food for thought. For we cannot help observing that even after reaching this point he still shrinks from taking the final step of admitting that the integrity of a science depends in the end on the integrity of the individuals by whom it has been created. Instead he would shift the responsibility on to the shoulders of an abstraction — 'psychology.' It is this abstraction which in some inexplicable fashion is to save men from themselves. By the collective effort of their minds the psychologists are to bring into being something — a body of principles, a collection of laws — which exists on a higher plane than that on which they themselves stand, and by reference to which they can prevent themselves from falling into error. This view of the matter can hardly leave us satisfied. It should surely be obvious to such a careful thinker that if prejudice and passion can pervert our reasoning in the sphere of economics and eugenics they will exert a still more pernicious influence in the field of 'psychology' itself. What he suggests, in fact, is that we should correct the conclusions of the social sciences by the use of an instrument of even more questionable integrity.

What course, then, is left to us? How are we to proceed if we wish to ensure that the court of ultimate appeal shall not itself be an object of suspicion? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* It seems difficult to escape the inference that we are driven back to that purification of the self on which the religious teacher lays so much stress. For by what other means can we possibly secure the integrity of the master science of all — psychology? But Professor Hobson, as I say, appears to be reluctant to face this conclusion. After having resolutely pressed his inquiries to the point of recognizing that in the end everything turns on the psychological attitude of the individual theorist, he shirks instinctively the final admission that the integrity of psychology is only to be guaranteed by something which lies beyond the plane of science altogether — namely, personal regeneration. Yet his essay remains of the greatest value, for it must serve to demonstrate to even the most obstinately 'scientific' mind that truth in this sphere is not to be obtained by careful reasoning alone.

VI

Finally, we have to take account of this very serious possibility — the pos-

sibility that the real inspiration behind the activity of only too many workers in this field is nothing less than an attempt to evade certain severe demands which are being made upon them by life. The preoccupation of the sociologist with concrete and objective facts, his pronounced indifference to finer spiritual values, his conscientiously maintained attitude of detachment even in those connections where detachment is only too obviously misplaced, the lifeless and insipid style in which he is prone to express himself, his marked reluctance to recognize the psychological basis of his own reasoning — all these suggest that what we have to do with is not a positive, but rather a negative, attitude to experience. In a word, the general 'style' of this type of thinker suggests to us forcibly that the key to his activity lies in an endeavor to deal with life on unduly easy terms.

How is this endeavor expressed? Pretty completely, I think, by his exclusive concentration upon one particular type of social facts — those facts which can be ascertained by the use of the mind when it is in a calm, impartial, 'laboratory' mood. In the realm of physics, facts of this type are perfectly sufficient for our purpose if we wish to deal effectively with our material. Indeed, none other are of interest to us. In the realm of human relationships, however, the position is completely different. Here we find that if we wish to grasp the deeper nature of the problem we must take into account in addition certain other facts — facts presented to consciousness when it is in anything but a detached condition. This the scientist is reluctant to allow. He makes the bold assumption that such knowledge of men and their relationships as is susceptible of scientific treatment is of sufficient importance to provide us with a basis for positive social action — see the passage from Professor McDougall referred to above. And he is led to do so because what is behind his activity is in all too many cases an unconscious attempt to deal with life without submitting to suffering, sacrifice, and humiliation. He assumes — and assumes quite unjustifiably — that we can understand life merely by being very patient, very clear-headed, and very calm, that we can afford to dispense with those aspects of experience which exist for the mind when its perceptions are heightened by passion and pain, that we can get along without taking into account how people appear to those who look at them with the eyes of love, that those facts about them which exist only for the mystic and the artist can be safely left out in making our calculations. This is altogether false. There are no short cuts in life. By no conceivable refinement of his methods will the scientist ever be able to get round the fact that the most important data of all are those discoverable only by the individual who has developed the potencies of his soul. And this is a process which is not to be accomplished without the exercise of painful self-discipline and a profound humbling of the spirit.

In fine, the driving force behind the scientist's impersonal research is very often nothing else but an unconscious attempt to deal with life without the expenditure of love. This may seem at first sight to be a daring conclusion. But it is one which deserves at least to be seriously considered. It is difficult to explain the tremendous appeal which detached, dispassionate research in this field is making to so many thousands of minds to-day except by the fact that it appears to offer us all a way of solving our problems without being compelled to self-discipline. At last, with the development of this new branch of science, man is provided with a means

of avoiding all those painful obligations which have hitherto always been imposed upon the seeker after truth in this sphere. He can now master the human problem by a combination of ingenuity, industry, and perseverance, by asking, in a calm and impersonal mood, a prodigious number of artfully framed questions. Does not this attitude to the problem bear all too many marks of being an elaborate defense mechanism, a device for evading the more exacting conditions attending the discovery of truth?

VII

And now a word in conclusion. My object has not been to discredit the value of sociological research in general, but to call attention to certain dangers with which it appears to my mind to be attended. The difficulty lies for all of us in respect to this new branch of inquiry in the fact that, however wrong-headed its conclusions may be, they are of such a nature that they practically never strike the eye. There is nothing flagrantly misleading or perverse about them. Even if they provoke a certain uneasiness in our minds, we are provided with nothing tangible to which we can point to justify our misgivings. This is particularly apparent if we contrast the situation with that prevailing in the field of physics. The modern physicist, as opposed to his Victorian predecessor, is very fully aware that he is dealing, not with matter, but with that conception of it which happens to be consonant with the structure of the human mind. He sees that what he is handling is a number of *selected* aspects of the world. Now what led him to that realization? The criticism of those metaphysicians and philosophers who, since they entertained a more complete view of the nature of reality, were continually questioning the assumptions on which his theories were based. In sociology, on the contrary, the position is altogether different. We are not here concerned with any theories about the universe which are likely to make the philosopher prick up his ears. What is involved instead is the steady accumulation of a mass of facts about human beings — an apparently innocent proceeding. Yet what this accumulation implies is an exactly similar distortion of the truth in the interests of mechanical thought. The only difference is that instead of trying, like the nineteenth-century scientists, to mechanomorphize the universe, the modern sociologist is busily engaged in trying to mechanomorphize man. And he works in exactly the same way. He arbitrarily selects certain aspects of the problem for examination — those which strike him as being interesting or important. In the case of physics it was the metaphysicians who were called upon to protest. In the case of modern sociology it is the students of æsthetics and moral values who should be impelled to criticism.

And that criticism is badly needed. We are confronted with a manifestation of scientific materialism to-day which is incalculably more insidious than the overt materialism of the last century. The naturalistic scientist of the Victorian epoch wished to reduce all the phenomena of life to the movement of certain hard, solid particles. The attempt has proved completely unsuccessful; we see now that he was dealing, not with reality, but with an abstraction from it. Yet the attitude of the scientific mind persists. Only the mode of its manifestation has changed. Scientific naturalism at the present time is expressing itself in the accumulation of an enormous mass of social and psychological facts of a peculiar order — the facts which present them-

selves as most significant to the more materialistically-minded type of investigator. The commonplace, unspiritual, unregenerated man is to-day provided with an opportunity of expressing his attitude to the world in terms of scientific research. As a consequence, the outcome of a way of looking at life which, if it manifested itself nakedly, would repel sensitive people by its crudeness can now be successfully passed off as the result of dispassionate inquiry. Naturalism in its modern dress is not merely capable of escaping detection effectively; it is actually, by presenting itself as a 'realistic' attitude to experience, dominating the minds of thousands of people who lack that combination of intuition and analytical power which is required for piercing its disguise. And this is a sufficient reason why those modern humanists who are placing their hopes for the future of the race in our anthropologists and sociologists would be well advised to watch their behavior with peculiar care.

THE FINANCIAL STRUCTURE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Mrs. Jooks looked up from the newspaper she was reading and asked, in that bland way that gets so many husbands into trouble: —

'Walter, dear, what is a "financial structure"?'

'A what?' asked Mr. Jooks, looking up from the part of the newspaper he had been reading.

'A financial structure,' repeated Mrs. Jooks. 'It says here: "Now that the Oceanic Bank Company has secured 75 per cent of the stock of the Plethoric Title and Mortgage Company, its financial structure is complete. The Oceanic Bank Company owns 100 per cent of the stock of the Oceanic Banking Company, 80 per cent of the stock of the Transatlantic Oceanic Company, and all but the directors' qualifying shares of the International Transatlantic Company. The Plethoric Title and Mortgage Company holds 90 per cent of the stock of the Balzac Trust Company, 100 per cent of the Premium Mortgage Company" — and a lot more of the same sort of thing, Walter. What does it mean?'

'Why, that's simple, my dear,' said Mr. Jooks with a pitying smile. 'What you have just read me is the financial structure you asked me about. In this day, when great combinations of capital are required to swing the vast transactions that — '

'But I don't understand it,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'I can explain it to you very easily, Jessie,' said Mr. Jooks. 'Let us suppose that we buy a small place in the country — '

'Oh! I should love to!' exclaimed Mrs. Jooks.

'I am just supposing,' said Mr. Jooks. 'Suppose, then, we buy a small place in the country — ten acres, let us say. You and I and Dorothy put our money together and buy it. We call it

the Jooks Farming and Dairy Company, and we each put in $3333.33, and pay $10,000 for the place. That is simple, is n't it?'

'You could n't get much of a place for $10,000,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'That's just the point,' said Mr. Jooks. 'You could n't. But we do it anyway. So we go out there and start a garden. We have beets and spinach and beans and corn. So we go along for a year. At the end of the year I say to you, "Jessie, I think I'll buy a cow"; so I take my own money and pay a hundred dollars for a cow, and I call it the Jooks Cow Company. So there are now two companies — the Farming and Dairy Company, and the Cow Company. You understand that?'

'Certainly,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'Good!' said Mr. Jooks. 'We now have a cow. But we could use a pig, so you take your own money and pay fifty dollars for a pig, and you call it the Jooks Pig Company. There are now three companies.'

'I can see that,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'But Dorothy thinks a chicken can pick up a living on the place, so she buys a chicken for two dollars.'

'I don't think one chicken would be enough,' said Mrs. Jooks. 'I think one chicken would be lonely.'

'All right! All right!' said Mr. Jooks, a little irritably. 'Make it ten chickens — ten chickens for twenty dollars.'

'If you would n't mind, Walter,' said Mrs. Jooks, 'I would rather have the chickens — I always did want to have chickens.'

'Then you have the chickens,' said Mr. Jooks. 'I am only trying to explain what a financial structure is, and — '

'And I'm sure Dorothy would rather not have the pig,' said Mrs. Jooks. 'Dorothy is always so dainty about things.'

'All right! Let her have the cow,' said Mr. Jooks. 'It makes no difference whatever. I'll have the pig, capital fifty dollars, and you have the chickens, capital twenty dollars, and Dorothy has the cow, capital one hundred dollars. So you call your chickens the Mrs. Jooks Chicken Company. There are now four separate companies, all independent and good going concerns. But when we have been operating another year we find we could do better if we had more land and more stock to raise, so we look around. Next door to us are Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their son.'

'How old is the son? It would be nice for Dorothy if he was — '

'Never mind that,' said Mr. Jooks. 'The Smiths have organized much as we have. They own eight acres, and they raise cucumbers and peas and squash and corn, calling it the Smith Farming and Culturing Company. They have two cows, two hundred dollars, called the Smith Cow Company. They have no pig. They have five chickens, ten dollars, called the Smith Chicken Company. They have nine rabbits, nine dollars, called the Smith Rabbit Company. The Smiths are getting along well enough, but none too well. Smith and his wife and their son — '

'What is the son's name?' asked Mrs. Jooks.

'Algernon,' said Mr. Jooks.

'It's queer that they gave him a name like that,' said Mrs. Jooks. 'I should never call a boy Algernon.'

'Please! Please, Jessie!' begged Mr. Jooks. 'I'm trying to explain what a financial structure is.'

'Well, I'm listening, Walter,' said Mrs. Jooks, slightly offended. 'I think I have a right to know something about my neighbors, if I'm going to live next to them.'

'Yes? Well, please let me go on,' said Mr. Jooks. 'These Smiths, next

door to us, are up-to-date people. They see that combining allied interests is the modern financial trend, so one day at dinner Mr. Smith says, "Folks, this thing of having a lot of separate companies is getting us nowhere. The Smith Farming and Culturing Company proposes to buy out the Smith Cow Company, the Smith Chicken Company, and the Smith Rabbit Company. How about it? I will sell the Smith Cow Company to the Farming and Culturing Company — 100 per cent of it." '

'So, then,' said Mrs. Jooks, 'there is no more Smith Cow Company.'

'But there is!' declared Mr. Jooks. 'Mr. Smith does not sell his cows; he keeps on running the cows; he remains Chairman of the Board of the Cow Company, and he only sells the stock of the Cow Company to the Smith Farming and Culturing Company. That is the way it is done, Jessie.'

'I see,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'But when Mr. Smith turns to Mrs. Smith and Algernon, they look at each other queerly. Mrs. Smith says, "John, I forgot to tell you, but Algernon needed money for some new rabbit hutches, and I bought 80 per cent of the stock of the Rabbit Company, and that stock is now owned by the Chicken Company." '

'Wait a minute, Walter,' said Mrs. Jooks. 'There were nine rabbits and Algernon sold 80 per cent. That left him — '

'One and eight-tenths rabbits,' said Mr. Jooks promptly. 'But Mrs. Smith was fond of her chickens, and she did not want to part with them entirely to the Farming and Culturing Company, so she proposed to sell to it 90 per cent of the chickens and rabbits she now owned. For the Farming and Culturing Company Mr. Smith accepted that offer, which included 90 per cent of Mrs. Smith's five chickens, and 90 per cent of 80 per cent of Algernon's nine rabbits. In other words,' said Mr. Jooks, getting out his pencil and an envelope and doing some figuring, 'Algernon now had one and eight-tenths rabbits, the Mrs. Smith Chicken Company had one half a chicken and seventy-two one-hundredths of a rabbit, and the Smith Farming and Culturing Company had two cows, four and one-half chickens, and,—wait a minute,—yes, six and forty-eight one-hundredths rabbits. But of course,' Mr. Jooks added brightly, because Mrs. Jooks looked a little discouraged, 'the Cow Company and the Rabbit Company now owned part of the farm.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Jooks.

'Which they got in exchange,' said Mr. Jooks. 'And the Rabbit Company owned part of Mrs. Smith's chickens and part of Mrs. Smith's part of the farm.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Jooks.

'Mr. Smith now thought the financial structure was complete,' said Mr. Jooks, 'but what do you think we had been doing all this while, my dear?'

'Farming,' said Mrs. Jooks after a moment of deep thought.

'No. Yes — farming, of course,' said Mr. Jooks, 'but we had been building our financial structure in exactly the same way, Jessie. Financial structure building is the slogan of the day.'

'I see I am going to lose some of my chickens,' said Mrs. Jooks sadly. 'And I loved my chickens!'

'Oh, come now!' said Mr. Jooks. 'We must be progressive, my dear. We must follow the trend of the times. As a matter of fact you were the first to propose a deal. You said to Dorothy, "The Mrs. Jooks Chicken Company will sell you 80 per cent of its chickens for stock in your Cow Company," and the deal was made. The Cow Company now had eight chickens and your Chicken Company retained two chickens.'

'I hope one was a rooster,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'We will say it was,' said Mr. Jooks generously. 'For our financial structure building that makes no difference. But what was I doing? I went to Dorothy and proposed to buy 90 per cent of the Cow Company. She agreed, and the deal was made. My Pig Company now owned nine tenths of the cow, seven and two-tenths chickens, and the pig. But, seeing that a farm could do better as a farm than as a lot of separately managed concerns, the Jooks Farming and Dairy Company came to me — '

'You came to yourself?'

'I was president of the Farming and Dairy Company,' said Mr. Jooks, 'so I came to myself, as president of the Jooks Pig Company, and I bought 80 per cent of the Pig Company. I now owned, as the Farming and Dairy Company, seventy-two one-hundredths of a cow, five and seventy-six one-hundredths chickens, eight tenths of a pig. You owned, as the Chicken Company — '

'Never mind, Walter,' said Mrs. Jooks, in a dull tone. 'I see what is coming. You're going to buy 76 per cent of the Smith outfit — '

'Ninety per cent, to be exact,' said Mr. Jooks. 'Ninety per cent, Jessie, thus bringing under one control — wait a minute! When the deal is completed, the Jooks Farming and Dairy Company would own — '

Late that night Mr. Jooks was still computing hundred-thousandths of a rabbit, and tens of thousandths of a chicken, and saying, 'No! Eight and nine hundred and seventy-six thousandths from eleven and eighty-four hundredths — no, that's not rabbits, that's cow — no, it could n't be cow, there were only three cows; it's chickens. Hold on! I subtracted rabbits from pig here. Wait a minute, now — '

Mrs. Jooks had long since gone up to bed. At two o'clock Jooks crumpled up his papers and put them in the fireplace. He stole upstairs quietly and undressed as noiselessly as he could, but as he was putting on his pyjamas Mrs. Jooks opened her eyes. She lay quiet for a moment, getting awake.

'Walter?' she said then.

'Yes, my dear,' said Mr. Jooks.

'Walter, I was thinking, before I went to sleep. I think fifty dollars is too much to pay for a pig,' said Mrs. Jooks. 'I think I'd rather have a cheaper pig and have more chickens.'

'Yes?' said Mr. Jooks.

'And, Walter,' said Mrs. Jooks, 'I don't want to be in partnership with those Smiths. I want to own my own chickens myself.'

She closed her eyes and a moment later Mr. Jooks knew, by her deep breathing, that she was asleep. She had left him only about 33⅓ per cent of the bed. Very carefully, not to awaken her again and bring up the matter of financial structures, Mr. Jooks got into bed. He drew over himself 64⅔ per cent of the bed covers. He fell asleep immediately, for he was feeling exceptionally well satisfied with himself — he had explained the higher finance to his wife.

AFRICAN EDUCATION

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

I AM not going to discuss the belief, widely prevalent though it be, that the African native is not really educable, not capable of profiting by education in the same sort of way as the white man can profit. Black men are not white men; but they are men, and as such essentially educable. Like all other men and unlike any other animals, they have their being within a special self-made environment, a self-perpetuating framework of ideas and customs, that can be called, in the broadest sense of the word, *tradition*. The difficulty of educating the native lies in the fact that he lives enmeshed in a rigid tribal tradition, his home a windowless hut, his material background and his system of ideas extremely primitive and extremely limited. To give him an 'academic' education without troubling about this real core of his life is to produce an imitation article. More frequently it happens that contact with white civilization destroys the core without putting anything stable in its place; and then 'education' produces only a veneered and hollow sham.

We at home use the word 'education' generally in a specialized sense, as something superadded to or growing out of the general tradition and system of ideas which we inevitably respire from our infancy. But in Africa the major task of education must be to provide a new set of ideas for the growing African mind to breathe, to produce a new tradition which shall be stable though on a higher level than the old.

Only if we succeed in accomplishing that shall we be able to judge of the Africans' educability. I do not imagine that it is identical either in kind or in degree with that of white men. The average black man differs from the average white in color, in features, in bodily proportions, in hair, in adaptations to a hot climate such as wide nostrils and abundance of sweat glands; there is no reason to suppose that he will not differ in the inherited potentialities of his mind. At the moment one can only give the merest opinion. Mine would be that there are greater differences in mental capacity between different African tribes than between the best tribes and the white man, some tribes being definitely stupider by nature. However, I should certainly say that any and every tribe would overlap very considerably with us, its more gifted members being a long way above our stupidest. And finally it seems clear that among the more advanced tribes, such as Chagga or Baganda, the educability or innate capacity, of some individuals at least, is distinctly high, their best brains being well above our mean capacity. Further than that one cannot venture until two or three generations of education have created a new atmosphere of ideas; but it is clear to me that, even should the average capacity of Africans prove to be somewhat lower than that of white men, yet education

of the right sort will undoubtedly be able to bring about enormous changes — changes which to the average white man of to-day would appear incredible.

Do not let us forget that we ourselves are not so long emerged from barbarism. When Rome came in contact with the ancient Britons, they were doubtless in most ways a little more advanced than the African; none the less, we possess a letter from a wealthy Roman landowner to his agent in Britain (in terms strangely reminiscent of a Kenya settler talking of his Kikuyu or Kavirondo labor supply) telling him not to ship him any more British slaves, as they were so lazy and could not be trusted to work. The ancient Greeks were in some ways the most astounding of peoples. Yet, only a few hundred years before their apogee, the Homeric heroes fought and thought much like Masai or Nandi warriors — one has only to recall them, all but Achilles timorous so long as Hector was alive, dancing round him when dead and jabbing his corpse with their spears.

II

But enough of generalities. Let us come down to facts. To begin with, we must realize that systematized native education is only just beginning in East Africa. Government schools, government subsidies to mission schools (accompanied of course by a salutary government control of their curriculum and standards), a properly organized programme for each colony as a whole — these are all post-war births. Not until 1933 will the reorganized educational system of Uganda have turned out any native who has been from bottom to top. In the whole of Kenya, with its three million natives, there are in school only about five hundred boys who have stuck out more than four consecutive years of a general education, less than one hundred who have reached their seventh year.

But the second fact is that the natives *want* education. In Tanganyika, there are numerous schools which have been built and equipped by the local Native Administration, out of their own funds. In Kenya, the Kikuyu, that difficult tribe, have this year voted five thousand pounds from their native treasuries for the construction of schools in their reserve. In Uganda, the big Church Missionary Society's boarding school at Budu recently raised its fees, not without misgiving, to twenty-five pounds a year — no small sum for a native to pay; yet the school is as full as ever. The Kenya settlers who are anxious to attract labor to their farms and keep it there find that the provision of a little school with a native schoolmaster is, with tribes like the Kikuyu or Kavirondo at least, a potent help.

There are some tribes, to be sure, who are indifferent or even hostile to education. But in general the demand exists; and the great and urgent difficulty is the provision of sufficient well-trained teachers to satisfy it.

And finally there is the fact that, in spite of everything, natives are being educated to do — and often to do well — things which only one generation back were not even dreamed of by the African. I have seen dressers in charge of dispensaries, clerks keeping the records of native courts, girls running maternity and infant-welfare stations with white inspection only once a month, men in charge of a power station on a big estate, schoolmasters who taught well and had their heart in their job, foremen who could be trusted in sole control of building operations — all blacks. I have seen black nuns (one I shall always remember for the beauty, and indeed saintliness, of her expres-

sion); black school prefects who seemed to be all that prefects should; black drill sergeants; black students who were dissecting a cadaver with commendable thoroughness; a black choir singing Bach motets, and singing them well; black health workers who, unsupervised, can and do produce admirable malaria surveys and maps.

But to what end is all this native education? Or, to put it in another way, what education ought we to give the native? The great mistake of the past has been to give our subjects of other races a dose of our own already over-academic school curriculum in diluted form, and to call that education. Many of the missions have been to blame in this respect. They have imagined that repetition of a creed and attendance at church will promptly turn a pagan into a redeemed Christian soul, with the right or even the duty to reject and look down upon all ancient institutions and customs of his tribe, and that the three R's with a little of a fourth — religious instruction — will give him a European or at least an educated mind. In reality the new religion has too often been embraced because it conferred a higher social status, and the new learning because its possessor imagined it would be the key to clerical work in an office, from whose vantage manual labor could be agreeably despised. The Phelps-Stokes report on African education gives abundant chapter and verse for these assertions; and shows that governments too have by no means always been blameless.

Gradually, however, a new conception is coming to the front. Education is conceived of as a training adapted for a particular kind of human being in a particular environment. If it does not fit him better to his environment, and at the same time help to make his environment better, it is no education.

In East Africa there are about three hundred blacks to every white. However much we may encourage white settlement, there will always be a huge black preponderance; and the prosperity of the country and its economic value to the British Empire and to the world will depend more (this is what so few imperialists seem yet to have seen) upon the natives' production and their demand for manufactured goods than upon white farming, however successful. But it is only through education, in the broad sense, that this can be brought about. It is through education in proper methods of agriculture that the natives will stop their system of shifting cultivation, will learn to use ploughs, and will cease taking plant food out of the soil without ever putting any back. They must be educated to stop cutting down forests and to plant trees. Education alone will make them want to build cleanly little houses instead of filthy huts, will reduce disease and cut down infant mortality from its present appalling figure of 30 to 50 per cent in the first year of life — and this will mean an increase of population and new supplies of labor. Education will awake new ideas, new ambitions, new needs. Only education will provide natives to fill the huge number of posts which the Government rightly wishes to see filled by Africans — medical, agricultural, veterinary, forestry assistants; schoolmasters and clerks; artisans and mechanics; engine drivers and chauffeurs. Only education will enable the native to compete, as trader or as skilled workman, with the Indian.

With these ends in view, every effort is now being made to put an end to the education that is all books, and to prevent the native from thinking that education is merely an avenue of escape from hard work; to insist on hygiene, drill, and practical agricul-

ture as part of every curriculum; to encourage instead of discouraging respect for tribal history and customs, and the practice of native handicrafts; to begin with general education in which, after a grounding in the three R's, emphasis is laid on the natives' own environment — African geography, African history, local nature study, hygiene, agriculture; and to build on this foundation by special, vocational training for the great majority of boys and girls, reserving anything in the nature of a higher academic education for the exceptional few who can profit by it.

This new movement is yet in its infancy; but the educational machine is now definitely set in this direction. If it works successfully, it will give the native inhabitants of East Africa (there are already some twelve million of them; and there is ample room for double that figure) an opportunity to develop an East African culture, no mere copy of the European culture with which it is in touch, but something in its own right, something new in the world. And note well that education can never achieve this unless it is successful in making the native prosperous. Quite apart from its direct effect upon production, education will pay for itself over and over again by raising the natives' demands upon life, reducing the wastage of life and health, cutting down the proportion of expenditure on military and police, replacing many alien cogs in the administrative machine by indigenous ones.

As one Director of Education said to me, 'There ought really to be no Education Departments in East Africa; the very title is misleading. What we want is Departments of Native Development.' This development of the native, this refusal to allow him to become a poor copy of the white invader, this attempt to transform his old traditions into something equally solid, yet new and progressive, is the best hope for tropical Africa.

III

Education in Africa means native development; that is my main thesis. If it is to be of any real and permanent good, it means development, not toward a transplanted imitation of Europe, but toward its own local, African civilization, whose features no man can yet discern, but which must be essentially different from our Western civilization, because its economics will be based on agriculture and not on manufacture, because its component units are blacks and not whites, because its ideas will in part have grown out of African tribal ideas.

I will end by giving some concrete examples of what is now being attempted.

In the Masai reserve in Kenya, I visited the school at Narok. The slender athletic boys were playing football. After the game, they filed up and bent their heads before me, upon which I, hastily prompted, laid my hand upon each close-cropped pate. This Biblical gesture had to be repeated by each of the five Europeans present for each of the sixty boys. (I found myself trying to visualize the practice adopted at Eton or Harrow — a fag rushing up to a beak as if to butt him in the stomach, a member of Pop with bared head awaiting the Headmaster's benediction!)

Besides an elementary general education, games, and drill, these Masai boys are taught dairying and how to make the clarified butter which finds such a ready sale among the Indians; and they are taught the elements of agriculture — an occupation which the Masai tribe, warriors and raiders all, have never yet deigned to practise.

There are only two Masai schools as

yet, and they are very new. But if they are successful, they will be the beginning of a change in the tribe's whole way of life.

At the moment the Masai, no longer permitted to be warriors, are in danger of degenerating into specimens in a human zoo, their herds of cattle valued for their number and not for their quality, and of negligible economic value to the country as a whole. Their old pride of race survives in the prejudice which finds all agriculture, and indeed all work save the tending of cattle, degrading; their old system of warriors living in the special villages, enjoying free love with the uninitiated girls, has no longer any meaning within the Pax Britannica, and is said to be leading to moral and physical deterioration.

But if the boys trained at these schools continue to cultivate the soil and to produce milk and ghee for money, they must cease to be nomadic and they will begin to think in terms of quality and not quantity of cattle. The Masai can never be anything but anthropological specimens so long as they live within the cast-iron framework of their old and now inevitably out-of-date tribal customs; these schools may provide the magic solvent which will release them from immobility.

Now I will take the other extreme — an old-established school among a progressive people. King's School, Budu, is a Church Missionary Society school for the sons of the better-class Baganda. It aims at getting boys as young as possible; at providing a really good education for head and hand, physique and character; at encouraging initiative and at helping the natives to discover in themselves new capabilities, new sources of interest and enjoyment.

In addition to the ordinary academic curriculum, which seems to be taught with more imagination than usual, the boys cultivate their own plots of ground and make agricultural experiments. Each boy is required to take up some hobby — simple metal working, carpentry, collecting insects or flowers, knitting, shoemaking, and so forth. There is a troop of Scouts, admission to which is a coveted honor. The drill is good, the football excellent, the standard of the annual sports quite high. Prefects look after minor discipline as in an English public school. In addition the boys are responsible for the cleanliness and tidiness of the dormitories.

The result was extremely interesting. Even the casual visitor could feel that there was something of the atmosphere of an English school about the place. The boys were not alien creatures painfully absorbing a ready-made but foreign system of ideas; they were young human beings growing up in an environment which, however new, they were making their own. (This, I was told, was especially the case with boys who came young, at six or seven, and stayed on for eight or ten years. The moral is that, if you wish to build up the inner framework of morale and ideas which alone can take the place of the old tribal system of customs and sanctions, you must do it thoroughly; beginning late gives you incomplete organisms.)

I went to the school concert on their annual speech day, and found myself recalling similar occasions in my own youth. There were the enthusiastic old boys, the timid little fellows sent on to recite, the cheerful buffoons who enjoy the footlights, the serious-looking seniors bearing their responsibilities. There were Elizabethan madrigals, performances on traditional Baganda instruments, English recitations, native dances. The *pièce de résistance* was a play, written (in English, with some assistance from the masters) by the

boys themselves, on the subject of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; and comic relief was afforded by a masterly skit in Luganda, entitled 'The Policeman,' which no member of the staff had seen beforehand.

In quite another sphere, the Native Industrial Training Department in Kenya is equally impressive. Here are some five hundred lads learning trades. They must complete a five years' course in their chosen trade, be it smith or tailor, carpenter or mason. In the workshops of the department many jobs are undertaken for the Government and for certain private corporations such as missions; and the boys receive an essential part of the training by going out in gangs to erect and equip government buildings all over the colony. At the moment, Europeans act as technical instructors and foremen, but the policy is to replace as many of these as possible by the pick of the trained native workmen. In a few years the leaven of skilled and efficient native artisans, self-respecting and earning good wages, should be stirring throughout Kenya; and the same end is being pursued in Tanganyika and Uganda.

IV

Now take a piece of native development which has depended mainly on adult education. The Digo area on the Kenya coast was a hotbed of hookworm. A medico-educational campaign against this insidious sapper of human energies was undertaken by the Medical Department in 1927–28. Over 90 per cent of the native population of 50,000 were treated; what is much more remarkable, nearly 9000 latrines were built, — the Native Council has now made it compulsory for every hut to have one, — and, more remarkable still, the latrines are being used. In the year since then, an increase in the energy and efficiency of Digo laborers, and in the total amount of land under cultivation in the area, has already taken place, and the Digo are anxious to learn and apply other lessons of Western science.

Such work may be helped on through the schools. In Zanzibar I saw a native medical orderly demonstrating hookworms and hookworm eggs to the children in a little out-school; and their answers to his questions showed that the village schoolmaster had already made the hookworm story quite clear to their minds. Since practically every native in East Africa is infected with intestinal worms, or malaria, or both, — and is therefore always below par, though he may not know it, — the importance of such measures is enormous.

In almost every girls' school, much attention is paid to cleanliness and sanitation, food and cooking, and the care of children. In the Kikuyu reserve I was assured that as the result of such teaching infant mortality was definitely less among the children of educated mothers, and that little houses were here and there taking the place of huts.

The native does not live in a dirty, windowless, floorless grass hut by innate preference, but because he has not been brought to the level at which he prefers something better. In Buganda, this level has been reached by a large section of the population, and the countryside is well sprinkled with little two- and four-roomed houses, boasting windows and often a little garden.

One could multiply examples. There is the school of Tabora, where the sons of chiefs are educated to fit them for their future duties of helping in the government of the country. A very fine new building has just been put up to house the growing school, — stone, two stories, with an arcaded quadrangle and a hall which is the largest room in the territory, — and

the place more than ever begins to merit its nickname of the Eton of Tanganyika.

There is the Jeanes School outside Nairobi, where picked teachers and their wives come to be trained. After two years they go back into the country districts and become responsible for a group of elementary out-schools. There is Makerere College in Uganda, destined inevitably to become in time a university for East Africa. There are the hospitals where native dressers are being trained, the laboratories which are turning out native agricultural assistants.

In brief, thirty years ago the East African native lived unquestioningly within the bonds of rigid tribal custom, in a barbaric twilight of the intelligence. Superstition was mingled with sound tradition, magic with common sense, blank ignorance with valuable knowledge, to form a whole which had to vanish, either by extinction or by evolution, at the white man's contact. To-day, hundreds of black boys and girls are being let loose over the country every year charged with new knowledge, new practical arts, new thoughts and ideas.

There is no stemming the tide. We are told that the remedy for democracy is more democracy. Very certainly the remedy for education is more education. To make native education to the fullest extent the instrument of native development, to continue worthily what has been so well begun, there are certain needs. There must be a strong Department of Education, with adequate control of missionary educational policy. There must be a supply of white teachers, government and missionary alike, who do not think of the natives merely as 'niggers' to be taught useful trades or as 'heathen' to be converted, but as human beings who have a culture of their own, albeit a primitive one, who are and always will be the major and most important part of East Africa's population. And they must come out equipped with some special knowledge of agriculture as well as of educational method. There must be a big supply of well-trained native teachers. There is great need of textbooks and readers, adapted to local conditions (sometimes they are peculiarly ill-adapted: one of the first reading books to be translated into Swahili for Tanganyika schools was *Treasure Island!*). There is need to keep on with agriculture, hygiene, local geography, and history; but the old academic outlook leaves these subjects uncorrelated; we need a more biological approach to make an African curriculum vital. And we badly want the coöperation of every other government department with education. Above all, we need to persuade the native that to pass, say, London Matriculation is not necessarily an ideal aim in Africa — however desirable it may (or may not) be in England.

If we can secure all this, we may perhaps produce an educational system better suited to the African than is our English system to the English.

POLAND'S TENTH BIRTHDAY

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

FIVE o'clock in Warsaw; I was expecting Polish friends to tea. On my way to the dining room the hotel porter handed me a packet.

'But is there something interesting in that envelope?' asked Prince A——, once we were pleasantly gathered about the table. 'That depends,' I laughed, as I extracted from it a sheaf of Latin and Ruthenian documents — I was on the trail of Poland's Queen Jadwiga, whose glory and tragedy was that by sacrifice of her love she brought the last pagan people of Europe, the Lithuanians, into the fold of the Western Church, and their territories and defensive power to the aid of the developing Polish nation.

I looked out over the tea dance of five hundred years later as I unfolded the mellow documents from which depended the wax seal of this adored young queen — the great white room was beautiful with encircling green trees and billowy above with floating green and white paper strips. The dance was the international two-step, but here executed with an accent and lilt, a Slavic joyance, that individualized it.

'May I take a look?' asked my guest, and soon we were all leaning forward while he read swiftly and musically, passing from Latin to Ruthenian and reversely, paralleling both with an English translation, occasionally referring a Latin word to his daughter, a Ruthenian one to his wife; while to my questions about milieu, which such documents provoke but fail to answer, he built in the background from a richly furnished mind, a mind which had arrived at a philosophy of history.

Here the record of a bit of shifting territory — 'But how interesting, for that was a logical movement.' Followed a painting of the ethnological picture of Eastern Europe illustrating the flexibility of Aryan languages, the rigidity of others; a pointing out of such strange tongue kinships as those, for instance, between Lithuanian and Sanskrit, Finnish and Magyar. Suddenly someone looked at a watch. 'Eight-fifteen o'clock! But impossible!'

I do not suggest that this was a typical Warsaw tea party. But it is a fact that here is a country where an extraordinary number of persons would have seized upon that packet with similar delight and rekindled it with equal ease. For there exists no more circumferentially equipped mind than that of the cultivated Pole. It is a mind which, stimulated from within, pursues its own quests — to which the panorama of history, archives, libraries, are school.

Through turbulent centuries, when for the great body of the people of Eastern Europe there was scant hope of cultural advance, the Polish aristocrat made himself a transmitter of the intellectual treasure of his race. Hence the young democracy's wealth of private libraries and museums, which to-day pour their store into the stream that is feeding the

mind of the new Poland; these represent one aspect of the continuity of Polish aspiration.

I had my first view of their present use in the Krasinski Library in Warsaw, where, to be admitted, one has only to give a legitimate reason, and where, once inside, he enjoys more free use of his material than in many a public library.

I found the solid gray stone building housing, first a central museum, with unbelievable treasure in paintings, jeweled armor, embroidered velvets, and beyond it a light-flooded conference room of the type of that of our Academy of Sciences; and then, of course, the book departments — the documents and incunabula, the thousands of lusciously bound volumes. Upstairs and downstairs in research rooms, students from Warsaw University, and other investigators, were deep in work. My own requests brought quick coöperation.

Not far from this library is another treasure of the capital, the Zamoyski Collection, centred in a long gold-brown room whose faded silk banners hang like recording pages from the encircling gallery. Here in especial beauty run shelves of French volumes, many of them lacking even in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. In one little room is the library of a Jagellonian king; there are early church books with a richness of decoration unsurpassed in any collection; there is Kosciuszko's colored crayon drawing of our battlefield of Saratoga — but no superficial reference can suggest the accumulated total. Nor that of the library this same family has given to the nation at Kornik in Western Poland. Nor the splendor and importance of the Czartoryski museum-library at Cracow. Nor of the Ossolinski at Lwow, which counts more than 200,000 volumes, 3000 maps, 6000 MSS., and which is open, as are our public ones. Nor of many another.

Undoubtedly, with increased funds, owners will develop the facilities and usefulness of these collections. With the rapid increase of schools and the development of the whole educational system, demands on all libraries are overwhelming. There is a cry for seating space, for increased personnel, for duplicate copies.

What individuality, what atmosphere, in each of these foundations! An atmosphere which is in itself educative. The books chosen and guarded with personal devotion speak from their places as they never can from the duplicate shelves of the public building.

The most important pre-war collections were in such private libraries as these, and in those of the universities and scientific corporations of Warsaw, Vilna, Lublin, Cracow, Lwow, and Poznan. Some 10,000 items of the famous Zaluski Collection, stolen by the Russians, have already been returned and will go to the new National Library. The quite natural desire of Cracow, lovely old capital of the South, that its historic Jagellonian library become the present national one, has quite as naturally been thwarted. Through a compromise, the Jagellonian will remain the chief source for periods before 1800, while the library in the newer capital, Warsaw, will specialize in later material. The Pole in the Cracow region envies his Czech neighbor, who has the luck to have centred in a single Prague the ancient glory of the old state and the promise of the new.

Poland's great families have carried not only books, tapestries, sculptures, down warring centuries, but also the magnificent estates on which they sheltered them. But, alas, the adaptation of this mighty treasure of domain to the best uses of the republic, whose eco-

nomic interest is chiefly agricultural, is not so simple.

It is too much to expect that the present representative of those who fought to bring an unbroken heritage to his hands should see arrived the historical moment for relinquishment. The more so since many outside his class hold, with him, that land division beyond a certain point spells economic disaster.

Yet obviously when, in a democracy of 28,000,000 inhabitants, some 19,000 of them owned 45 per cent of all privately held farm land in the country, reapportionment was inescapable. From the immense properties down (the Zamoyski estate covers half a province) were all sizes, until one reached that third of the agricultural population which had barely enough land to support itself, and, still further below, that other third of the workers who owned nothing.

II

So, during the first ten years of its existence, the Polish Parliament has been intensely occupied with the agrarian-reform programme, which, by the end of the first half of the decade, was expressed in Acts that have been progressively operative. But scarcely with the consent of the land magnates! Though many of them, financially embarrassed, have been glad to part with certain portions of their holdings.

The Polish people, whose historical record is one of tolerance and patience, are proud of the moderation of this land-readjustment programme, holding it generous in time and remuneration, not so extreme in the ordained degree of division as are the programmes in neighboring countries, and yet carrying the opportunities due the new citizen.

It is variously specialized, with different degrees of subtraction for border and interior lands and for those promising industrial development, and with exemptions for forest areas and such other large properties, already highly productive, as beet plantations, seed nurseries, breeding stations, and orchards. In accordance with this — to point concretely to but one period of the advance — between 1919 and 1923 some 5000 estates, which included state and church lands, parted with a million acres, from which 24,000 new properties were created; while 47,000 supplementary tracts were added to inadequate farms. Parcellation thus begun has continued gradually, but steadily. And at the same time the consolidation of small holdings is increasing by leaps and bounds.

The people as a whole view this record optimistically. But most of the large owners, who see written the minimum unit of 450 acres, and who, quite aside from their personal despair, believe that the total potential production of a number of small properties must lag behind that of an equal area developed as a unit, with opportunities for better machinery and methods, are doing their utmost to check this progress.

They ask, too, what will become of the future heirs of the owners of very small farms. In Poland not the eldest son alone, but all, inherit, and the Polish peasant hears no preaching of birth control. How much division will a few acres stand? Children will be forced to leave the country for cities, and the thing to be avoided will not have been avoided after all!

As one studies the successes and failures of the reform, he is impressed, not so much with the reactionary attitude of the great proprietors, as with the reasonableness of the whole people.

Last week, in the country, I sat in a centuries-old library where Emerson and Whitman are as much at home as

Mickiewicz and Sienkiewicz, and where Poland's past speaks from marvelous portraits. And that evening it spoke through Chopin, as hour after hour a protégé of Paderewski sat at the piano. Just beyond his head hung a Titian Madonna and Child, lighted by the flickering taper in a little red cup swung below it. After dinner, as we lingered over our coffee, through the dining-room door quietly walked the old family friend, a beautiful Arabian horse, to encircle the table for his accustomed bread and sugar.

You cannot get something for nothing — life, after all, means just a few inexorable laws operating, one of them this one. If those long deprived are now to have their turn, it must be paid for. And just as in our own country, with the freeing of the slave, disappeared the charm and picturesqueness of life on the plantation, so here will pass the beauty of life culturally rich and self-contained, as it has been lived for centuries on Poland's vast properties. Such a milieu is not built up by one generation, nor yet by two. For how long will the forward road be that of standardization, — our own road still, — of sacrifice of quality and individuality to the lifting of the general level of material well-being? There is that sadness in the air, inevitably incident to change, but the mood of Poland is not one of morbid regret over the passing of the old order — it is one of healthy joy over the coming of the new.

Moreover, the rest of Poland claims that as a group its cultivated aristocracy have failed to give energetic coöperation in the founding of the democracy. Even in foreign affairs, where they were especially prepared to serve, they have not carried the large responsibilities. The complaint is that their contribution is apt to be dilettante, spasmodic. Securely placed, for them, as for the typical rich man's son, the thrust behind endeavor is wanting. At the same time people recognize that during these particular years, because of destruction of property and financial chaos, many have been held to their estates, in what has seemed to them a struggle for existence.

No; the government is being shaped not by the aristocracy, but by the classes socially below them, by the lesser gentry, by intellectuals of that and of peasant stock. The man who dreams of the university as leading the people would be happy in Poland to-day.

As, in the beginning, the inspired pilot Paderewski and that other economist pilot, Dmowski, came from the humbler gentry, so to-day Marshal Pilsudski, whose ten years' service to the infant state has resulted in his amazing position within it, was born of the smaller gentry; born near Vilna, in a beautiful region of which he never tires of talking. And, in parenthesis, Vilna, in its far-northern setting of lakes and hills and wearing a crown of churches unique in their loveliness, will one day be starred on the travelers' list.

President Moscicki, a distinguished chemist of country gentlemen's stock in former Russian Poland, was professor at Fribourg University when, one day after Upper Silesia had become Poland's, the Germans to a man walked out of its great nitrate factory at Chorzow. He hurried to the rescue.

In less than a month he had accomplished a miracle of reorganization, and in two years the factory was producing more than it had in German hands. He gave to his people not only money, but belief in their capacity to manage their own enterprises — in those days the thing most needed. When Marshal Pilsudski picked him for President, he knew that he would be hailed as deserv-

ing first place. Besides, he was able. He showed great tact in helping to solve the cabinet crisis of December 1929, and he had a day of triumph last January, when a second great nitrate factory was opened near Tarnow.

There is no more interesting pursuit in Europe to-day than this following of the rise of Poland's lesser gentry to leadership. But one cannot in passing cite more than one or two further illustrative instances. Bartel, the recent Prime Minister, began in Southeastern Lwow, as a locksmith, in the workshops attached to the Engineering College, then made his way up through that Engineering College to a professorial chair in it. An inordinate worker, he laughingly boasted that at least once every two months some one of his staff was forced to flee to a rest home. He had dedicated himself to bridging the perilous gulf between Pilsudski's modified dictatorship and Parliament, trying first to fuse the Left with the Marshal's support, — for the government bloc has not a majority, — then the Right. He has been wrecked on the rock of this attempt. But he has been Prime Minister five times in four years, and is now known as the man who always 'comes round again' when things go wrong.

From the minor gentry, too, comes August Zaleski, who as Secretary of State has won the confidence of Europe. He was a journalist, graduate of the London School of Economics, and lecturer on Poland in the University of London during the war. One has only to remember Polish-German relations to understand the impression made by the tone in which, as Chairman of the League of Nations' Council in 1929, he paid a tribute to his dead adversary, Stresemann, Great German Statesman.

And of the same class as Zaleski is Ladislas Wroblewski, former Minister to Washington and now head of the Bank of Poland. He was University lecturer on law and head of an Agricultural Syndicate at Cracow before the war.

These smaller landowners of the border gentry are the salt of the Polish earth.

Poland's Lloyd George is the peasant Witos, — shrewd tactician, three times Prime Minister, — who began his political career in the Vienna Parliament, when Austria, in 1897, got universal suffrage. He is now overshadowed by Pilsudski, who ousted him from power. The Peasant Party which he led has suffered a collapse; but both for the party and for its leader an important part in Polish political life is no doubt still in store.

And so on down the list — in the Cabinet, in Parliament and outside, men in key positions are of the lesser gentry, with an increasing admixture of peasant stock. They are the men directing the struggle over politics and aims, which in so young a government are still undetermined.

III

And what are the outstanding problems? There are two.

First, the purely political one of the reform of the Constitution, which, modeled on the French Constitution, has, after a decade's trial, been found seriously wanting, chiefly because of the weakness of the executive branch of the government — Poland's fundamental difficulty ever since, in 1455, she became a parliamentary 'gentry democracy.' And second, a many-sided economic problem, which, expressed in limited and immediate terms, is the necessity of improved commercial arrangements with Germany.

If one sees a group in intense discussion in a café or home, he may be fairly certain that the talk centres on one of

these subjects. And there is much talking, both in the Lower House of 444 members and outside of it. The power of the Senate in the present scheme is negligible. Elected in the same manner as the House, or Sejm, it has only one fourth the size and almost no initiative — a certain group even asks that it be abolished. It is amusing, on arriving, to hear echoes of a weary home-town voice in the Pole's 'If we could only adjourn the Sejm and stop the talking, we'd progress.' The extremist adds, 'Let Pilsudski again, as during earlier years, take the reins strongly in his own hands, dismiss Parliament, declare the needed constitutional reforms, and direct the state until it becomes adjusted to its new machinery.' Out of what necessity spring such demands?

How many constitutional reforms are asked for? 'As many,' the cynic replies, 'as there are inhabitants in Poland.' Just as he will tell you, if you question which, numerically, is the strongest political party, that it is the one which does not vote. And again one is hearing echoes.

Such changes as these are urged: election of the President by popular vote, instead of, as at present, by Parliament; change in the representation and power of the Senate; appointment by the President, instead of by the House, of the important Board of Supreme Control which follows the disbursing of the budget. But there is one major reform on whose necessity practically all are agreed. This would, following the United States Constitution, make the Cabinet responsible, not to the Parliament, but to the President.

By thus strengthening the weak executive arm, it is believed that the most serious present difficulties would be overcome and the government's power to expedite public business would be assured. As it is, in the course of the last three years of discussion of constitutional reform, such practices as presidential legislation by decree in urgent administrative matters, and automatic operation of the old budget, if the Parliament fails to pass the new one in time, have, under the pressure of necessity, become customary law. We may be able to afford the luxury of the inefficiency of democratic institutions; Poland cannot!

Since both these functions to be transferred to the executive are now vested in the Sejm, which must vote them away, one can understand the delay. Listening in, he feels himself again in the Senate Gallery on Capitol Hill, while week after week the debate on the flexible tariff provision, or some other question of inalienable prerogative, drags on. Parliaments are parliaments, the world over.

In this particular body, as in our own to-day, the government party, the B. B., a non-partisan bloc, lacks a working majority. Made up of all shades of opinion from Right to Left, it gets its character chiefly from the 'colonels' who immediately surround Marshal Pilsudski. There are, besides, the Nationalists and the Socialists, the three peasant parties, — two of which are radical and one liberal, — and a number of others. A varicolored political spectacle, which the Marshal, though he has expressed his contempt of it, follows with more or less patience. He has rarely gone to the extreme of abolishing the opposition; his dictatorship is restrained and objective.

There are daily attacks upon him, written and spoken; for Poland enjoys complete freedom of the press and of speech. While one group charges him with advocating the strengthening of the executive in the hope that he himself may become that more powerful executive, another complains of his lack of

courage, of his failure to put forward and push with sufficient vigor a clear-cut programme. But the majority see him as the lover of and protector of the democracy, wise enough to let it pursue its normal development, except when, in his judgment, its very existence seems threatened. In the meantime, his transcendent personal power continues — a power resting on that of the army and the people.

The prevailing belief is that both these imperatively necessary reforms will be voted. The question is, When? The persistent hope is, Soon.

Those who understand the job the new democracy faced — and it has just celebrated its tenth birthday — are not discouraged. It had to establish a state mechanism and to resuscitate an economic organism broken into three parts — to bring unity out of long-separated Poznan, Galicia, and Congress Poland. And this was especially difficult because the war here lasted two years longer than elsewhere. It was only after Pilsudski, in 1920, drove the Bolos back that there could be any feeling of security. Even now if one complains of the emigration of numbers of Poles — a million have gone to France — when there is land in Eastern Poland to be developed, he hears these emigrants, many of them former soldiers, saying, 'No, not eastward.' It will take a long time to convince them that there can be security near the eastern frontier, or even, for that matter, near the western one. Moreover, lack of capital would hinder them in the east, while in the west one needs only his two hands to make a beginning.

IV

Poland's first necessity, then, is to strengthen the executive branch of the government. With fully half of her industrial enterprises state-owned, the importance of an effective administrative machinery needs no comment. Her second major problem, the economic one, begins thus in politics, and, one might add, ends there. At the start, when there was almost no private capital, if there was to be any business at all the state was obliged to undertake it. The government today inherits the drawbacks as well as the advantages of this experiment. Practically all the great chemical and lumber industries are in its hands, the salt mines, and much of the coal and zinc. The opponents of *étatisme* point to waste in the handling of these enterprises, to overstaffing, overpaying, to general inefficiency. Their number seems to be growing, and the movement toward private enterprise becoming stronger. Yet lack of capital still bars progress in the many directions where rewards unquestionably wait. There are many pathetic instances of failure, in which capacity and courage have been beaten by this lack.

The direction of development, whether toward increased state ownership, or the reverse, will depend as much, then, on the success of the constitutional reform as it will upon the increased facility with which private credits can be negotiated.

At present the country is suffering from an acute economic depression, partly sympathetic, reflecting our own and other crises, partly of individual origin. It concerns, first of all, agriculture. One is again back on Capitol Hill! This year the evil is an overproduction which is not met by favorable export arrangements, and, heading the list of the farmers' relief programme, Debenture! — not called by that name, but there it stands, followed by lower freight rates and other familiar items.

As the agricultural-relief programme

has been fighting its way through the Sejm, there have been other efforts of cardinal importance. And first among them has been the negotiation of the commercial treaty with Germany. Nothing has more completely occupied the public mind. To mention but one or two points involved, Germany asked for a most-favored-nation's clause which would ensure a developing market for her industrial products, implements, machinery, cars. On Poland's side the chief exports would be raw materials, Upper Silesian coal, live stock, cereals, potatoes. She wished especially a rye export price agreement and the opportunity to send her pork products across her neighbor's frontier. Above all discussion one heard again the word 'pig'; and, remembering the Serbian pig and the World War, shivered! The signing of this treaty which resolved an array of seemingly unresolvable difficulties is one of the most important and most encouraging *rapprochements* between two former enemy countries.

While I write, the President of the Dresdener Bank is in conference with the President of the Bank Polski. At a café table near my own is a group of Germans in Warsaw on treaty business. At most tables there is intense discussion of German-Polish relations, either political or commercial. There is a 'now or never' feeling in the atmosphere, as these two peoples, despite their loud-crying nationalists, are trying desperately hard to get together.

As President Hoover acted recently in a threatening economic situation, so this government is attempting to control conditions. The ministers of commerce and labor have just visited Lodz, the textile centre, to discuss assistance, which will probably include government orders for textile products, provision for constructive credits, and tariff rebates to facilitate exports. They have promised, too, special unemployment relief funds.

While anyone who has followed our own economic situation during the past six months will easily orientate himself in Poland, he will find, too, unfamiliar factors, which will make him salute the courage with which its people press forward. Besides the sad lack of capital to invest, of money to purchase, the practice of modern business administration, especially in the smaller enterprises, is yet in its infancy. The Poles are, for instance, by tradition, individualists in business. To most of them yet it is difficult to think in terms of mass production. Only the other day, an American buyer, much interested in beautiful Polish peasant handicrafts, omitted Warsaw for another European city, where he could buy by thousands instead of by hundreds.

But there are more ways than one of doing business, and I have been delighted to watch a 'snappy' new firm composed of one quiet young American and one eager young Polish aristocrat turned 'business man.' Money is extremely tight; people accustomed to go South for a week or two during January did not go; others have had to give up this or that; yet this young firm within a short time sold sixty automobiles and no less than eight during the last difficult month — good sales, not on long credits. How was it done? Chiefly at luncheon and dinner tables. 'You must not think that we can wait in my country for business to come to the office,' laughed the young Pole; 'people expect the office to come to them. At first my American friend objected that he could not accept an invitation and then lure his host into purchasing a car, but he no longer protests — this is a going concern!'

The recent amazing great fair at Poznan, celebrating the close of the Republic's first ten years, has greatly

heartened the whole people. Especially because of its picturing of the progress of social projects — the astonishing increase of schools, the speed of the educational advance. Such institutions as the Nurses' Training School in Cracow and the School of Health in Warsaw, with both of which the Rockefeller Foundation coöperates, are giving splendid leadership. President Moscicki, again, gave the initiative for the foundation of a National Institute of Chemical Research, which has quickly grown up in Warsaw and is doing useful service, especially to the Silesian coal industry, whose captains (many of them Germans!) are contributing amply toward its cost.

In the capital, too, stands almost completed the Madame Curie Radium Institute and Hospital. The plans have long been worked over in Warsaw and Paris, and both laboratories and hospital represent the best that is known in medical installation. Warsaw gave not only a generous amount of land as site, but added an adjacent park. The Bank of Poland contributed the X-ray laboratories, and the million *zlotys* needed for the completion of the buildings is now being raised by a house-to-house drive, each person contributing his mite. And so Madame Curie's hope, her dream, is about to be realized. And here the gram of radium recently presented her by her American friends will be put to its beneficent uses.

V

One could go on enumerating reasons for encouragement pictured by the Poznan fair. Yet to-day, as the second decade starts, many Poles are again fearful, chiefly regarding international relations, and again chiefly concerning those with Germany.

Mention of Polish-German relations raises the curtain on the whole international scene, where humanity appears as it did to Luther — a drunken man riding home from the fair, who falls into the ditch on one side, laboriously lifts himself to his horse, only to fall, a little farther on, into the opposite ditch; and thus by repeated fallings and liftings progresses homeward. Humanity fell into the ditch when it wrote the Versailles treaty.

From this watchtower of Eastern Europe, the *Drang nach Osten* appears more real to-day than ever before. Will England return some of the lost expansion territory — some of Germany's forfeited African land? Without it, her eyes are fixed on Russia, Siberia, China. Her road lies either over the old Berlin-to-Bagdad route or by the present northern trans-Corridor one. Will she ever be reconciled to this necessity of crossing the Danzig Corridor? What she wants is to swing it about at right angles to make for herself a Baltic bridge over the neck of Poland.

So, as Poland continues almost feverishly to develop her Baltic port, Gdynia, won after centuries of necessity, how can she do otherwise than keep her mind, too, on a possible Black Sea outlet? Therefore, she has entered into a formal alliance with Rumania, not only because they together face the long frontier of Russia, but also because beyond Rumania lies a Black Sea port.

In Cracow University, half a thousand years old, we celebrate that day ten years ago when Haller's army reached the sea, and when, after planting the Polish Eagle on its shore, the General dropped a ring into the Baltic. The old hall is glorious with portraits of kings and benefactors, above all of whom Copernicus dominates, his mind overwhelmed with awe as in the blue and star-strewn night above his city he reads the truth. Town officials, faculty

and students; crimson and purple, velvet and ermine, jeweled chairs, speeches spaced with song — throughout the land the same serious rejoicing. The spirit of President Wilson seems near.

Polish engineers and other professional men have long ago found in Russia their opportunity; they wish not to be cut off from this field, or from trade expansion eastward, where Germany is already strongly active. On her way, she has made herself the dominant influence in Lithuania, which does not speed the healing of Polish-Lithuanian differences, or the success of the Polish desire for a union of Baltic States. The President of Esthonia has just visited Warsaw. What is the significance of Grandi's promised visit?

Suspicion in the Ukraine and other new states where Polish landlords once dominated is to be expected; that other ancient law operating — sins of the fathers visited on the children. It will take time to convince the peoples of these regions that their newly won rights are safe in Poland's presence.

General opinion in the ten-year-old republic favors close ties with Hungary and Italy rather than with neighboring Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia: there is more traditional and temperamental affinity with the Hungarians and the Italians than with the two Slavic peasant nations. Hungary was, jointly with Poland, for centuries Europe's bulwark against the Turk; and Italy became the alma mater of Polish art and learning in the sixteenth century, when a Polish queen of the house of Sforza brought many Italians to Poland, and encouraged Poles to study at Padua.

Yet to-day a living, working arrangement with Germany is Poland's immediate and most pressing need. The comparatively small body of Polish and of German nationalists are making a loud outcry against submission to the so-called 'annexes' of the Hague Agreement, which the Young Plan advised but did not make binding, but which fortunately the two countries have signed. These include the liquidation of mutual claims, public and private, arising out of the war and the Versailles treaty. Poland admits that under them Germany's sacrifice in money is, perhaps, greater than her own — she must renounce, to quote one item, the 60,000,000 zloty claim against the lost nitrate factory in Upper Silesia. But against this Poland sets the value of destroyed factories in Lodz. Her concession, by which she gives up her right under the Versailles treaty to expropriate 12,000 families of German colonists, enrages some nationalists, but appeals to her level-minded citizens as a giving up of something utterly impractical now to accomplish. She is to renounce, too, the right, after 1935, to force Germans in business in Upper Silesia to sell. 'Let the nationalists howl,' says a cynic. 'We know that we could n't buy them out if we wanted to; we have n't the money!'

The best elements in both countries want earnestly, as in the matter of the commercial treaty, to get together. Often, they hear Goethe saying in *Faust*, —

> *Leicht bei einander wohnen die Gedanken,*
> *Doch hart im Raume stossen sich die Dinge,*

for though ideas are living together in friendship, things continue harshly to knock one another about.

The Pole, who can scarcely be expected to be an optimist regarding these German-Polish relations, rather pins his faith to the Poznanian part of Poland as the road by which ultimately mutual understanding will be achieved. Its population once connected with Germany, but, where the German minority is only about a million, understands both psychologies; and as the

post-war acuteness of political excitement dies down, Poznanians stand out as qualified forerunners of such a getting together.

Through all the tangle and difficulty of international adjustment, Poland leans on her historic friendship with France, on her warm, centuries-old friendship with Hungary, on friendship with Turkey, — during all the dark period of her subjection, Turkey had her name called on the diplomatic roll, and received the secretary's report 'Absent'! — but chiefly she is happy in her friendship with the United States. The names of President Wilson and of President Hoover are revered and loved.

Writing, I seem to hear still at the University of California Professor Bacon, as he tried to stir us to his own vivid interest in this part of the world, saying: 'Go home, all of you, and read the Trilogy, and then keep on reading it all the rest of the year, and then don't stop. And maybe, by and by, you will begin to understand Eastern Europe.' Thomas Rutherford Bacon of Yale — a teacher!

That was twenty years ago. And to-day, the Polish friend with whom I am living describes to me the way in which at that time her mother and the neighbors ran down the street at the hour when the newspaper with the daily installments of Sienkiewicz's novels should appear. She describes the clamoring of the crowd for its spiritual bread. Ask Poles who it was who carried the past and present generation until liberation came, and they will not hesitate. The poet-prophet, Mickiewicz, yes — but above all others Sienkiewicz. When through the immortal Zagloba he said, —

'Gentlemen! Let me drink a toast in honor of the future generations! May God bless them and let them keep the heritage which we shall leave them, having restored it with our own toil and blood. May they remember us when hard times overcome them, and may they never despair, *since there are no circumstances out of which one may not arise, viribus unitis, with the aid of God,*'

he lifted and held the heart of the whole people.

And is it not significant that many young Poles to whom he has been teacher and savior now find him increasingly difficult to read? 'We have passed the day of Fire and Sword,' said one of them yesterday. 'The time has come to turn from the intensely nationalistic path which was our only way of salvation, into the broader road of world brotherhood. If there is no successor of Mickiewicz and Sienkiewicz to-day, it is because he is no longer needed.'

Yet there are many young writers, novelists and poets, and painters and sculptors and musicians, for there is great creative activity in Poland — they are seeking new and more universal themes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The professor's mouse

Professor Slater sat in his study, hard at work upon his *Critical Examination of the Racial Connections of the Hittites, Hivites, Amorites, Amalekites, and Jebusites*, when a mouse popped out of a hole in the door of a closet and sat up and looked at him.

This was a very curious coincidence, because the professor was on the track of a derivation which seemed to indicate that the Hittites and Jebusites had mice, while the Hivites, Amorites, and Amalekites did not.

Now it may surprise you to know that Professor Slater had never looked at a mouse before. He had seen mice, but had never looked at a mouse. To him a Jebusite was much more real than any of the small deer of house and garden, and an Amalekite far more exciting than any of the Rodentia. Mice were to his mind merely a minor nuisance, associated with cats and cheese; and now long habits of indifference made him say 'Shoo!' and wave his hand, whereat the mouse vanished. But in five minutes it was back again.

This time the professor did not say 'Shoo!' or wave his hand. Instead he reached cautiously for the poker, and, with an agility one would not have anticipated in a man of his age and habits, leaped from his chair and chased the mouse round the room. Of course he did not kill it; one never does with a poker. For the extermination of mice a broom is a much better weapon, but he did not know even that. The mouse, after encircling the room three times, shot into its hole, and Professor Slater dropped into his chair.

But the thread of his thought was broken. Try as he would, he could not regain his former moral intensity of research.

He was all alone in his rooms, for he was a bachelor with enough money to live in a small apartment. By day he earned his salary by lecturing to three university students and directing the thesis writing of two of them. His special knowledge of a subject about which nobody knows much gave him a feeling of importance and imparted to his classroom manner a snarling arrogance that deeply impressed the three young men. He was a very eminent man, though to tell the truth it is hard to say whether his eminence owed most to his articles, his nose, or his whiskers. His articles, it is true, never even by chance contained anything that anyone except a Hittite specialist could read; but his nose, riding high between his fierce eyes, like the beak of an Assyrian falcon, and his reddish whiskers, trained forward, like the beard of a Babylonian bowman, were sufficient to convince the most ignorant that their owner was entitled to whatever salary his university could afford to pay him.

In the apartment immediately below his lived Perkins, the Professor of English Literature, who had as many as thirty students in his graduate courses and whom Professor Slater therefore looked upon as a mere dilettant. Professor Perkins was accustomed to use Professor Slater, in his undergraduate courses, — without, of course, mentioning his name,— to illustrate the more disagreeable stanzas of 'A Grammarian's Funeral' and to point the characterization of Dorothea

Brooke's first husband; and Professor Slater was in the habit of retaliating by making sly allusions to the æsthetic acrobatics of littérateurs and emotional critics, who did not even know Sanskrit.

Of course neither was entirely fair to the other. There is no bigotry stronger than the bigotry of professors. Professor Slater had his good points, as no doubt had Professor Perkins. Professor Slater had at any rate trained himself to be superior to the ordinary weaknesses of the flesh and the spirit. He knew, for example, that most people are fools and all other Hittite scholars knaves; that the only real scholar is the scientific specialist; that most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly; and that all poetry and religion are poppycock. In this simple creed he had been content if not happy now for twenty years. But he had been lonely, and never lonelier than to-night.

For twenty years of unremitting research will find out chinks in the toughest armor. He had of late, indeed, been visited by strange impulses. He had even once almost wondered whether the game was worth the candle, though his scandalized mind had rejected the doubt as a stomach spurns strange food.

And now this great man inexplicably found his researches into the etymology of *mouse* interrupted by a mouse. His thread of thought had indeed been broken, and, throw his papers about and slap over the pages of lexicons as he might, he could not remember where he had left off. Besides, his fire had died down, the radiator was cold, his nose, he felt sure, was becoming blue. He was just beginning to think of going to bed — and that was ordinarily the last thing he thought of — when he suddenly realized that he was hungry.

Almost, however, before the realization had fully formed in his mind, the mouse was there again! This was really becoming uncanny. He glared, but the little creature on the floor appeared unabashed. There it sat, motionless, erect, gazing at him with a look that seemed, even though he could not read it, full of meaning. And as he regarded it, his wrath slowly died down, for, although he knew little about the usual physique of a mouse, he felt sure that this one was extraordinarily thin. It seemed, in fact, emaciated. Being hungry himself, he thought that perhaps it was hungry too.

He rose to go to his little pantry, in the kitchenette with which his snug apartment was provided, and the mouse once more vanished under the closet door. Now in the closet, as he well knew, was nothing but his academic gown, hood, and mortar board, which hung on a peg there, except at such times as he appeared in them at commencements, regal in red and white plush over stiff flounces of black silk trimmed with bands of black velvet. He took a half-step toward the closet door, but went into the pantry instead and returned with crackers and cheese and a whiskey-and-soda — dangerous things to take singly after midnight and mental labor, and all but deadly in conjunction. But he raked up the fire, sat down at his desk again, and ate meditatively, chewing his crackers and cheese slowly and thoroughly, and sipping his highball with a zesting tongue.

Before long he felt surprisingly well. His nose and feet felt warm and his ears cool, his back stopped aching, and he was no longer conscious of smarting eyes. He wished the mouse would come back.

And it did come back. As if it had popped out of a hole in the rug, there it sat on its delicate haunches, its little ears, beady eyes, and noble whiskers all atremble with attention, while the professor lolled and looked. He flicked a bit of biscuit to the rug and watched with a novel pleasure the dainty

gestures with which the little creature took it in its forepaws and nibbled it, sitting erect like a squirrel. As I have said, he had never really looked at a mouse before. Now he suddenly found himself confronted by the curious question whether he had ever really looked at anything — anything, that is, but a book.

But meanwhile he had looked so long and steadily that the mouse (or the cheese or the whiskey) began to do things to his eyes. The mouse swelled and swelled till it appeared the size of a rabbit, and then it dwindled till it was the size of a mouse, and then again it grew to the dimensions of a tapir, and diminished to the mass of a beetle.

This was all, of course, very strange; but the professor, who was nothing if not rational, no doubt rightly ascribed it to an illusion due to a partial autohypnotism, superinduced by night, subdued light, flickering flame, and alcohol. And yet all his rationalizing could not wholly obliterate his feeling that the mouse represented something vague, august, even awful, that was much more than mouse.

Just what this something was evaded him. It seemed to be something he had known about once but had forgotten, something that lay somewhere in the bottom of his being, covered up by the accumulations of the years. Out of the welter of such notions there rose, however, one thought that was clear. It was that about a living mouse there were suggestions of gray plush, delicate members, agile movements, and a certain manner which could perhaps only be denominated mousiness, that were all absent from the word *mouse* as one read this in a dictionary.

And, since the professor was an intelligent man, this realization led him on to thought after thought, each more disconcerting than the last. For, he reflected, if *mouse* meant little or much in proportion to one's experience, why not, say, *mushroom* and *merriment* and *music* and *mysticism* and *marriage?* Why not, in fact, anything? Or everything? And he began, in a kind of litany, to chant silently: *newt, nuthatch, Nantucket, neighbor, nature; oats, oyster, offspring, organ, ocean; pea, pheasant, picnic, prayer, poet;* testing each word as a word and as a thing, with the result that he became more and more embarrassed, and a novel humility began to mix itself with his thoughts. He even wondered (and nothing could better measure the seriousness of his condition) whether Perkins, whom he could hear moving about in the apartment below, and who, as he knew, was always expounding Life, Art, and Nature to his classes, might not really possess a larger slice of truth than he.

Meanwhile the mouse ate and ate, bits of cheese and cracker, until no more descended like manna from the heaven of the desk. Then it fastidiously wiped its whiskers. 'Why,' thought Professor Slater, experiencing an unwonted pleasure, 'it's almost human!' But he immediately reflected that to say that was possibly not a compliment. 'No,' he amended, 'it is evidently completely mousy. Only I have never realized how admirable a thing it is for a mouse to be entirely and unaffectedly mousy.'

Upon second thought these remarks seemed rather maudlin — how else could a mouse be but mousy? 'Probably what I mean,' he said to himself, 'is that you are completely natural. And that,' he added, with a solemnity that may have been a trifle tipsy, 'is, as this world goes, Horatio, to be one mouse — I mean, man — picked out of ten thousand!' But even this thought, upon reflection, did not seem as profound as it sounded, when spoken in an orotund voice with clerical intonations.

The mouse, at any rate, thought little of it; for, its toilette completed, it scampered blithely across the floor and shot into the closet.

But now the professor was interested. The mouse must live somewhere, and he was suddenly curious to learn more of its domestic economy. He rose, tiptoed to the closet door, opened it softly, and peered in. Nothing was visible except his gown and hood; but he noticed that the hood was swaying slightly on its hanger, and a suspicion of the truth made him return to his desk, procure a flash light from a drawer, and, with cautious fingers, open the hood and flash the powerful beam of his torch into its depths.

There at the bottom of the silken cone was a great ball of scraps of paper, white fluff, and black threads, and warmly nestling in the middle of this lay his mouse, giving suck to four tiny things, hardly bigger than garden grubs.

For an instant he felt outraged. Old habits must have their way for a time, and the professor's instantaneous recognition of the sources of the mouse's nest, — for it was made of bits of his manuscripts, fluff from his hood, and threads from his gown, — and his feeling that his academic dignity had been affronted, could not but arouse his ire. But the mouse looked very cosy. It knew little and cared less about academic dignity. It had never heard of the Hittites. It had faithfully followed the laws of nature and its destiny. It had borne its little ones and nourished them as best it could. It had even conquered fear in order to save them. The professor decided to laugh.

He threw himself into a chair and laughed and laughed. It would take too long to explain just why he laughed, but laugh he did, slapping his thighs, stamping his feet, and throwing himself about, until Professor Perkins thumped on his ceiling in protest.

But the sound of the thumping immediately put a new idea into Professor Slater's head. He went to his telephone, called the office, and asked to be connected with Professor Perkins.

'Yes, yes, yes,' sounded the latter's voice, testily.

'Oh, Perkins,' said Professor Slater, 'will you come up? I want to show you something.'

A grunt was the only response, but a few moments later Professor Perkins appeared in pyjamas and slippers under a flowered dressing gown.

'Well,' said he, sourly, 'what's the matter?'

For answer, Professor Slater beckoned him to the closet door, gingerly opened the hood, and flashed in his light. But the mouse, the desperate need of her progeny satisfied, thought this second visitation too much. She popped out and scuttled off into the hall, the door of which had been left ajar. Professor Perkins jumped, but Professor Slater held him firmly and made him peer at the four mouselings, which now lay apparently asleep in their nest of litter.

'Is n't that a joke?' asked Professor Slater.

'Nasty things!' replied Professor Perkins, retreating. 'I always hated mice.'

'Now, now, Perkins,' said Professor Slater, wagging his finger at him, 'remember your "wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie," and your "best-laid schemes o' mice and men," and your

> Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out,

and your "Country Mouse and City Mouse," and your "Mistress Mousy, may I come in?" Your poets did n't hate mice.'

'I think you 're drunk,' said Professor Perkins, who had observed the whiskey bottle.

'I think I am, a little. But, that aside, do you catch the beautiful irony of all this? Here I was, trying to prove that the Hittites and Jebusites had mice, and thinking myself pretty fine to have found that out, and all the while a mouse was setting up housekeeping in my hood.'

'Did you bring me upstairs to tell me that? I'm going to bed.'

'But, Perkins,' said Professor Slater, almost pleadingly, 'don't you see the point? Here we are, you and I, dealing every day in words, words, words —'

'Kindly speak for yourself,' growled Professor Perkins.

'*Mouse*, for instance. What do we really know about a mouse?'

'I teach literature; I am not a naturalist. What good would it do us to know about mice?'

'Ah, there you have it! What good would it do us? Why, do you know, I have made a great discovery tonight. I have discovered that knowing about a mouse may make a tremendous difference.'

'Pooh, pooh!'

'It may make all the difference between talking and knowing, between theory and experience. I had never looked at a mouse before, but now I have looked at one. And you'd be surprised at the number of things it made me think and do. I'm surprised myself. Why, it even made me laugh — at myself!'

'Well,' said Professor Perkins, gathering his robe around him, 'that's all very nice, if you think so; but as for me, I'm going to bed.' And he stalked to the door.

'Perkins,' said Professor Slater, 'I think you're a fraud.'

'Slater,' said Professor Perkins, 'I think you're a fool.'

And he went out, slamming the door.

But Professor Slater opened it again a little, to let the mouse come back.

On writing a preface

When I finally succeeded in finding a publisher for my book I thought that my troubles were ended. I have a way of thinking that, too soon. The publisher who finally took my manuscript was the third I tried. The morning I saw the first I was practically positive that the business side of my book was settled. I found him sitting at his desk looking at a magazine article on Cottages of the Cotswolds. It gave me a perfect opening; we discovered that we had just missed each other as students at Oxford, and that we held similar views on the merits of 'The Swan' at Bibury and 'The Trout' at Godstow. At the end of half an hour we got to the business in hand: he expressed interest in the outline which I had sent on ahead, and I left the manuscript and departed with the feeling that our next appointment would be merely for the formalities of contract signing. I was right about that second appointment being short. I was there five minutes. It does n't take long to put a manuscript back into one's briefcase.

As soon as I left him I telephoned an acquaintance of mine who is a member of another firm. He said that he had a terrific cold, but would come to tea. As I gave him a spirited account of what was in the book I thought that he brightened. When I finished he said, 'Do you dow subthing? I was bord to be iderested in this.' For the life of me I could n't tell whether he was 'born' or 'bored.' As things turned out, his cold had enabled him to express in one ambiguous word the attitude of his firm. He was born. The others, and they outnumbered him, were bored.

By the time I came to my third publisher I was extremely suspicious of all the bright young men. I left him the manuscript and went out of

town. Five hours later a messenger handed me the following telegram: 'Tremendously enthusiastic. We definitely want book.' I took up the telephone and called Western Union. 'Please repeat that wire,' I said. 'The meaning is n't quite clear to me.'

A closer investigation indicated that he really means to publish it. Once I had made quite sure of that, I thought that the book was behind me, and began making plans for the royalties. No such luck. 'Where,' said the publisher firmly, 'is your preface?'

Now the more I sit looking at a blank piece of paper, the more impossible it appears to write a preface. Most prefaces seem to open with an explanation and apology for writing the succeeding pages. What earthly use is this? Why not stand up and face the facts? The thing has happened; it may be regrettable, but if the author really thinks so he should have made more of an effort at prevention, and in nine cases out of ten I suspect that at the very moment when he is writing those words he is already planning a further venture. The divergence between convention and truth is apparently even greater in writing prefaces than in more ordinary walks of life.

There are certain things that one always puts in prefaces. For instance, there is the Muster of Distinguished Names. Now it is true that in the course of preparing this book of mine I met some quite respectably prominent people, but it is not true that they are the ones 'to whom I owe whatever may be of value in the pages which follow.' I owe that, as a matter of fact, to a certain number of conversations with people whose names have no publicity value whatever, to a certain number of those inexplicable and utterly unscientific hunches which the preface to every 'sound' book spends at least a paragraph in denying, and, what is never under any circumstances admitted, to a certain amount of donkey work of my own.

Then we have the question of support. As writing in the non-fiction field has become increasingly a matter of fellowships, research projects, or at least sabbatical years, there has crept in a paragraph on The Institution That Was Behind Me. For this paragraph I have nothing to offer; behind me there is nothing but the cipher of a vanished bank account. Ought I to dedicate the book, I wonder,

> To the Guggenheim and Laura Spelman Rockefeller Foundations
> Whose assistance has not made possible this work?

It really looks as though I were n't going to write that preface. But if I do, there is one paragraph about which I am quite clear. I have noticed that the final words of practically every conventionally constructed preface deal with the patience of wives. Their patience is acknowledged in slightly varying forms, in the collection of material, in the preparation of the typescript, in the reading of proof; occasionally one finds a Miltonian acknowledgment of her who only waited. Of course sometimes secretaries are substituted for wives, but it amounts to the same thing. Unfortunately my circumstances do not fit this case, but there is one source of assistance which I am only too proud to recognize. My final paragraph shall stand thus:—

> And in closing, though more than to mention this is unnecessary for either of us, I wish to refer to my Baby Remington, without whose help this work could not have been completed.

Pure Philology

Among the less prosaic delights of the dictionary is one that I have never

heard or seen advocated. In fact, I have never known it even to be mentioned — not even in the preface of the dictionary itself. I refer to the delight of reading unintelligible definitions, preferably aloud.

This is not to imply that any definition in any reputable dictionary is intentionally unintelligible, or that, for dozens and scores of highly intelligent people, any definition is unintelligible unintentionally. I am speaking merely from the point of view of the average person like myself. For him unintelligibility may prove an actual blessing.

May I illustrate with a few citations from a single page of my dictionary?

Ac'lidæ. A family of marine ptenoglossate gastropods with a rimate turreted shell.

To get the full flavor of this definition, read it aloud slowly and in a musical tone of voice. Read it over several times until the words and syllables sing themselves into the consciousness. Ordinarily we are so preoccupied with the meanings of words that we fail to hear them as lovely sounds. Hence our common impression that French, Italian, ancient Greek, and so forth, are more musical languages than modern English.

Acmæ'idæ. A family of marine patelliform gastropods having one cervical gill.

Both these definitions are exquisite examples of that rhetorical rise and fall of sentence rhythm, that crescendo-decrescendo effect, of which Sir Thomas Browne in the seventeenth century and Thomas De Quincey in the nineteenth were such consummate masters. Notice how both definitions begin quietly with the homely word 'family,' mount to a climax on 'gastropods,' and then sink to a gentle cadence on 'shell' and 'gill' — the liquid *l*'s trailing off like faint echoes.

Acœt'idæ. A family of aphroditoidean seaworms, with the alternate segments bearing elytra.

There is, it may as well be admitted, a type of person — matter-of-fact, relentlessly practical, scientific — to whom such innocent diversion as this is sheer perversity. A person of this stamp would turn at once to 'aphroditoidean' and 'elytra' (if he were not already familiar with the terms), and, having satisfied his immediate curiosity, slam the book shut.

Without wishing to provoke a quarrel with such undisguised utilitarianism, we must, in self-justification, insist that the æsthetic attitude toward the dictionary is really nobler than any other. Just as the greatest music has always been pure or absolute music, untrammeled by meanings and descriptions and programmes, and just as the most significant of modern poetry and painting eschews the realistic and representative, so a definition that can give the color, the flavor, the harmonies of words is far superior to one that manages to impart only the literal meaning.

Who, for instance (except possibly a zoölogist), face to face with these crowding, surging polysyllables, —

Acotyle'a. A group of polycladidean turbellarians, characterized by the subcentral situation of the mouth and the absence of suckers, —

would care a rap whether an Acotylea is a microbe or a mammoth?

Devotees of rare and supersensual hobbies often suffer from the obtusities and obtrusions of their philistine neighbors. Bird lovers are mistaken for escaped lunatics, and stargazers are accosted as dangerous prowlers. But the lover of pure philology — provided he be not too intelligent — can sit peacefully in his library, enjoying night after night the transcendent delights of the entire English language.

A Track-Lining Chantey

(The air and chorus are used by Negro railroad workers; the words, as the reader can see, are made up of the names of towns with which these laborers would be familiar)

Birmingham, Alabama, Macon an' Yazoo,
Jacksonville an' Tuscaloosa, Selma, Baton Rou'.

Chorus
Good-bye, rail! Good-bye, rail!
Good-bye, rail — Ah'm goin' home!

'Lanta, Mobile an' Savannah, Natchez, Tupelo,
New Awleans an' Pensacola, Memphis an' Waco.

Good-bye, rail, *etc.*

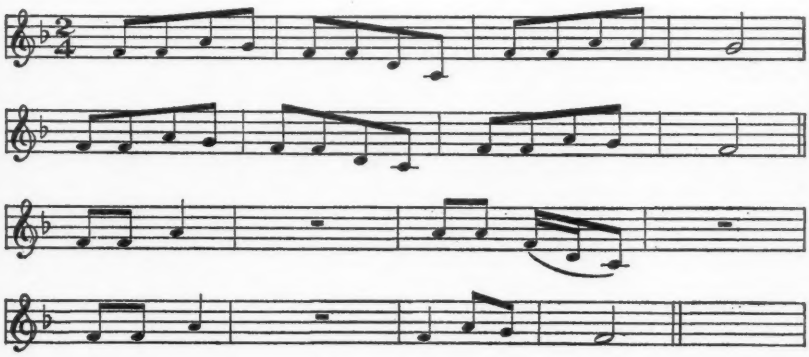
Chattanooga, Opelika, Tallapoosa, Tunnel Hill,
Chattahoochee, Talladega, Tallahassee, 'Louieville.'

Good-bye, rail, *etc.*

Thomasville an' Apalachee, Eutaw, Tuskegee,
Choccolocco, Sylacauga, Tullahoma, Tennessee.

Good-bye, rail, *etc.*

Wuks awhile an' makes a pay day, rides de cushion or de beam;
Boys, de itchin' foot done got me — home ain't but a dream.

Good-bye, rail, *etc.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

PATRIOTISM in its earliest and purest form vibrates in **Howell Vines's** idyll of Alabama: not love of a nation, but of one's native horizon and clan. 'My book is one about Woodlanders,' he writes, 'as much so as Hardy's . . . and in no sense about hillbillies, mountaineers, "poor white trash." My people are woodlanders, and that goes first of all. I do not regard any who are poor as poor white trash. Again, they are people of the great Southern woods and river folks, and are in no sense mountaineers. . . . The topography, the land, the countryside itself can be found in the book.' The curious reader can easily delimit on the map the region of the Warrior Rivers which provides the book with its scene. Δ Lawyer, author, and diplomatist, honored alike by Belgium and America, **Brand Whitlock** is well qualified to diagnose an ill that lies much deeper than any of its loudly disputed symptoms. Δ With so many evidences to the contrary, it is comforting to be assured by so eminent a mathematician and logician as **Bertrand Russell** that the universe is becoming gradually more probable.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., is Director of the University Art Museum at Princeton. **Graham Munro** teaches in a Western college. **Frank H. Vizetelly** is managing editor of the Funk and Wagnalls Dictionary. Δ The second stage of the schooner *Tagua's* voyage finds **Robert Dean Frisbie** and his friends ashore for the last stop before San Francisco. **E. C.** makes universal poetry of an intimately personal experience. **Joseph Wood Krutch** gives life to a novelist who has lain neglected on the shelf these many years. **George E. O'Dell** is the founder and editor of the *Standard*, the official publication of the American Ethical Union. **Francis P. Miller and H. D. Hill** are collaborating in a volume entitled *The Giant of the Western World*, a study of the many effects of America's economic and social power abroad, from which their paper in the present *Atlantic* is drawn. **Alfred F. Loomis** writes: —

Since 1923 ocean racing has been the most vital factor in the sport of yachting. From the Pacific coast yachtsmen race every other year to Hawaii, while here we have our biennial races to Bermuda, in which more than thirty yachts engage. In England the Fastnet and Santander (Spain) ocean races annually attract large numbers of sportsmen. In 1928 occurred the transatlantic race to Spain, and next summer (1931) there will be an even more important race from New York to England. All this blue-water racing is building up a class of amateur sailors whose seamanship need bow only to that of the clipper-ship sailors of the 'fifties. Unsung, except in the yachting press, they are the keenest, most audacious sailors plying the seas to-day.

Lawrence Hyde, a young Englishman, served as a Flying Officer during the war. His book, *The Learned Knife*, has enjoyed a *succès d'estime*. It is the first volume of a projected trilogy defending a religious and æsthetic attitude toward life against the claims of the sciences. **Ellis Parker Butler** does not write with the authority of Wall Street, but with the natural lucidity of an unfettered mind. **Julian S. Huxley's** critique of education in Africa is the fruit of a recent sojourn in the dark continent. **Charlotte Kellogg** makes a discerning and sympathetic analysis of the attitude of the Polish people toward the problems that confront them.

We print below a letter on a vital problem, apropos of a paper which seems to have found many sympathetic readers.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In Dr. Reynolds's arresting article in the June issue, 'How Necessary Is Illness?' are startling facts as to the scarcity of doctors — 102 towns in Vermont without physicians, *et seq.*

The tragedy of the present situation is that it has developed out of the desire to strengthen the

foundation of medical knowledge by raising the intellectual standards of students of medicine. In seeking an ideal perfection we have banished the men who were willing to serve poor communities at modest rates — men who at least were better than no doctors at all.

The cause was shown to me a few years ago by my neighbor, the late Dr. John L. M. Willis, of Eliot, Maine. He said: 'The medical school of Bowdoin College has closed its doors after one hundred years of honorable and useful service to the people of the State of Maine. It can no longer find students, since the law requires that before beginning to study medicine the student must have the B.A. degree or its equivalent. Our young men cannot afford this.

'Before this requirement was adopted a village youth who wanted to be a doctor finished in high school, taught school for a few years, living at home, and saved the money to put him through medical school. Meanwhile he helped the local doctor in his work and, with his help, prepared for entrance to medical school. During these years he had clinical and bedside experience with the doctor which served him well when he began to care for the sick. On graduation he was willing to practise in his home neighborhood, earning a livelihood and rendering a real service. He could afford to do it.

'To-day the cost of four years in college makes it impossible for young men of this type to study medicine. By the time the student has paid for his college course and his four years in medical school he has spent on his education from $20,000 to $30,000 (i.e., education plus living), and his first aim is to get that money back, or pay it to those who advanced it, as soon as he can. He becomes a specialist in a city, where fees are large. He cannot afford to go into general practice in a village.'

You will find this subject well worth while. It is of vital interest to the entire nation, for the academic requirements for medical students are uniform in most states. New Hampshire, Vermont, and many other states have suffered the loss of medical schools as good as Bowdoin's, and the country doctor and the general practitioner are extinct. Instead we have specialists who cannot treat an entire patient.

Yours sincerely,
W. O. I.

Why think?

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As a high-school teacher of the social sciences, I am interested in Mrs. Langer's stimulating article in the May *Atlantic*, 'Just Think,' and particularly in her reference to the mind of the high-school pupil. She regards his inability to think as due to no innate mental weakness, but to a lack of training in analysis, summarizing, and the formulation of concepts and abstractions.

The author suggests that something is wrong with the educational system, but she fails to mention the reason why the high-school pupil is graduated with little ability for abstract thinking and with a knowledge of 'more facts than he can possibly ever use or enjoy.'

The trend of high-school teaching has always been directed by the college, in spite of the fact that in the past a ridiculously small minority of those going to high school have gone to college. Let a person who wonders why the teaching of history in the high school does not lead to an understanding of the present social order glance over the college entrance examinations in history. Remember that the passing of such an examination with a satisfactory grade is the basis for the admission of high-school pupils to college.

The following questions were selected from the examination papers in history between 1921 and 1929.

The spaces are to be filled by the correct name.

1. ——— was killed by a mob in the Roman forum.
2. ——— was defeated by the Persians at the Battle of Eurymedon.
3. After the victory of ———, Lysander placed harmosts in Athens.
4. The bull, Unam Sanctam, was issued by ———.
5. ——— was killed at Lützen in 1632.
6. The Black Prince was the father of ———.
7. The treaty of ——— was signed a few days before Jackson's victory at New Orleans.
8. Henry II claimed the English throne through his mother ———, who was the daughter of ———.

There are better questions, however; for example: —

1. Name three important inventions or discoveries which hastened the Industrial Revolution and show in each case how the invention or discovery influenced the life of the people.
2. What was the influence of physical geography upon the people of Hellas?
3. Name three religions of the ancient world and compare any two of them in regard to their teachings, their forms of worship, and their social writings.

That is valuable and fundamental knowledge for historical thinking.

On the 1929 European history examination there are no questions calling for an understanding of such abstract concepts as imperialism, internationalism, self-determination of nations, submerged nationalities, autocracy, militarism, communism, or industrialism; although nationalism and democracy are mentioned. The nearest approach to the World War were the following:—

1. Write fully on the career and importance in history of one of five men (among them Briand).
2. Turkey fought on the side of ——— in the World War, and Roumania on the side of ———.
3. Locate two mandates held by Great Britain.
4. Locate the most important German naval base before 1918.
5. Trace the steps in the formation of the Triple Entente, giving the reasons for each step.

Again, the last question calls for important knowledge, but what is the value in knowing the reasons for the formation of the Triple Entente if it has n't helped the student to understand the relation in the past between such alliances and war, and also the present-day attitude on such alliances and the reason for it?

Statistics taken in 1925 show that 32 per cent of the graduates of the secondary schools in the United States entered the liberal colleges, to which admission might have been gained by the passing of the college entrance examinations. The other 68 per cent were given the same diet even though they had no intention of going to the institutions where such food is supposed to be transmuted into intellectual strength.

There is a revolution or at least a rebellion on foot to-day in the secondary schools. Nation-wide surveys have shown how futile much of the teaching in the past has been. Such a conclusion has brought the objectives of high-school teaching into the open; a wide study of these objectives has followed in all of the larger school systems, with the hope that as these aims of education became defined anew methods and material might be revolutionized to make the teaching conform to these newly defined ends. The bugbear of college entrance examinations and Regents' (used as a basis for the distribution of scholarships in New York State) forms one of the biggest problems in carrying out a progressive programme. The taxpayer expects his child to be prepared for college. The teacher is torn asunder. Certainly no one can deny that the college has been responsible for the trend of teaching in the high school in the past, and this teaching has not been conducive to making America a land of thinkers. But now that the high school wants to reform and is trying to recognize this 'completely neglected factor in American education,' the college, denouncing from its hilltop the lack of the ability on the part of its freshmen to think, continues to block the attempt of the high school to change these conditions.

The conflict of objectives which results — teaching for examinations, or teaching for an understanding of life — is not conducive to the accomplishing of either end in a satisfactory manner.

LOIS TURNER

Ave atque vale!

SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As one of the hosts of friends of the late Dallas Lore Sharp, I wish to thank you for including in your June number 'Machete Trails.' Several of my Schenectady friends have told me how interested they were in seeing something again from his pen.

It happened that I was in Ancón in February 1929, and called up the laboratory to reach Professor Sharp, only to find that he was on the way to town. So we had the pleasure of an afternoon together, and I think I was more fascinated by his conversation upon Barro Colorado than by the 'Machete Trails.' It is good, however, to have the permanent record.

Very truly yours,

M. F. WESTOVER

Reunion pleasures.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

To the author of 'Tenth Reunion' in the June Contributors' Club, and through her to others like her, may I address a few heartfelt words from a much harassed reunion chairman.

Since reunions are decreed by the powers that be in the collegiate world for financial and, we hope, for other valid reasons, there must be such unfortunate mortals as myself who for love of a college or a friend, for pure love with very little glory attached, labor unremittingly for weeks to find out from just such contemplative souls as the author of 'Tenth Reunion' whether or not they expect to favor their Alma Mater with their presence on a certain Saturday in June.

Certainly, she is right: the bond salesman's wife, the poor engineer's wife, the disgruntled schoolma'am will all be there. But perhaps

they might be glad to see their reluctant classmate even if she does not thrill at their approach. Taken separately, they are probably as nice as they ever were. Any mixed group of women are apt to register insipidly. After all, one can't sit by the fire with a classmate who lives in Oklahoma or Seattle, very often, no matter how much one admires her. Perhaps she'll be there, too.

So reach for the blank, and for heaven's sake *mail it!* Say yes or no, and don't wait, next time, until you have written to the *Atlantic* about it.

A Class Chairman

In a letter to the editor from Kathryne Mary Frick, the blind and deaf girl whose memorable account of her education concluded in the June *Atlantic*, is contained this information: 'I am wondering if you have heard that I am enjoying radio music. To be sure, not in the sense that hearing persons do, but it is music to me and I enjoy the uplift — or, should I say, soul soaring — that it produces within me. Mr. A. Atwater Kent, Philadelphia, the manufacturer, had a special set devised for me. I understand that the Kent engineers, under the direction of Frank Aiken, constructed the special set for me.'

Commenting upon Miss Vida Scudder's statement, in her paper on 'The Franciscan Adventure,' that the profoundest and clearest evidence of the Franciscan defeat is found in the fact that the Franciscan Order formed a spiritual aristocracy apart from the social structure of the time, a member of the Capuchin branch of the Franciscan Order, whose name we are not at liberty to give, writes: —

> This idea . . . has always, whenever it has been expressed, seemed erroneous to me. To my own mind it was because the Franciscan Order developed as a democratic entity within an autocratic whole that it met defeat. . . . The Friars . . . in all their contacts stood for a vital democracy within the Order; in its government it fought valiantly for the preservation of democratic ruling. Unfortunately the time was not ripe for a general acceptance of its characteristic principles. Then, as now, the Franciscan Order militated against the trend of the times. . . . Franciscan spirituality, on the one hand, definitely made war upon the idea that only within the cloisters of the monk could Christian perfection be found, and the essential Franciscan gospel was surely then that all men, being equal in the sight of God, should therefore be equal in the sight of one another. If the Order became an exclusive group, as it necessarily did, then I venture to assert that this fact must be stressed, that its exclusiveness was caused, not by any inherent principle ruling its life, but simply and solely by the attitude adopted towards it by the forces at work within its sphere of labor. . . . We friars admit that in these days it is well-nigh impossible to observe the literal life of poverty beloved of Saint Francis. But attempts within the Order are being made to preserve as far as possible, and in as many ways as possible, the literal observance of the rule. I suppose we shall not arrive at the happy state of affairs until the world outside is reorganized economically; but in the meantime we are really doing our best, and I do think that in every treatise on the history of or spirit of the Order due credit should be offered to my own brethren.

By word of mouth.

Catskill, New York

Dear Atlantic, —

Last summer in excursions throughout Southern England I visited Cirencester Church and heard from the delightful old verger the story of its siege when Cromwell's men lay before it. 'I have it by word of mouth,' said he.

In response to a startled look — I thought the man had gone mad — he continued with gentle dignity: 'My people have been vergers here for centuries.'

The incident reminded me of the tale in Scott's Journal of a boatman once pointed out to him as being representative of the hereditary gardeners to the Earl of Monteith. The speaker's son asked: —

'Feyther, when Donald dies will not the line be extinct?' but was answered: —

'No; I believe there is a man in Balquhidder who takes up the succession.'

And here is the question: Is it finer to inherit one's humble duties and proudly perform them well and pass them on to one's children, or to feel the spur of discontent that has made many — most — of our great Americans? We should have had no Lincoln, no Edison, no Carnegie, had they not moulded their lives to bigger issues than their parents dreamed of. 'Rise, rise!' is the cry of a republic, and yet we miss much in forswearing the serene beauty of that verger's content in the tradition 'by word of mouth' from the day of Charles the Martyr to this of His Gracious Majesty, George the Fifth.

Ruth Hall

What a formidable race editors are!

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Whenever my brains have become surcharged with ideas of one kind or another I have put these ideas down on paper in the form of letters and sent them to my relatives. This practice has given me mental relief, but no money.

I decided one day that if I could sell this refuse of my brain it would mean to me what the realization of that long-cherished dream of a market for cornstalks would mean to a farmer.

Then I commenced reading writers' magazines to acquaint myself with the proper method of selling. In summing up what I have learned from these magazines I find that the only proper way to approach an editor is to go to the alley door, prostrate one's self, and wriggle into the throne room, face down. To write a letter to an editor, to ask his advice or opinion, to treat him as one self-respecting citizen would treat another, would damn forever any chance of selling a manuscript to the Busy Editor. I notice that 'busy' precedes 'editor' as inevitably as 'honest' precedes 'farmer.'

I am a busy countrywoman with a husband and five children to wash, iron, and cook for; but if you were to drive into our place and ask for a gallon of gas, or a drink of water, or a handout, I could find plenty of time to serve you; and if it was n't wash day I could even give you a square meal.

I may have stepped on the toes of all editorial rules in writing this letter, but I send it to you with as much confidence as you could feel if you stopped at our place on your way to California and asked for some of the favors that tourists are always in need of. We have a very friendly shepherd watchdog.

Sincerely,

I. A. R.

THE SALLYPORT

It is odd what paradoxes can receive the most solemn acceptance without affecting the prestige of human thought. 'We live in a world of chance' is a statement of common experience to which we should all subscribe, and some writers on modern physics tell us that the one law to which there is no exception states that the element of chance in the universe is continually increasing. Yet in press, pulpit, and conversation we all join to honor science for its progressive revelation of a world of order, in which events do not happen by hazard, and in which the behavior of nature can be controlled for man's benefit by understanding of its principles. That this dilemma, in one form or another, has been bolted without intellectual colic by every age in turn since man began to think is an example of his indestructible belief in his own sanity despite strong evidence to the contrary.

For any reader with a speculative turn, no more fascinating excuse to try his powers can be found than Bertrand Russell's essay on probability. Iconoclast, whose privilege it is to speak with the temerity of ignorance, wonders whether it was really necessary for Mr. Russell to make such a devastating confession of helplessness. 'Probability rests on muddle,' he writes. And again, 'I do not mean to deny that all this will probably happen; I only mean to assert that people have not the least idea what they mean when they say so.'

Yet if we say, 'It will probably rain this morning; I shall need an umbrella,' we ought to be able to give a fairly rational account of what we mean. We no doubt mean that some of the causes of rain are present, or some of the circumstances that in our past experience have been followed by rain — dark clouds, east wind, and the like. We are making an empirical judgment, which involves our belief in causation, the order of nature, and the familiar sense of expectancy, based on empirical foundations. All this seems fairly clear. Logic can confuse it, as it can confuse anything, because it deserts the empirical basis on which our judgments are founded. Is not this the source of most of the confusion in Mr. Russell's paper?

It would be quite impossible for logic to prove that it had ever rained at all. But somehow it arrogates to itself the right to discuss whether it will probably rain or not to-morrow. Yet really it is not rain that logic is talking about. Rain we know only from experience. Logic is talking about an abstract event, which could more appropriately be called A or Z. And since logic could not even imagine such a thing as rain, what might cause it or why it should be caused, it states that the chances that it will rain to-morrow, or that the sun will

rise to-morrow, or that a kettle placed over a hot fire will freeze, are precisely equal. All these events are mere A's and Z's to logic, while to experience they are parts of a great system of natural causes. What is logic really doing when it pretends to measure the probabilities of rain? It is only ostensibly making a statement about the facts; actually it is following out, and incidentally revealing, the necessary way in which our minds at their best must work when they confront an unpredictable situation. If, after we have sallied out properly armed with an umbrella, it does not rain after all, we may be surprised. But we do not assume that anything paradoxical has happened in the physical universe. Our judgment of the probabilities was purely subjective, and indifferent nature went its own course.

If the world were deterministic, and every smallest event ordained in advance, as Calvinists and materialists once held, it is hard to see what other view of probability would be possible. But modern physics tells us that the world is not deterministic, that even the laws by which bridges are built or eclipses predicted rest ultimately on 'statistical probabilities.' What this means it is fortunately not our duty to explain. If Mr. Russell would assert that this kind of probability rests on muddle, we should give him a hearty vote of confidence. But suppose that a dynamo is constructed by laws which are in the last analysis laws of chance. Suppose, to take liberties with Kipling, that

> . . . all unseen
> Statistical probabilities brought up the nine-fifteen.

What is the connection of these remote and mysterious probabilities, the familiar spirits and playmates of the atoms, with the logician's theory? They are certainly not the same thing. The probabilities at work among the atoms were discovered empirically by scientists in their laboratories. For aught we know, they might cut logic dead if they met it on the street. The theory of probability as such may have no more to do with the real world than the theory of infant damnation, which was a logical deduction from its own premises, but fortunately lacked an empirical basis.

Iconoclast hereby solemnly takes the view, to be held until further enlightenment drives him from it, that probability is a canon of judgment in the mind, with empirical roots, and logical corollaries, and that as such it is just as explicable and free from muddle as many other things in this odd world, as long as we do not try to hold the facts accountable to it. In pursuance of this idea, he would like to put one or two questions, and only wishes that Mr. Russell were at hand in person to humor his ignorance with indulgent answers. To begin with, what does the overcoming of a mathematical improbability really mean? Mr. Russell has hailed a taxicab as an illustration. Let us do the same. It is the most inexpensive way of hailing a cab we shall ever find. Suppose that in a city where 100,000 cabs are licensed we summon one by telephone, and then guess that its number, when it appears, will be 23,479. According to the theory of probability, our guess will have one chance in a hundred thousand of being right. Yet suppose that 23,479 happened to be the cab that appeared. What would it really mean that a mathematical improbability of 100,000 to 1 had been overcome? Would it be equivalent to the defeat of an army corps by a single trembling private? Or to the rout of 100,000 atoms by a solitary particle gone berserk? A comparable victory in the physical realm would bring us to our feet waving our hats and cheering. We should feel as the children of Israel felt when they sang, 'Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands,' or as the Athenians when the runner staggered in from Marathon. Perhaps, in a faint way, this is how we do feel. But we should be put to it to say what has really happened. The corpses of the slaughtered digits do not strew the field in bloody testimony of the victory, nor can we crown with laurel the one brave unit that prevailed. What really brought the taxi to our door was a chain of physical events, and not the abstract numerical triumph of one chance against a hundred thousand.

Again we should like to ask Mr. Russell if the physicist is really sensible when he says that the sun is no more likely to rise to-morrow than not. If he were to say

merely that the sun may not rise, he would be sensible enough. He would be speaking on broad grounds as a human being familiar with the shocks of experience. But when he says 'no more likely than not,' he speaks neither as a physicist nor as a human being, but as a logician. What he says may be true, but we should agree with Mr. Russell that he could not possibly know what he meant by saying it. For he would make of the sun not the empirical fact that it is, but any abstract event, A or Z, with which logic cared to concern itself. He would equate it with the coin that we flip in the air, not knowing whether it will come down heads or tails. Is this really a sensible equation? Each flip of the coin is, at least relatively, a fresh event, the result of which is unpredictable. But the rising of the 'glorious orb,' as Squibob called it, is part of a continuous system of natural events. A cataclysm might interrupt the system, and the sun might fail to rise. But has such a cataclysm equal chances of happening or not? The physicist can only say so by throwing overboard his physics, which is founded on experience, and speaking from pure abstract theory. And when he does this, he is making a statement, not about the sun, but about the way his mind finds it necessary to work.

Suppose we look a little deeper into the matter of the coin. We say that it has equal chances of coming down heads or tails. We ought to say that no chances of any kind are open to it. Its course is determined by the muscular propulsion given it, by the position of the hand in catching it, and the like. Experience has taught us that about fifty out of a hundred times it will come down heads, and the other fifty times tails. But when in a given instance we say that the chances are equal, we are simply saying that we are totally at a loss to predict what the result will be.

It is even more absurd to say that if enough men go on placing kettles over hot fires for a sufficient number of times the water in one kettle may sooner or later be expected to freeze. What leads us to expect the water to boil is the empirical discovery that this is what it usually does when we try it. When we attempt to turn this discovery into a rational principle, we are led to the theory of induction, which says that if we invariably find an experiment producing the same result, and if this holds true for a very large number of cases, it looks as though it must be the natural result, and will hold true for all cases. At this point Mr. Russell appears to tell us that, no matter how many instances we count, we have not established a logical proof that the next one may not upset all the others. Well and good, so far as logic is concerned. But to say that because induction lacks a logical basis the kettle over the hot fire may freeze if we give it chances enough is to make an absurdity of logic. Perhaps logic is absurd. At least it is entertaining.

A cataclysm might prevent the sun from rising, and perfectly regular and familiar causes bring the coin down now heads, now tails. But even a cataclysm that destroyed the solar system might well fail to alter the familiar relation that makes a kettle boil over a hot fire. It might destroy all the kettles and turn all the water to steam, yet not bring about a state in which water (if there were any) placed over a lively burner would turn to ice. Will Mr. Russell say that the laws of heat have equal chances of being stood on their heads to-morrow? Perhaps the pure theory of probability would compel him to say so. But we shall take it as one more evidence that the theory of probability is a mental construction that does not take into account the natural scheme of causation. *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas!* It is a more formal and less sensible way of saying that we live in an unreasonable world, and never know what will happen next.

Thus the great god Chance is given his quietus. Yet we feel a shiver of apprehension about Mr. Russell's army of monkeys strumming on typewriters. What if they *should* produce all the books in the British Museum? It would be an unhappy day for publishers. The price of books would decline still further if it became known that monkeys could write them. Still, we think it improbable that they will ever be given their chance.

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

OWEN WISTER, Philadelphia born and bred, came up to Harvard in the autumn of '79. He had a facility for composing music, and when he wrote the words and music for the Dickey and Hasty Pudding theatricals he took occasion to josh a senior, Theodore Roosevelt, who was somewhat in the college eye. His acquaintance with Roosevelt deepened when they became club-mates in the Porcellian, and later circumstance and kindred tastes knit them together in a lasting friendship. Like Roosevelt, Wister went West for his health; a common bond between them, the experience turned Wister to his most characteristic writing and Roosevelt into the path for his command of the Rough Riders. Roosevelt championed Wister's writing from the start, encouraged him in many letters, had him to meet Kipling and other visitors to Washington, criticized passages which seemed 'offensive,' believed him 'our leading man of letters.' For forty years they were much together whenever their paths crossed.

A story of a friendship is naturally a story of intimacy and affection. A man is apt to write about his closest friend with a pride and prejudice which, if extravagant to the unacquainted, should be pardoned because of the loyalty from which they spring. This applies to the last third of Mr. Wister's book.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

OWEN WISTER

Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship

[Macmillan, $4.00]

THIS volume of Mr. Wister's is one of the most important documents that have yet appeared in the immense mass of Roosevelt literature. In it we are obviously dealing with Mr. Wister's personal conception of that dynamic figure. Others might view the subject differently. But Mr. Wister works with such enthusiasm and such trained ability that the result is mightily convincing; it combines the skill of the artist with the warm tenderness of friendship. And to the personal contribution of the author we have to add the considerable number of Roosevelt's own letters, always so frank, so genuine, and so direct in their outspokenness.

Coming from a very recent and widely extended reading of Roosevelt's works and the various volumes that have been written about him, I do not know that Mr. Wister materially alters the established view of that many-sided spirit. But these vivid and illuminating pages richly amplify and emphasize the aspects that we may have recognized before, yet hardly with such clear-cut picturesqueness and piquancy.

To begin with, there is the magnificent energy, the restless, indomitable urge to be doing something, always doing something, which, with the creative, guiding intelligence behind it, led to doing such impressive and momentous things. It sometimes seems as if the life, the motive power, of three men, or five, were concentrated in that compact, vigorous body and that mightily conceiving and achieving soul. Action, action, beneficent action, well-directed action, but always action — that was the essence and really the sole meaning of life. What splendid expressions of this Mr. Wister reports for us: 'I can't know that I have the ability, but I do know that I have the will to carry out the task that has fallen to me.' And again, 'I have only a second-rate brain, but I think I have a capacity for action.'

With the tremendous energy went always an unfailing sincerity. The man said what he thought, said it so you understood it, said sometimes more than he thought and more than it was wise to say. But when he got through you knew where he stood, and politicians and diplomats were apt to be left gasping. Yet when they had digested the candor, if they could digest it, it did them good, and the plain people liked it.

Also, behind the energy and the sincerity there was pervading, noble idealism, an idealism sometimes a little vague and capable of double meanings, an idealism always keenly directed toward the practicable, as Roosevelt himself proudly insisted, but an idealism that had its roots in the love of the best things and the desire to disseminate these things just as widely as was humanly possible. Yet what I immensely appreciate in Mr. Wister is the keen insight that enables him to penetrate the weaker side of this idealism, which has escaped so many enthusiastic biographers. It rested on an optimism that was at times a little forced: 'This look was the sign of frequent conflict between what he knew, and his wish not to know it, his determination to grasp his optimism tight, lest it escape him in the many darknesses that rose around him all along his way.' And Mr. Wister most pertinently compares this willful optimism with a similar attitude in Emerson.

BOOKS REVIEWED IN THESE COLUMNS MAY BE PURCHASED THROUGH THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP

Worth-while Fiction

The Heir

by Roger Burlingame

author of "Susan Shane," etc.

"A penetrating description of the apex of power and the downfall of a great business dynasty . . . intelligent, powerful, and intense."
—*Philadelphia Ledger.* $2.50

She Knew She Was Right

by Jesse Lynch Williams

author of "They Still Fall in Love," etc.

"Here is pure satiric comedy . . . flavored richly with the observations of a witty, shrewd, laughing mind."
—*New York Herald Tribune.* $2.50

Lights of Fame

by Walter Gilkyson

"A sophisticated and swiftly moving novel of to-day."—*The Bookman.* $2.50

A great American novel

Long Hunt

by

James Boyd

Author of "Drums," etc.

"Judging from this book, from 'Drums,' and from 'Marching On,' I am firmly of the opinion that Mr. Boyd writes better historical novels than any other American to-day."—EDWARD WEEKS in *The Atlantic Monthly.* $2.50

"S. S. Van Dine at his best."—*Springfield Republican.*

The Scarab Murder Case

A Philo Vance Story

by S. S. Van Dine

Author of "The Bishop Murder Case," etc.

"Not only his best but close to the top of all detective stories."
—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.00

The Unknown Washington

by

John Corbin

"The most candid and most honest effort that has yet been attempted to penetrate and analyze the most enigmatic and perhaps greatest character of the American Revolution."
—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $4.00

The story of fifty years of adventure

My Life

by Leon Trotsky

"There are few more dramatic records in history than that of Leon Trotsky. His story is far more fascinating than a detective-mystery plot and it has the added merit of being true."—*The Nation.*
Illustrated. 600 *pages.* $5.00

Notable Biographies

Brawny Wycherley

by Willard Connely

"A fascinating volume. . . . Tells Wycherley's story as such a story should be told, brightly, picturesquely, dramatically."
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Xenophon

Soldier of Fortune

by Leo V. Jacks

"Xenophon . . . stands out in Mr. Jacks's pages a figure as alive and real as any of Richard Harding Davis's gentleman adventurers. . . . It is a biography . . . that will make the man and his day gloriously and humanly real to any modern reader."—*New York Evening Post.* $2.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS · FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

The BOOKSHELF

Mr. Wister's portrayal of the more personal sides of Roosevelt's character is as attractive as the public aspects. There is the admirable capacity for friendship. Roosevelt picked his friends where he found them, for the fundamental, durable qualities that appealed to him; and, chosen and placed in his heart, he did not forget them. Sometimes he was fooled by his affections and misled by them, sometimes they betrayed him, but it must be said that in the main they rewarded him well. 'No storm ever hindered Roosevelt from remembering a friend.'

It is hardly necessary to observe that a very different view of Roosevelt might be obtained from other sources. Mr. Wister is frank in admitting this: 'The saying that man is known by his friends must be rounded out by adding his enemies; without looking at both, you see him but in one dimension.' There are those who assert that the energy was mainly bustle, the frankness a craving for publicity, the idealism merely convenient phrasing for a pushing desire to get ahead in the world. In both Mr. Wister and Roosevelt one feels a bitterness of partisanship, with regard to Woodrow Wilson and on other points, a partisanship perhaps easily explicable and even excusable when one returns to the cruel conditions of ten years ago, but not at all times easy to reconcile with a large and comprehending charity. When Roosevelt calls Wilson 'an astute and conscienceless politician,' one cannot help remembering that there were plenty who were quite ready to apply the same terms to Roosevelt himself.

Yet the total outcome of Mr. Wister's portrayal is one that grasps you and fascinates you and tends to carry you away. The man may have had faults; you know he had faults; he knew it better than anyone. But he was a creature of astonishing, phenomenal, bewildering vitality and irresistible charm, and, says Mr. Wister, 'He was the one man I have known who never cast a shadow, but only sunlight.'

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

ONE has only to remember the war years to realize by what easy stages of propaganda we can be brought to a thorough misunderstanding of other peoples. One of the most distinguished books of this year is an honest appraisal of England undertaken by a German for Germans. Books like this help to clear the air and to clear the mind of ignorant hostility.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND AMERICA

IT was **William Dibelius's** purpose in writing his book, ***England, Its Character and Genius*** (Harper, $5.00), whose original German edition came out in 1922, to place an honest analysis alongside the war propaganda about the people against whom his people had fought. As such, it has had a profound and lasting effect in Germany. When in the early months of this year the English edition appeared, excellently translated by Miss Mary Hamilton, M.P., it was greeted by full-column reviews in the *Times* and elsewhere which compared what Professor Dibelius has done for England with what Bryce did for the United States in his *American Commonwealth*. In England the factual sections of the book belong, of course, to the category of things already known, but the importance of the appraisal of national character which runs along with them, especially for a nation little inclined to be introspective, has been appreciated at its full value.

So fundamental a consideration of English character as this one has hitherto been lacking. In Señor Salvador de Madariaga's *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards* we had brilliant flashes of intuitive insight into what constitutes the essence of an Englishman; in the English chapter of Count Hermann Keyserling's *Europe* we had a combination of personal impression and acute observation of national traits. Professor Dibelius gives, as it were, the physiology of his subject where these two give the algebra; they suggest the formulæ of national behavior where he examines the various organs of public life of which it is made up.

He has a preliminary section on 'The Country and Its People,' ending with an essay on 'National Characteristics' which is one of the high lights of the book. Then follow parts on the Constitution, on religion and the Church, and on education. The final section is an estimate of England's achievement, based on the points brought out in the preceding pages. The Old English peasant, Chivalry, Humanism, Puritanism, the Nineteenth Century, the Present — it is a beautifully balanced sequence which he finally presents, and one which bears witness to an amazing range of familiarity with English things, from Chaucer's poems to the last trade-union law. He sees, and makes it possible for his readers to see, the whole of the English forest, and even the trees thereof are not the dead wood of dry research, but the oaks of Sherwood, the masts of the ships that built the Empire, or the pulp of the tabloid press.

When **André Siegfried,** the author of *America Comes of Age,* turns to his own country, ***France: A Study in Nationality*** (Yale University Press, $2.00), what he presents is not, as in his former work, a sketch of the whole of a national life, but an analysis of a single aspect. In comparing France with the other countries in the modern world M. Siegfried finds that she is hardly a contemporary of to-day. Agricultural to a far larger extent than any other Great Power, self-sufficient economically to an extraordinary degree, and lacking the life-or-death preoccupation with foreign trade of England, Germany, or the United States, France feels an interest outside her boundaries only when her in-

you've been meaning to read

Virginia Woolf

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THE GOOSEMAN	$2.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company, 383 Madison Avenue, New York

The BOOKSHELF

ternal security seems to be threatened. For the rest of the time she lives a life busy with domestic thrift, and one in which certain ideas of liberty and culture are translated into individuality. Individuality is at the centre of whatever is original in French civilization. To-day individualist preoccupations are not those of modern society. The strengths and weaknesses of the French system — of a system based on personal work, individualism, and liberty, instead of on coöperation, discipline, and efficiency — are shown most clearly by his study of French politics, which are the aspect of French national life most removed from the ways of the contemporary world.

M. Siegfried reproduces in a remarkable way a feeling of the intangible atmospheric pressures under which the Chamber acts, of those tacit and irrational possibilities and impossibilities which give its working character to any constitution. He points out the forces which support the ideas of the Revolution and those which uphold the concept of Authority as the two magnets which are forever exercising simultaneous attraction upon each individual Frenchman, since every voter 'wears his heart on the left, but his pocket on the right.'

There is one aspect of political life which one wishes M. Siegfried had treated more at length. At various points he emphasizes the extent to which party alignments are drawn around ideas, the impossibility of a party identified with an 'interest' having success. Is there nothing in France, however, which corresponds to our invisible Third House of Congress, no individual who is like our lobbyist? The question is important, because the post-war development of industries like the automobile industry and of groupings like the Comité des Forges is bringing into French life something which more nearly corresponds to 'the interests' in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word. Are they not going to complicate the pattern of individualist French politics?

There is some pertinence in setting beside these two national characterizations the picture of American Culture which **James Truslow Adams** has drawn in his collected magazine articles, ***Our Business Civilization*** (A. & C. Boni, $3.00). The papers give a rather one-sided view, for, from one angle or another, they are all protests against the spiritual deformation of American society through the influence of its over-abundant wealth. The best of them, as for instance the one on 'Jefferson and Hamilton To-day,' outline trenchantly some of the problems which cannot wait much longer to be discussed. Unfortunately the magazine writer in America whose feelings carry him from analysis to reform has to walk a difficult striding edge which slopes down to muckraking on the left and moralizing on the right. With certain slight slips in each direction, of which 'Hoover and Law Observance' and the final, exhortatory 'Art of Living' are the chief, Mr. Adams arrives in quite good form. But in arriving has he perhaps outlined for himself a new and deeper book? He points, with justice, to the extent to which values in America are those to be found on a ticket of purchase. By his courageous attack on these values, Mr. Adams has conquered a certain amount of enemy territory. Will he go on and establish a position there?

H. D. Hill

From England and Paris come three novels from the younger set of writers which have been variously received on their arrival at New York. *Doctor Serocold* was adopted by the Book-of-the-Month Club; *Brothers and Sisters* has been much talked about by the discovering few; while the gay humor of *The Selbys* seems to have made the summer pleasanter for a good many readers.

The Younger Set

A capable new novel by an almost unknown English novelist is ***Doctor Serocold***, by **Helen Ashton** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The placidity and the drama of a provincial British town are all in the day's work for its family doctor. The twenty-four-hour period through which we follow him begins at the deathbed of his elderly partner and ends with the birth of a baby to one of his patients. By means of descriptions which are often sensitive and graceful, and retrospective passages which are sometimes tedious, we learn all there is to know about the doctor's life and character, and also much about the friends and fellow townsmen into whose lives he has ready access.

The rather shopworn subject escapes the obvious because Dr. Serocold has been conceived as a real person. He is well endowed with the conventional virtues of his calling, kindliness and devotion; but he is also a clear-thinking, slightly cynical, humane individual, often impatient, and subject to the human frailties of pride, ambition, and doubt. He can look upon suffering with professional aloofness when necessary, and yet be a man with a sense of personal sympathy. The death of his partner awakens in him an awareness of his own approaching old age and a question of his effectiveness. These doubts are set at rest by the day's events, but they color the reflections that pass through his mind and give an overtone to each episode. The effect is often poignant without being tragic; in a larger sense it conveys a moving suggestion of the meanness and the meaning of mortal business. It is a satisfying though unexciting piece of work, which lingers pleasantly in memory. The author errs in a tendency to use three sentences where one would do, and to affront the reader by making points explicit which are already clearly implied.

Also by an unknown Englishwoman, and also set in a provincial town, ***Brothers and Sisters***, by **I. Compton-Burnett** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), cuts an entirely different pattern. Four pairs of brothers and sis-

YALE

NOTES—

Summer reading must include poetry. Few experiences give more satisfaction than the discovery of a new or unfamiliar poet, especially if the meeting ground be a quiet spot beside some brook.

For such a time we recommend William Alexander Percy as one finds him in his new *Selected Poems* ($3.00), a graceful writer of graceful verse.

Also Louise Owen in *Virtuosa: A Book of Verse* which comes from her New England farmhouse with its Dutch oven where she sings of the mountain tops and valleys of New Hampshire.

Warm weather and the hum of bees draw one to the poet. But they also invite a quiet contemplation of serious prose without interruption, while the mind is free to absorb.

One young lady we know has just spent $20.00 for her summer reading. She has bought *The Science of Society* by Sumner and Keller in four volumes. It will give her much to think about and more to talk about.

Gradually we are becoming nationally conscious of the fact that we have a past, a past to be proud of. In the field of art, for example, we have some fine old names to look back upon.

In *Early American Portrait Painters* ($10.00), a beautifully illustrated volume, Cuthbert Lee touches on the lives and works of fourteen outstanding portrait painters of the eighteenth century.

Another recent volume which bears witness to a healthy interest in American History is *The Kingdom of St. James* by Milo M. Quaife ($4.00). It tells of a faction in the Mormon Church, little known now but a powerful rival to Brigham Young eighty years ago. An astonishing story full of pathos with a touch of humor behind it all.

Summer is the time to read good books. Let us give you some further suggestions.

FRANCE: A STUDY IN NATIONALITY

André Siegfried

M. Siegfried has again proved himself possessor of a sure power to charm, as once before in his popular and now classic *America Comes of Age*. With keen but kindly humor he delineates peasant and bourgeois, and brings order out of the chaos of French politics.

"A vivacious picture of French life and political thought by one of the most penetrating intellects of today."

Christian Science Monitor.

$2.00

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRIST IN THE ANCIENT WORLD

Terrot R. Glover

No phase of history, we believe, can be so significant as the record of how and why Christ captured the world. What was it in Christ or in Christianity that beat down Venus and Jupiter, Isis and Osiris, Cybele and Mithras? In this volume the author gives a suggestive answer to these questions. He turns to the ancient world and gives us the story of how Christianity rose and fought its first battles and won its first victories.

"Dr. Glover touches nothing that he does not illuminate."

Christian Advocate.

$1.50

EVOLUTION OF EARTH AND MAN

Edited by George A. Baitsell

A fascinating summary of modern knowledge of evolution.

Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Prescribed by the *Anglican Theological Review:* "It would be well if every theological seminary in America and throughout the English speaking world required each student to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this volume."

Appraised by Professor Harry Elmer Barnes: "There is nothing equal to it as an authoritative introduction to evolutionary process and philosophy." $5.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS NEW HAVEN CONNECTICUT

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

The BOOKSHELF

ters inhabit this town, and for us their families constitute its entire population. They form a small aristocracy of intelligence set coldly apart in such communities; within the group each pair lives a self-sufficient life. The events of their existence are calls, walks, dinners, chiefly discussions — nothing more; but through their conversations we discover the interweaving of fact and emotion which bind them and keep them apart. Though nothing consciously perverse or morbid appears, the hidden theme is incest, and the tragedy of the central story is the discovery by one of these pairs that their heredity makes marriage impossible.

More important than the story, however, is the original method of its telling. Nothing is told directly; almost everything comes out through indirect comments and snatches of dialogue, which is harsh, terse, subtle, and always natural. Greater economy has seldom been exercised by a novelist; the reader's quick perception is counted upon at every point. The concentration is as intense as in *Wuthering Heights*. One feels that this is the work, not of a practised writer, but of someone much more interesting — an individual intelligence guided by a sort of inner choice. A practised writer calculates his effects, writes with his eye on the reader. An author like this knows nothing about the reader, but sets down the parts of a character or scene that have spoken to his own mind and seemed important to himself. His selection is not representative and fails to give a complete or balanced picture; consequently each of its effects carries the mark of the author's character upon it. Emily Brontë, Melville, Samuel Butler, had this quality in different degrees; it never produces the greatest geniuses of literature, but it marks a kind of genius set apart and peerless in its kind, and without it our literature would be immeasurably poorer.

Gay innocence enlivens ***The Selbys,*** by **Anne Green,** the light-hearted sister of Julian Green (Dutton, $2.50). This is the tale of a grown-up American child in Paris, a Southern girl who lives with her kindly and well-endowed uncle and aunt, and goes the rounds of cosmopolitan life, mingling with the foreign colony and with the French as well. She trips it on an easy foot and has a gay and innocent good time from beginning to end, despite an abortive elopement in which she fails to see the humor. The book is full of comedy characters and farcical incidents that almost suggest the more sophisticated French humorists such as Maurice Bedel. The aunt and uncle quarreling when most in love and celebrating their quarrels with banquets; the wise-cracking practical joker with his penchant for arranging things — these and a dozen others are everyday beings, well understood, and played up, without burlesquing, for all the ironic comedy that they hold. Yet the honest naïveté and the complete lack of sentimentality have a youthful American tone. One feels that the author must have lived much of this simple gayety herself and enjoyed it all immensely, to be able to report so many of its homely and fetching details. A little editing would have helped: the book is impetuously and carelessly written, badly organized, without the slightest sense of style, and full of crudities — which only leads to the reflection that these things matter very little to one's enjoyment.

MARSHALL A. BEST

THIS season we are invited to regard the prose portraits of two living men, each of whom by strength of mind and the confidence he inspired in others worked masterfully to save his country in time of peril. When mutiny was running through the French army in 1917 it was Maréchal Pétain who personally visited every division and by talking to officers and men restored that confidence which had been so badly drained at Verdun. With Ludendorff in full flight in 1918 and the Kaiser already across the border, it was Hindenburg who led home the defeated German army and then stood up in his boots to take what was coming. This is the kind of action that breeds legends — if not biographies.

Maréchal Pétain's little volume, ***Verdun*** (The Dial Press, $4.00), is all too brief; what there is of it is admirable. It is not a detailed narrative of operations, nor a critical study, nor in any way a personal narrative, but a retrospective survey of the main outlines of Verdun — the battle — and of its place in the 1916 campaign. What one misses most (from this standpoint) is that no account has been taken of the detailed studies from German sources; Pétain's view of the decisions and plans of the German Command would be more valuable than anyone else's, and in 1930 the absence of any such comment is a shortcoming. As a French account, it is striking above all for the ungrudging recognition of what the enemy accomplished. In place of the usual jeering references to German troops driven forward to slaughter, Maréchal Pétain dwells on the valor and skill of the German infantry in the same tone and spirit he shows to his own men; with equal poise, he points out the competent arrangements of the German Command, and singles out for praise by name the lieutenant of the Brandenburg regiment who took Douaumont. This 'change' of tone is a change only from the bellicose rhetoric accepted as a journalistic convention then and ever since; it is exactly the same tone as one found in the French army while the war was on. Coming from Maréchal Pétain to-day, it expresses no remote historical detachment, but the feeling, the true voice of the French soldier.

Of his own men Pétain says: 'They were soldiers in the highest sense of the word, grim and resolute, accepting in their day's work both danger and suffering. When

Naturally—

we do not recommend these books to you, simply because they are best-sellers or because everyone is talking about them. We do feel, however, that, according to your taste, you, too, will find in these books that "indefinable something" which has made thousands of others read them with so much enjoyment.

◆ ◆ ◆

So different from each other, covering such a variety of tastes, but each possessing an irresistible appeal that has made them tremendously popular with the American press and reading public.

THE SELBYS

By Anne Green

341 critics have unanimously voted this book "the gayest and wittiest tale of the season". It has been a national best-seller for many weeks. F.P.A. "enjoyed it most for its excellent writing and witty satire", while the *Boston Transcript* claimed "the great charm of the book is the thorough and human understanding of her characters". Whatever the reason, and there are bound to be many, you will enjoy reading *The Selbys.* $2.50

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE

By Axel Munthe

What distinctive charm made one reader after another seek this book out until it became the best-selling book of non-fiction in America *10 months after publication?* What rare excellence made 371 critics unanimously vote it "the most fascinating biography of the year?" Read only a few pages and you'll soon discover for yourself! $3.75

MARY GLADSTONE

HER LETTERS AND DIARIES

Edited by Lucy Masterman

Mary Gladstone's memoirs have been so popular that we are able to reduce the price from six to five dollars. These revelations of the Victorian great will divert you as few biographies can. "Great names and great events shrewdly and wittily described by a charming Victorian." — *The New Yorker. 492 pages, bound in green cloth, with unusual illustrations.* *Now* $5.00

ANDROMEDA IN WIMPOLE STREET

THE ROMANCE OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

By Dormer Creston

Miss Creston has woven a splendid, stirring story around the love idyll of the Brownings. They are first introduced as individual figures, who later become one undivided soul through a mutual love for literature. The book is dramatic without fictitious coloring — an exquisite gem of prose. $3.00

THE GREEN JADE HAND

THE NEW DUTTON CLUE MYSTERY

By Harry Stephen Keeler

The "Master Mystery Maker" clinches his reputation as the most ingenious of mystery writers with this thriller in which Chicago's underworld and Chinatown are linked by the disappearance of a priceless manuscript and the theft of a green jade hand. A pulse raiser of the first rank! $2.00

THE PATRIOT'S PROGRESS

By Henry Williamson

A new kind of book by the distinguished Henry Williamson, author of *The Pathway*, who has won high praise from such critics as John Galsworthy, Edward Garnett, and William Lyon Phelps. Gerald Gould, the noted English critic, says, "This is really a great book." *With 100 illustrations by William Kermode.* $2.50

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The BOOKSHELF

their time came to enter the line, they advanced with unfaltering steps to meet their fate, fully knowing what was in store for them.'

'What was in store for them' — the whole experience of Verdun is fused into this single phrase; and Pétain allows it to be tarnished by no gesture of patriotic rhetoric or military glory. The underlying note of his record is not a pæan of triumph but a reminder to his countrymen of what the battle really amounted to. For three months, while all France chanted *On ne passera pas*, Pétain watched with anxiety as the balance wavered.

To judge from these two German biographies which appear by coincidence this season, ***The Biography of President von Hindenburg***, by **Rudolph Weterstetten** (Macmillan, $2.50), and ***Hindenburg: The Man and the Legend***, by **Margaret Goldsmith** (Morrow, $3.50), Hindenburg must be preparing to run for a second term, so sharply do these two books recall the ardent biographies of presidential candidates compiled in the midst of an election campaign. Their translation into English is a tribute to the substantial impression Hindenburg has made in the popular mind in all countries. The persistence of this prestige is its most striking feature. It is far higher to-day than in the days of the original legend, when it was supposed that he was one of the greatest of strategists; the sacrifice of that illusion has in no way lessened his credit. How far Hindenburg exerts an influence as Reichspräsident neither volume undertakes to inquire; the second of the two dismisses his post-war career in a couple of pages; the other offers merely a selection of quotations from his addresses on such occasions as the laying of corner stones. Hindenburg, in short, has reached a personal position far above that of his elected office; like an English royal figure he has a status which requires no external personal characteristics — and in quite that mood we read contentedly that he is fond of children and believes in hard work and virtue.

It is worthy of note that the biographers have been unable to glean any personal details, and even in regard to the war they are unable to offer any new light as to what Hindenburg's contribution actually was. They have been content to follow the narrative of his own Memoirs, retouching it vigorously wherever necessary. We read that, in the pre-war arrangements with France, Russia had promised to advance with 8,000,000 men soon after the fifteenth day of mobilization; and this same boldness of conception marks the treatment of the whole strategic panorama. It is a return to first principles. While the Official Histories emerge laboriously and all unnoticed, Parson Weems points out the path to popularity. The 8,000,000 Russians stand fairly well for the Hindenburg cherry tree.

In both volumes, singularly enough, the hero is set forth as a figurehead — even in so many words. 'Hindenburg is the right man in the right place. . . . At the death of Ebert, the country needed a popular figurehead.' Now as before, apparently, what is required for the popular fancy in Germany is an idol — and, after King Stork, King Log. The Kaiser provided a full dose of dynamic force and brilliant talents, but while he fades into the oblivion of Doorn his placid successor is extolled even above Bismarck. 'Future generations of Germans will certainly remember and honor the name of the less impressive and powerful Hindenburg above the once all-important name of Bismarck. For in the pages of history Bismarck's work will resemble simply a flash in the pan, the result of which scarcely outlasted his lifetime.'

The Treaty of Versailles, Hindenburg's contribution, will no doubt be the more permanent achievement.

T. H. THOMAS

UNDER the title of *King Mob* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00) has appeared a tonic volume. The author, 'Frank K. Notch,' sets out to show the violence which mob psychology exerts upon American taste and opinion in most things intellectual. His analysis brings hard criticism forcibly to bear on the book clubs, flouts those publishers who are treating books as merchandise, and routs half a dozen best sellers, books like *Trader Horn*, *The Story of Philosophy*, *This Believing World*, and so forth. He has some hard things to say about books of this sort; he believes that their sale was out of all proportion to their worth and that the public was and is being 'panicked' into buying them.

'Against the background of a great book the reader slowly achieves self-realization. I suppose it to be clear that a dozen books so absorbed make a cultured man, while the reading of fifty books a year for twenty years may mean nothing at all.' In support of this thesis 'Mr. Notch' cites occasionally those books which seem to him important, among them *The Nature of the Physical World* by Sir A. S. Eddington, *Problems of Philosophy* by Bertrand Russell, and M. A. Bolton's *Introduction to Relativity*. Here is something to fasten the mind on.

While, for lighter reading, I should like to mention three books which have appealed strongly to me this year: that half-incredible but wholly delightful autobiography, *The Story of San Michele*, by Axel Munthe (Dutton, $3.75); that splendid exploration, *The Worst Journey in the World*, by Apsley Cherry-Garrard (Dial Press, $5.00); and *Her Privates We*, by Private 19022 (Putnam, $2.50) — yes, another war novel, but more manly and knowledgeable than any I have read.

Edward Weeks